



A FAMILY CHRONICLE

Olive Percival

HER BOOK

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A FAMILY CHRONICLE





Fidelia Wilmet
(H. F. Sullivan)

A FAMILY CHRONICLE

DERIVED FROM NOTES AND LETTERS

SELECTED BY

BARBARINA, THE HON. LADY GREY

EDITED BY

GERTRUDE LYSTER

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE greater number of the following letters were selected, and the notes written, by my aunt, Lady Grey, with a twofold purpose in view. First, to gather together such matters of interest or importance in the lives of her mother and grandmother as might be for the benefit of her nieces and nephews; secondly, with a view to publishing, perhaps in one of the Reviews, a short monograph of her grandmother.

She often discussed this with me, but eventually age and various infirmities decided her to abandon the idea, and entrust the papers to me to do as I thought best and wisest, and, after looking over the information she gave me, various considerations induced me to publish them.

For the personality of her own mother, Mrs. Sullivan, my aunt had a great admiration, and I have added such letters and information about her as I could collect; but the materials were very scanty. I remember Mrs. Fanny Kemble telling me she considered her a most remarkable woman, and regretting that, as a clergyman's wife in a country parish, and imbued with a strict sense of her duty to her

position, she had but small scope for her powers. She died early, and during her married life was so engrossed by her children and by parish cares, she had little time to devote to other matters.

She, and I believe Sydney Smith, were the first to start allotment gardens in their parishes.

From her step-father, Lord Dacre, she rented a field close to the village of Kimpton, dividing it into plots which she sublet to the labourers with great success. This field continues to be used for the same purpose to the present day.

I have endeavoured to preserve my aunt's arrangement of the papers as closely as possible, but I feel that in so doing hardly enough is said of my aunt herself. She was by nature a woman of such great reserve and modesty that she could not do justice to her own abilities, and she would have shrunk from any attention being drawn to details of her life and character.

It is difficult for me to write of one so near and so beloved—being tempted alternately to praise and then to refrain from doing so—lest I should speak too warmly; but I have essayed, as best I may, to render justice to her character and to the many qualities in it which stir my pride and admiration.

I never knew any one who took a keener interest in the concerns of those she loved, or who, though

somewhat biassed on behalf of her favourites, maintained on the whole a more level judgment as to their conduct.

When I looked over her papers after her death I appreciated more than ever her knowledge of the world, her discrimination of how words or actions would appear to other people, and her own almost absurd personal unworldliness.

I should like to take this opportunity to offer my best thanks to all who have kindly permitted me to publish the letters which add so much to the interest of this volume, particularly to the Dowager Lady Dufferin, Lord Grantley, Colonel Murray Graham, Mrs. Leigh, Lady Rose Weigall, and Lord Lytton, not forgetting Mr. Murray and his kind permission to reproduce the wax model of a horse by Lady Dacre in his possession.

GERTRUDE LYSTER.



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A FAMILY CHRONICLE

CHAPTER I

THE SULLIVANS—THE WILMOTS

THE Sullivans—or O'Sullivans—are an Irish family of old Milesian blood from County Kerry.

Benjamin Sullivan, who first dropped the prefix "O," son of Philip O'Sullivan of Dromeragh, was appointed, by Letters Patent, Clerk to the Crown for the counties of Cork and Waterford. His eldest son, Benjamin, went to India, where he became one of the puisne judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Madras, and was knighted. Like his father, he seemed to have had a fancy for dropping letters from his name, for he and his descendants spell their name Sullivan.

The second son, John, was Under-Secretary of State for War from 1801 to 1805, and a member of the Privy Council.

The third son, Richard Joseph, went to India in early life with his brother John. On his return he made a tour in the United Kingdom, publishing an account of his travels. He also published "An Analysis of the Political History of India," "Thoughts on Martial Law," "Reflections on the Laws, Manners, Customs,

2 THE SULLIVANS AND WILMOTS, 1790

and Religions of certain Asiatic, Afric, and European Nations," and other works.

In the Parliament of 1790, Mr. Sullivan sat for the borough of New Romney; in 1802 he was returned for Seaford; in 1804 he was created a baronet; and died in 1806.

At the age of twenty-six he married Miss Lodge, of a Yorkshire family. Their eldest son, Henry, succeeded his father in the baronetcy; was lieut.-colonel in the Coldstream Guards; he fell in a sortie from Bayonne in 1814 at the age of twenty-nine, and is buried in the Guards' cemetery there. He was unmarried, and Charles, the second son, succeeded him.

The latter was in the Navy: he married Jean, only daughter of Robert Taylor of Ember Court, Surrey. He, his wife, and children, and Ember Court itself are mentioned several times in Gertrude Sullivan's diaries.

Edward, the third brother, died comparatively young, leaving two children: Richard, married Hessie, daughter of Laurence Cloete of Zandtvliet, Cape of Good Hope, and Maria, married to Sir John Lees, Bart. of Blackrock, County Dublin.

The fourth son, Frederick, was born February 1, 1797, and took orders.

Arthur, in the 65th regiment, died of smallpox in 1832.

William, also a soldier, lived to be an old man: he married Euphemia, widow of Captain Dalton, R.E., and died in 1870.

Sir Richard had only two daughters: Charlotte, who married William Hale of King's Walden, Hertfordshire, in 1824, and Eliza, married in 1814 to the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Pleydell Bouverie.

The fourth son, Frederick Sullivan, was a tall,

well-made man, fair-haired, with very blue eyes and a gentle, charming manner. He was a beautiful horse-man, and I cannot help thinking this accomplishment may have caused him to find favour in the eyes of his future wife, and most certainly in those of her mother, Lady Dacre. He married in 1821 Arabella Jane (born May 1, 1796, in Manchester Street), the only surviving child of Valentine Henry Wilmot of Farnborough, Hants, and his wife, Barbarina Ogle.

Henry Wilmot of Farnborough Place married Sarah, second daughter of Colonel Valentine Morris of Piercefield Park, Monmouthshire, and had two children: Valentine Henry, an officer in the Guards, mentioned above, and Elizabeth Sarah, who married James Seton.

Mr. Henry Wilmot, who was for many years secretary to Lord Chancellor Camden, had made a considerable fortune in his profession (that of a lawyer), and entertained with liberality and hospitality both in Bloomsbury Square and at Farnborough Park, then called Farnborough Place. In those days old Windsor Forest extended to and included Farnborough Park.

In 1777 Hannah More writes to her sister :

FARNBOROUGH PLACE.

We reached this place yesterday morning. You will judge of the size of the house when I tell you there are eleven visitors, and all perfectly well accommodated. The Wilmots live in the greatest magnificence; but what is a much better thing, they live also rationally and sensibly. On Sunday evening, however, I was a little alarmed; they were preparing for music (sacred music was the *ostensible* thing), but before I had time to feel uneasy, Garrick turned round and said: "You are a Sunday woman, I will recall you when the music is over." . . . The Great Seal disappointed us, but we have Lady

Bathurst, Lady Catherine Apsley, Dr. Kennicott, the Hebrew Professor at Oxford, his wife, a very agreeable woman, (though she copies Hebrew!) besides the Garricks and two or three other very clever people. We live with the utmost freedom and ease imaginable, walking together, or in small parties, chatting.

David Garrick was a constant visitor at Farnborough; during one of his visits he wrote to Valentine Henry as follows :

To Master Wilmot

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVOURITE CAT, HOPPY

No more, dear Youth, shall Hoppy scratch and purr ;
 O never fondle Animals like Her.
 From every naughty Puss guard well thy mind,
 Wicked and wanton, all are after kind.
 Would'st thou shun cat and sirelike love the law,
 Thou'lt ne'er be clawed and scratched, but scratch and
 claw.

Upon the garden wall at Farnborough there still exists, I believe, a tablet with verses by Garrick commemorating the said "Hoppy"; upon some other occasion he wrote the following invitation to Mr. Wilmot :

My Wilmot dear,
 Your Garrick hear,
 With friendship steady
 Beds are ready.
 One, two, or three,
 For men like Thee.
 Our joys of Life
 Are you and wife,
 Babes, Sister too,¹
 And all from you.
 So come away,
 On marriage day,

¹ [Caroline Morris, lived with her sister, Mrs. Wilmot.]

With cares unvext,
('Tis Tuesday next)
And let us laugh,
Good liquor quaff,
Our Friends will toast
(Our love and boast)
To fill our cup
Of Transport up.
Camden, imprimis,
To Him no Rhyme is,
Nor equal neither—
Haste you hither
To eat and drink
Till eyelid wink,
Then lay your heads
On well-aired beds ;
To you and spouse
My loving wife insures
Herself, heart, house
And Husband wholly yours.
(Signed) D. G.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was also a friend of the Wilmots, and my cousin, Captain A. Seton Christopher, has in his possession a portrait of Mrs. Wilmot and her daughter, Mrs. Seton, which Sir Joshua painted as a grateful acknowledgment of a very pleasant visit to Farnborough. He has also a pastel copy of Sir Joshua's "Infant Samuel," which was made by Mrs. Seton in Sir Joshua's own studio at the time the picture was being painted.

The following letter, evidently written in reply to some inquiries, gives a short account of the family :

Extract from a Letter of Mr. G. Penn

STOKE PARK,
May 4, 1837.

DEAR FREDERICK SULLIVAN,

The particulars which you wish to be communicated would be very imperfectly imparted through an intermediate hand ; I shall therefore make it a pleasure

to draw on a memory of nearly seventy-six years and record them myself.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Sullivan's grandfather and grandmother, were most intimate friends of my father and mother, and of different branches of our family and particularly of Lady Charlotte Finch, governess of the children of George III. A more constant intercourse, personal and epistolary, could not exist between two families than existed between Farnborough and Stoke for the first fifteen years of my life, when the consequences of the Revolution in America made us break up from Stoke, and pass a few years on the Continent. Old Mr. Wilmot was my father's solicitor, and solicitor also for the affairs of Pennsylvania under my father's government, so long as that province remained in the possession of the British Crown.

On my mother's return to England (she being a widow), I well remember that one of her first resorts was to Farnborough: this was in 1782. During those early years the Wilmots were repeatedly here, and the children of both houses grew together in intimacy; viz. Henry Wilmot, your wife's father, and his Sister, afterwards Mrs. Seton. With whom was also always Mrs. Wilmot's sister, Mrs. Morris, whom we all much loved.

Old Mr. Wilmot made himself a great favourite with all the young generation. He was remarkably cheerful and fond of us all. He lived much, not only with the high in rank, but with the wits of his day. He was an enthusiastic of Shakespear, and loved to read his plays aloud to a circle of friends. Being corpulent, and having a countenance capable of giving edge to fun, he took particular pleasure in presenting the character of Falstaff. His bulk acquired for him among his intimate friends, both young and old, the name of "Giant Wilmot," with which appellation he was always amused and pleased. He was, as also his family, in close intimacy with the family of Lord Chancellor Bathurst, under whom he held some legal office in Chancery.

Very sincerely yours,

G. PENN

For a short time after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sullivan lived at Hambledon near Godalming, where Mr. Sullivan had a curacy.

Two years before (in 1819) Mrs. Wilmot had married Thomas Brand, Lord Daere. To comprehend fully the lives of the young couple and of the younger generation, some account of these interesting and much-loved grandparents is necessary.

CHAPTER II

The Ogles—Letters of William and Sawrey Gilpin—Mrs. Wilmot at Hampton Court—Madame de Gontaut-Biron—Various Friends—Miss Catherine Fanshawe—"Le Champ et le Laboureur"—Letters of Mr. Tom Sheridan and of Miss Joanna Baillie—Early life of Lord Dacre—Letters of Miss Joanna Baillie, of Lady Dacre to Mr. Chantrey, and of Mr. Brougham—Monti's Sonnet—Ugo Foscolo.

BARBARINA, LADY DACRE,¹ was the third daughter of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, Bart., by Hester, the youngest daughter and co-heir of John Thomas, D.D., Bishop of Winchester.

Her father seems to have been a clever oddity, cultivated, fond of French and Italian, and ready to forgive any childish crimes if they were atoned for by a copy of verses, though hasty and severe at other times. He was very absent, and used to drive about the country repeating poetry and declaiming aloud, his children meanwhile being allowed to scramble about the carriage and occasionally to tumble out without his perceiving it. My grandmother used to say there was a tradition that the labourers would run after him crying out, "Sir Chaloner, Sir Chaloner, here is one of your children; you have dropped it in the road." Upon which he would take the child, replace it in the head or elsewhere, and drive on quite undisturbed.

There were three daughters: Sophia, married to Sir Charles Asgill, was both beautiful and clever; Arabella, who married first the Hon. Edward Bouverie, and

¹ She was born in 1768.

secondly the Hon. Robert Talbot, was not so clever, but most amiable and much admired ; Barbarina, married first, Valentine Henry Wilmot of Farnborough, Hants, an officer in the Guards, and secondly Lord Dacre : she was remarkably gifted both as a writer and an artist. Her name was suggested in a spirit of gallantry on the part of her father, who greatly admired a lady named Barbara, and asked her to be godmother to his next daughter. She consented on the condition that the name should not be Barbara, and Sir Chaloner promised, compromising the matter, however, by Italianising the name into little Barbara.

There were two sons : Charles, the eldest, whom I remember as a very fine looking old admiral, not reckoned by his family as clever ; and James, whom I never saw, but of whom I have often heard my grandmother speak with great affection as Brother Jem. He was, I imagine, more like the clever and rather peculiar family who were spoken of as men, women, and Ogles.

I suppose I must not put down all that I used to extract from my granny about her childhood, but it was a peculiar one. Her mother was a very gentle, meek woman, by no means so clever or educated as her daughters, but greatly loved. The clever and eccentric father was evidently proud of them, and took great care as to their studies of French and Italian, in which they were thoroughly proficient, their riding, and their general conduct, though with a mixture of great indulgence and hasty severity which would be thought strange nowadays. As an instance of his petulance, the two sisters, Bab and Arabella, having committed some childish freak which irritated him, were pursued by him with a horse-whip. Bab took refuge in a tree, where she remained till the storm had passed, and on

climbing down was received with amusement and forgiveness; while poor Arabella, not being so fleet of foot, was caught and received a certain amount of castigation.

Among the girlish amusements of the sisters the education of animals held a great place. They had rabbits, and passed many hours seated in the large brewing-tub trying to develop their intellects; but I believe wholly in vain. They had also a family of baby rats, which they kept in a drawer—a profound secret—their fingers, however, being often bitten to the surprise and concern of their mother, until the rats fortunately gnawed their way out of the drawer and escaped.

One little proof of the contrast in manners and customs between those days and the present is that it was then a recognised habit of the ladies to steer clear of the gentlemen when they came out from the long sitting after the early dinner on the summer evenings.

This reminds me of the story we were very fond of hearing from our granny. She used to say that at an early age she came to the conclusion that there was some extraordinary satisfaction in getting drunk, and that this was a gratification which men most selfishly and unjustly kept entirely to themselves. In her secret soul she was determined to discover and to enjoy this happiness, and having contrived, by hook or by crook, to get possession of a big "black jack" of strong ale, she retired into an out-of-the-way part of the garden, where, seated under a bush on a warm summer afternoon, she proceeded slowly and systematically to absorb the ale. She found it very tiresome and disagreeable work, but persevered until she fell fast asleep, in which state she was discovered by her sisters, the "black jack" at her side. Thus her only experience of the secret joys of

drinking was a bad sick headache, and it is unnecessary to say that the experience was not repeated or the mystery solved.

I do not know at what age my granny married Mr. Wilmot.¹ Indeed, I do not think I ever heard her speak of him; I imagine he was a neighbouring squire, and that the bond of union was their common passion for horses. What, I believe, fired my granny's enthusiasm, was a way Mr. Wilmot had of taking a pair of unbroken thoroughbreds, putting them into a curricule at the top of a steep hill, and driving them straight off at full speed down the hill. There was no pulling, no feeling of collar or traces, the harness all hung loose, and shook into its place; moreover, it was not very easy to stop. In short, by the time the horses had got down the hill they were beginning to be acclimatised and reconciled to the situation. I fancy there was very little else in which there was any companionship. Mr. Wilmot did not share in any of the cultivated tastes of his wife, and I have been told that, though good-natured and kind, he was by no means a model husband, but given to amusing himself in a way that was quite unbearable by a high-spirited young woman.

Mrs. Wilmot was one of the most accomplished women of her time. Her drawings in Indian ink are quite remarkable for composition, as well as for the correct drawing of her animal subjects, and the light and shade always seem to be especially admirable. Her models were greatly admired, and furnish designs for two or three racing cups: the bas reliefs of horses are very delicately and beautifully modelled. She worked much in wax, a receipt for which was given her by Flaxman. It is some evidence of the estimation in which her taste and knowledge were held by both

¹ [In 1789.]

painters and sculptors, that both were always glad to have her visit their studios and give her opinion on the works in hand. On many of these occasions I accompanied her, and can still remember the coldness of the marble dust in which I stood while my grandmother and her friends were occupied with interminable artistic discussions. I thought Landseer's far the most interesting and attractive of the painters' studios.

The following letters from William and Sawrey Gilpin were written to Mrs. Wilmot during the early years of her married life.

[William Gilpin and his brother Sawrey were the sons of Captain Gilpin, who lived near Carlisle. William held a curacy for a short time in London, and then took a school at Cheam in Surrey. He was an educational reformer in advance of his time, and encouraged the love of gardening and business habits among his pupils. During his summer vacations, he undertook sketching tours, and his writings on the subject have caused his name to become well known. In 1777 he was presented the living of Boldre in the New Forest, and lived there for the remainder of his life. He published many books on landscape, "Lectures on the Catechism," etc. He was an assiduous worker in his parish, and built and endowed a parish school with a house for the master. He died in 1804 at Boldre, where he was buried. He wrote in 1791 the "Memoirs of Dr. Richard Gilpin, of Scaleby Castle, in Cumberland," which was issued in 1879 by the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society.

His younger brother, Sawrey Gilpin, was born in 1733 and died in 1807. He was one of the best painters of horses this country has produced: his historical pictures were less successful. He was an animal



Mrs. F. H. Wilmot
(Lady Dacre)

painter only, and required the assistance of others to paint the landscapes and figures of his pictures; he frequently procured the assistance of Barret, R.A., for the former, with the latter John Zoffany repeatedly helped him. He was an exhibitor with the Incorporated Society of Artists: in 1774 he became President. After losing his wife, he lived for some time with his great friend, Samuel Whitbread, in Bedfordshire. He died in Brompton in 1807 in his seventy-fourth year, and missed being a member of the Royal Academy by Sir Joshua Reynolds giving his casting vote in favour of Bonomi.]

Mr. William Gilpin to Mrs. V. H. Wilmot
(EXTRACT)

VICAR'S HILL,
June 28, 1793.

As you acknowledge my authority as your ghostly father I must address you in y^e style of my dear child; but must, at y^e same time, give you to understand, y^t after your failure in duty and respect, you could not suppose I could bring down my dignity to write immediately. However, I pass that over; but I must add, that altho' your letter is a confession, it is such a confession as does not permit me to give you absolution. You seem determined to go on in y^e vain ways of your wicked world. Ah! my child, my child, what shall I say to such naughty expressions, as that *you are going to lead a very idle life all y^e summer—that you shall be in a train of dissipation and folly, which always allure you, tho' they never afford you any satisfaction—that you have never given half an hour to any serious improvement.*

But now, my dear Mrs. Wilmot, to lay aside y^e character of y^e confessor, and assume that of y^e friend (wh. I sh^d do with much sincerity, if you w^d allow me), it *really hurts* me to see a mind like yours, filled with sense, talents, and endowments of various kinds, carried round continually in such a vortex of folly (I speak from y^r own confession), that you must blush

at every hour as it passes. You laugh and say, you are young. It is true, you are: but if God Almighty has given you double y^e sense that belongs to y^r years, He will not perhaps accept y^r youth as an apology.

As I have dedicated these two pages to instruction, I shall dedicate y^e 3rd to y^e arts: and do you consider y^t as a piece of useful advice, by bestowing double y^e time on one wh. ye do on y^e other.

I daresay y^r sketches are very clever. I always thought y^m so; but I do not wonder at y^m as I do at y^r model. Modelling is certainly y^r forte: only I am afraid, if I were to look into y^r modelling room, I should think you too ambitious in showing y^r skill in anatomy, I w^d aim more at character than attitude. In character you excell. I know not whether I admire more y^e indolent strength of y^r bull, or y^e elastic spirit of y^r horse. They both stand in my dressing-room; and I never look at either of y^m, but with renewed surprise. I know not what to say about my brother. His great picture, I understand, is come up, tho' not finished; and I hoped it w^d have drawn him up after it, like y^e tail of a kite. But I fear he has disengaged himself from it. I shall not expect him till I hear that he is absolutely set out. I have often advised him, instead of painting large pictures, to make small drawings of horses and cattle, and tell you freely, if he w^d take my advice, I am persuaded, that where he now makes ten pounds, he w^d make fifty. Nobody but himself c^d do y^e things he might do.

My book is just finished. If y^s letter finds you in London, and you would chuse it there, ask Mr. Blamire for it in my name. If not I can send it hence either to Southampton, Winchester, or Odiam, as you wish. If I had not deposited my confessional character, I sh^d injoin you as a penance to read it from end to end, before you look either into a French, or an Italian book. Make my best respects to Mr. Wilmot. We shall be glad to see you—especially if you come with contrition, and good resolutions about you.

Believe me, your very sincere friend,

WILL. GILPIN.

Mr. Sawrey Gilpin to Mrs. Wilmot

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
November 12, 1798.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Mr. Garrard has made up your groups of animals, I think, very cleverly, but I am sorry to inform you that it will be a week before they will be dry enough to oil; when that operation is over they will be ready to deliver. He has engaged himself to send to the Royal Academy a detail of the transactions, with the documents relative to the Act for securing the copyright of models, to be deposited with their records. For drawing up this account he has taken the liberty of mentioning your name, but on more mature deliberation he thinks he ought not to send it without your consent. Have you any objection to his doing it? If you have, he will expunge it. The passage is as follows:—

“ . . . about this time a beautiful model of a horse, executed by Mrs. Wilmot, was pirated, and base copies of it sold in the streets, to which perhaps is owing that the publick has been favoured with no more of that ingenious lady's productions.”

Mr. Garrard has been carrying on his provincial characters of cattle with great expedition; he has nearly compleated the work; he has finished also an Indian bull and a zebra. He is just now seized with a violent longing to erect a statue of a bull in Smithfield Market, to be worshipped by all the graziers who frequent it; I am only afraid that in order to its obtaining due honours it must be as well thriven as the idols of China. If he should succeed in this great point, he may expect to be gratified by the sweet musick of marrowbones and cleavers bearing part in the grand Smithfield chorus of “Glory be to thee, Oh fat,” etc. The pedestal may then, with propriety, be decorated with the emblems of genuine taste, festoons of knives and forks, spoons, plates, salt-cellaræ and mustard-pots may depend from cornucopiæ, teaming with potatoes, cabages, and elegant sticks of horse redish. He does not wish, however, that this grand work should be talked of till he is encouraged to begin the work; in the meantime, his mind labours to be delivered of some mighty thing, and if by chance

any friend of yours wants a colossal figure—man or beast—you may venture to recommend him, as he is ready to execute it in any material (gold and silver excepted) and of any height from 30 to 300 feet on the shortest notice. From these great things I cannot descend to speak of my own little pictures and drawings. My brother continues, I hear, pretty well, and I am very well. I beg my compliments to Mr. Wilmot

I am, with great sincerity,

Your very affectionate parent, S. GILPIN.

Mr. Gilpin to Mrs. Wilmot

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
February 9, 1800.

MY DEAR CHILD,

By this time I suppose you have returned to Farnborough, and I am quite sorry to say that indeed it will not be in my power to avail myself of your kind invitation thither, till April, when if the time be not inconvenient to you, and I should happen to be alive, I will fulfil a promise I long ago made to myself. I know you will place this refusal to its proper account, the ballance is against me as far as my will is concerned. I have not for a long time been able to do a stroke to my great picture, and into the Exhibition it must go; I am now warm in the business, and should I cease to push it on, it will recoil upon me (for its uphill work) like the stone of the poor fellow in the shades, whose name I have forgotten. I am much flattered by your thinking it necessary to give your reasons for not calling on me when in London; they were free gifts, I do not feel myself entitled to them, nor to the kind expressions which accompanied them, but I value them highly, for they are impressed with the true filial stamp, and operate as the renewal of a grant under the seal of which my claim to my daughter is confirmed. I will now venture to tell you, freely and sincerely, that I feel the most *ardent parental longings* to see and converse with you, and that I look forward to the middle of April with great pleasure. Old folks, you know, are covetous, and I am a miser, my riches are my children, and my heart is with them.

I saw Hopner at Mr. Whitbread's; he told me his expedition to Farnborough had been a very pleasant one.¹

I agree with you in thinking Mrs. Whitbread does not look well. I am glad she has gone out of town, the racket of London is not likely to mend her looks. Mr. Whitbread would have taken me back with them, but death intervened. I am apt to be idle at Southill, in the superlative I mean, for I am everywhere comparatively so, but at Southill there is a stupendous mousetrap in the form of a Library, and when a poor nibbling mouse happens to shut himself up in it, how is it possible for him to escape?

Moreover, Mr. Whitbread rewards me for being idle. I fear he will quite spoil me by indulgence.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Wilmot and my little granddaughter.

God bless you, my dear child,
Your very affectionate father,
S. GILPIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot separated after a very few years—my mother was born, and I think there was a boy who died an infant—and then they went their separate ways.

I believe my mother passed a certain number of days with her father yearly as she got older, and I rather believe that there was a meeting between husband and wife before his death, but the subject was never talked of in my hearing, and the only allusion I ever heard my granny make to her younger days was to the effect that she had not been forgiving and forbearing as experience had taught her a woman ought to be.

She had apartments at Hampton Court, and gave herself up to the education of her daughter, to drawing, modelling, translating from the Italian, writing plays, etc., and became acquainted with all

¹ [This visit was presumably the occasion of his painting the portrait of Mrs. Wilmot's little daughter, aged four.]

the artists, and most of the celebrities in literature of her day.

I was rather interested to find in the "Memoirs de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut" mention made of my grandmother and her sister. Madame de Gontaut (afterwards Gouvernante des Enfants de France, the children of the Duc de Berri, son of Charles X., assassinated at the Opera in 1820) was for a good many years among the *émigrés* who took refuge in England, and lived in the society of Lady Salisbury, Lady Maryborough, Lady Clarendon, Lady Charlotte Greville and the Duke of Wellington, all of whom I have heard my grandmother speak of as friends in early days. One of the open-air amusements of the day was what Madame de Gontaut called *masques*, and at one of these Madame Wilmot was to appear as a fortune-teller, and to make some little "spirituel" address, but unfortunately a donkey happened to be in the near neighbourhood and uplifted his voice so that the whole company burst out laughing, and Mrs. Wilmot was discomfited to such an extent that she could not speak a word. Madame Bouvraie, that is Mrs. Bouverie, afterwards Mrs. Talbot, was with her sister, and also Mr. Sheridan, whose second wife was an Ogle, a cousin of my grandmother.

Charles Lord Grey, then Mr. Grey, who was also a cousin, lived on Ham Common. He became Lord Howick in 1801, and Earl Grey in 1806. He and his wife were very intimate with Mrs. Wilmot; Lord Grey always called her Cousin Barbary.

Other friends and correspondents were William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), Lord Glenbervie, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Chantrey, Flaxman, Miss Catherine

Fanshawe, Miss Mitford, Mr. T. J. Mathias, Mrs. Siddons, and the Kembles.

In 1821 Lady Dacre's poetical works were privately printed in two octavo volumes, under the title of "Dramas, Translations, and Occasional Poems." Some of these are dated in the last century: they include four dramas, the first of which, "Gonsalvo de Cordova," was written in 1810; in the character of the great captain, the author followed the novel of M. de Florian. The next, "Pedrarias," a tragic drama, was written in 1811, its story being derived from "Les Incas" of Marmontel. Her third dramatic work was "Ina," a tragedy in five acts, the plot of which was laid in Saxon times in England. It was produced at Drury Lane on April 22, 1815, under the management of Sheridan, but it was not sufficiently successful to warrant its repetition. It was printed in 1815 as produced on the stage; but in Lady Dacre's collected works, she restored the original catastrophe and some other parts which had been cut out. The fourth drama is entitled "Xarifa." Lady Dacre's book contains also translations of several of the Sonnets of Petrarch; some of these had been privately printed at an earlier date. In 1823, when Ugo Foscolo produced his "Essays on Petrarch," he dedicated them to Lady Dacre, and the last forty-five pages of the work are occupied by her "Translations from Petrarch."

Besides the dramas and the translations, Lady Dacre wrote several plays and comedies for amateur theatricals, which were given at Hatfield and the Hoo, and which were very successful. She also wrote several short pieces of poetry, some droll and witty, and some touching and lovely. As a letter-writer, Lady Dacre was often called by her friends a Sévigné. Her letters were reputed to be easy and natural, but

no one can now judge as only a few of the many that were written to me have been preserved, and those in direct disobedience to her orders! One of the things that made her letters delightful was that my grandmother wrote just what came uppermost, and thought nothing too small and trifling to be put down, so that her letter was a bit of herself. She became deaf rather early in life; I do not remember her otherwise. This defect increased greatly, and cut her off from conversation, which was a great trial, the more especially as her conversational abilities had been exceptionally good, and her acquaintance with clever and agreeable people rendered the impossibility of intercourse a severe privation.

She was an excellent horsewoman, and in those days good riding was not so common as it is now. She rode the hottest horse on a snaffle, and her hand was so good that she soon tempered the hardest puller and made him tractable. Lady Dacre was as good a French scholar as Italian, and well read in all the classic French writers.

Having said so much, I think I must add a personal description. My grandmother said of herself, that she had none of the beauty of her sisters, but that her figure was good, and that her "crop" (the hair cut short as in those days) was also reckoned good, complexion pale, eyes good, and the whole effect, I should suppose, full of life and variety. My remembrance of her in comparatively early days would testify to this, though young people pay little heed to the appearance of their elders. Our granny was our granny, the fondest, most playful and indulgent of companions at first, and our closest friend afterwards. We knew, of course, that she was clever, and took it as a matter of course; but I am afraid that living with clever

people makes one rather inclined to think other folk stupid, and it is not till later in life that one puts up the first instead of putting down the last. Most certainly my estimation of my grandmother, and I may say of my mother, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength.

One of Lady Dacre's early friends, Miss Catherine Fanshawe, was the authoress of the very clever "Riddle on the Letter H," which has often been ascribed to Lord Byron. I am not sure that many people do not to this day believe that he wrote it. I have a copy of the riddle, with the accompanying note by Lady Dacre:

Found among my old hoards, February 3, 1846, Catherine Fanshawe's "Riddle on the Letter H," in her own handwriting, given to me forty years ago at least, and before Lord Byron was heard of.—B. DACRE.

The Rev. William Harness, well known in his day and often mentioned in letters from Miss Mitford, made and had privately printed a collection of Miss Fanshawe's verses and etchings, of which he gave me a copy. The etchings (of figures) are quite charming. The verses, in addition to those which were printed in Miss Fanshawe's lifetime—viz. the "Letter K," the "Death of the Minuet," and the "Riddle on the Letter H"—deserve to be better known. The "Speech of William Cobbett, Esq.," and the "Imitation of Wordsworth" are quite admirably good. The last is given in "Lyra Elegantiarum," edited by Locker Lampson. On May 17, 1809, Miss Catherine Fanshawe writes to Mrs. Wilmot:

Not a word have I heard of the Sothebys since Maria left town, but when she went, the account of

the poor dying sister threatened a long and painful stay at Bath. Have you seen a little Satire, in which he comes in for high praise, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," written by Lord Byron, who whips himself in jest and his cousin, Lord Carlisle, in very good earnest. There are lines in it which appear to be very vigorous for so young a writer; but he is much too severe on the delectable (is he not your delight as well as mine?) Walter Scott. We passed an hour or two in his company—Walter Scott's, I mean—the other night, and never saw a lion that answered better; for he does not wrap himself up in his reputation and leave his wit at home for fear of wearing it out. So animated, so full of pleasant talk, and so entirely unaffected.

The mention of Walter Scott is interesting; and when one considers that the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was barely twenty when he wrote, one must indeed acknowledge that the lines are "vigorous." The attack on Lord Carlisle, and the note especially, are very severe; and this Lord Byron felt and regretted, as he shows in the lines on "Young gallant Howard," in "Childe Harold," canto iii. stanza 29, "To whose sire I did some wrong."

The mention of Sotheby is as follows:

Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast
Who least affecting still affect the most,
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel,
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.

Gifford wrote the "Baviad" and the "Mœviad"; Sotheby translated Wieland's "Oberon" and the Georgics: he also wrote "Saul." I wonder how many of the thousands who delight in Walter Scott's poems have ever even heard of the works of these other two! Lord Byron himself, though he begins with "Lays of the Minstrels may they be the last,"

and goes on to laugh at the goblin page, etc., ends by saying :

But thou with powers that mock the aid of praise
Should'st leave to humbler bards ignoble lays.

The following French fable by Lady Dacre was written about this time. It seems to me such a happy imitation of La Fontaine's style that I add it :

LE CHAMP ET LE LABOUREUR

FABLE—Ou "Conte à dormir debout"

A ma fille

Jadis quand pour se faire entendre
Haranguer, plaider, se défendre,
Point ne fallait ce qu'il nous faut,
C'est à dire bouche, voix et le reste,
Rude Champ en langue agreste
Se prit à parler un peu haut
À son maître le laboureur,
Montrant à découvert son cœur.
"Par pitié, cruel, laisse moi respirer,
Mes forces s'épuisent à te plaire
Enfin du loisir je désire tâter.
Hélas ! aux champs même la liberté est chère !
Quand l'an se meurt, qu'un triste repos
Assoupit la nature oisive
Que la coignée sur cette rive
Seule reveille les Échos.
Tu me fends du soc cruel
Mille fois de la tête aux pieds,
Pour assouvir ton âme de fiel
Encor n'en est-ce pas assez ;
Sans relâche tu me tourmentes
Et sur ces plaies encor récentes
Tu promènes griffes de fer :
Hélas ! cette invention insigne
Ne serait-elle pas, dis-moi, très digne
De Carthage ou de l'Enfer ?
Puis lorsque la belle saison revit
Et que reprenant courage
Veux me remettre un petit,
Et pousser le tendre Épi,
Tu reviens me faire rage

En me passant par dessus le sein
Gros rouleau d'énorme poids,
Ou bien la houe à la main
Tu m'arraches herbes et fleurs
Qui ont pour moi mille douceurs
Parce qu'elles sont enfans à moi.—
Souffre enfin qu'à ma manière
Jouisse de la belle saison :
Étendu tout de mon long
Verras comme je saurai faire
Pour ne pas perdre les rayons
Que darderas Phébus sur mes sillons.—
Sacrés sillons ! Rides chéries !
De l'ancienne mère du genre humain
Quoi toujours vos mains impies
Lui déchireront le sein ?
Oui, j'atteste cette mère auguste
Que plus sain et plus robuste
En même lieu me trouveras
Lorsqu'en Automne reviendras."
Cœur tendre avait mon laboureur,
L'esprit tant soit peu obtus—
"De ma cruauté j'eus eu horreur,"
Dit-il, "Si je l'eusse connue ;
À ton aise à droite, à gauche,
Étends toi, champ mon ami,
Ne crains soc, ni houe, ni fauche ;
Me sauras gré de ma complaisance
Et même par reconnaissance
Produiras tout seul l'Épi ;
Respecterai encore l'engeance
De mauvaises herbes chérie,
C'est aussi pour la tendre enfance
De mes marmots que j'aime la vie !"
Le manant l'automne venu
Retrouve fidèle à sa parole
Le champ oisif au grand soleil
En long et en large étendu
Qui se réchauffe ainsi le sol—
L'ivraie, l'ortie, le cerfeuil
Y étalent leur vain orgueil
Relevé du pavot vermeil.
Mais pour moisson—point d'affaire—
Enfin lorsqu'il pose le pied
Au patrimoine de ses ancêtres

D'herbes sauvages devenu repaire,
 Ronce rampante des plus traîtres
 Par la jambe tout court l'arrête—
 De buissons phalange rangée
 Se hérise—en défend l'entrée,
 Et la cigüe lui fait fête
 De son souffle empoisonné,
 Tandis que de chardons piquans,
 Troupes légères, l'attaquent en flanc
 Et tâchent de l'envelopper.
 Le pauvre diable d'échapper
 Et reconnaissant son erreur
 De s'écrier fondant en pleurs,
 "Ah! c'est au printems de l'an, belle enfance,
 Qu'il eut fallu dompter le terroir indocile,
 Y jeter de ma main la précieuse semence
 Dont le fruit aux humains est si doux, si utile."
 Du discours du bon manant
 Passe pour le reste—car déjà
 Tu sens on vise tout cela.—
 Sachons en profiter pourtant.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan, writer of the next letter, was the eldest son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the father of Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset. Lord Dufferin gives a sketch of his life in the "Memoirs of Lady Dufferin." The verses spoken of in the letter on the loss of the *Saldanha* are also to be found there. The "Charles" mentioned must be a half-brother of Mr. Sheridan, son of R. B. Sheridan's second wife, Hester Ogle, a cousin of my grandmother's. He did not share the beauty and talents which so distinguished his half-brothers and sisters.

Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Wilmot

ITCHEN FERRY,
 (?) 1812 or 1813.

MY DEAR LADY,

For a wonder I am undeserving of the reproof you have bestowed upon me—I am innocent of

Sheridanism on the present occasion, 'pon honour, and why? Simply because no letter of any kind from you has made its appearance in these my territories since I took possession. That you should think I would have neglected it, or treated slightly any observations it contained, has excited my wrath vehemently. I would give a great deal that you could be convinced I do not say such things as a matter of course, and that when I have professed an admiration of the superiority of your talents, I meant exactly neither more nor less than what I said.

I feel very much flattered by the tone in which you speak of the verses. I have *now* formed my own opinion of them, and I do not so much regret the postponement of your criticisms, as it affords me an opportunity of making my own to you beforehand. First, then, the term given to the words of "Rule Britannia" is a perversion of the text: nobody ever meant to imply by them that she governed the elements! I know what I meant; to wit, that we too often and too thoughtlessly adopted the sentiment it contains to the exclusion of all humility of thought or reliance upon Providence, or, if you don't like that mode of stating it, without sufficient reference to those points which a wise man ought to take into consideration, since neither human strength, courage, or knowledge can be opposed to them successfully: an absence of prudence, which (poetry apart) it is to be hoped the Navy may never be free from. Secondly, the verses have no particular reference to the *Saldanha* except the name; and, thirdly, the absence of any sentiment of regret, or motive for consolation from beginning to end, is ungracious, and leaves it almost in doubt whether the poet did not mean to infer that they met with little less than their desert, and I have accordingly christened the poem, if it can be called one, "God's Judgment against Sailing."

What is left, is some spirit in the writing, and an air of novelty which catches the attention but cannot justify its defects. I cannot answer what you say about the words "hest" and "neath." The first, I confess, I do not see any objection to, the second fell in with the metre; I had said "mid" before, and I recollected none preferable, but I shall hear what you say. As to *the* "flashing light," instead of "their,"

I suppose it is better, as Car agrees with you. I wrote "their" as directly referring to the "storm lights" in the preceding stanza; the "flashing light" somehow brings a lantern too precisely to my imagination, and the plural filled the picture I had in my mind more completely; but this, a perverse association probably, which may not strike others, and if you think the alteration better, so be it—or indeed any other. I never studied to correct them, fearing that what they might gain in correctness they would lose in spirit.

As to showing them or giving them to any one, if you *honestly* and *truly* think they will do me any credit, I should rather wish it, for though I have less confidence in myself than you may be inclined to believe, I am mightily tickled by any little gratification to my vanity of this sort. How I *do* like to talk and write about myself! Here are four sides of paper about nothing else, and I dare say all I have said might have been contained in two lines—I am grown horribly prosy!

I am ill in health and spirits, and as thin as a Highland crop of oats. This alienation of theatrical property has bereft me of the only materials I had left for castle-building, and I have no object left to turn my thoughts to; but I have put on my smoaked spectacles to look on this eclipse of my hopes in one quarter, and they make the prospect appear gloomy everywhere.

Mother and Charles are here; there is no saying how charming he is nor how he improves every hour. Anne is not in spirits, but everybody is well and the spring coming, and with it I doubt not my *constitutional* happiness.

T. SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Wilmot seems to have made some remarks on the verses, which called forth the following rejoinder:

Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Wilmot

BEACH HOUSE,
February 26.

MY DEAR LADY,

What shuffling excuses an idler makes to himself! I had lost your letter, or rather forgotten where I put it (do not think me careless about letters, for I

am not), and, though I knew *every* word it contained, it was a settled point with me that it could not be answered until found. A wet day and a thunder-storm suggested a search, and an unfrequented pocket of my shooting-jacket, which has as many compartments and corners as the palace you live in, produced the document this morning, and down I sit forthwith to reply. Anne swears she never received any letter for me from you, and that you must have been "how comed you so" when you wrote.

I rather think all your suggestions are improvements; so be it. You only ask for two "bes" and a "the," and I should be very unreasonable to refuse them; but then remember you take my "ful." Hest is as legitimate a word as behest, and "dread" is a poetical adjective clip'd for convenience, and never used in everyday prose, though now and then admitted. I only say this for wrangling sake, and to show that I agree with you (which I do most heartily) that our good, stout, hard, ugly words should stand in all their dimensions. In truth, I am indifferent about this and every other word in the poem save one, and I would give you a month to guess which. "Scar," and I'll tell you why! I have always remarked that vigour and novelty are instilled into a passage by the new and unexpected application of a word beyond all other means, and though I do not think this is a very good instance, and very probably by no means an unusual usage of the word, yet it struck my fancy as such. To give an instance of what I mean, Dryden in "Theodore and Honoria": "The fiend came thundering on"; and "then on the crowd he cast a furious look, which *withered* all their strength before he spoke." I know not if you feel this as I do, but that one word gives a more complete picture to my mind of all that is passing than all the epithets, metaphors, or similes that could have been assembled, and so after "they need not to be warned a second time," but "*bore each other back.*" Pope would have taken twenty lines to have represented this.

I suppose my remark is very commonplace, but it is to myself my own, and the anxiety generally evinced by poets to seek for "*appropriate and beautiful epithets*" rather than bold and unusual application of the word (the heart-pulse of a sentence), shows at least that if it

be a rule it is not much attended to. As to the lines in question, do not think it affectation in me to say that I am tired of thinking or writing about them; they may be good in their way, but their faults are vital. As to my Father, he has seen them, and says he likes them; but I trust him not. I have often given him things which I have written, which I liked very much better, and he would never return them to me, and always said they were lost, and from idleness (not want of vanity be assured), I never kept a copy of anything.

Sir T. Sutton I know very well, but I had no notion he was a critic, or ever thought of such matters, and, to say truth, you present him to me in quite a new character.

I am well satisfied that I should like your second play better if I read it myself. If you recollect I said as much, but though I give due credit to Sukey and Sir Thomas for their probably correct taste and judgment as to sentiment and poetry, I should not mind a great deal what their opinion was as to the dramatic construction which, I regret to repeat, *nowadays* has more consequence attached to it than to either of the former—of course I mean in case of representation. I should like to have it to myself for some days, for I am not quick in these matters, though I ought to be, and a tragedy requires ten times more consideration than any other composition for the stage. My impressions respecting it remain unaltered, but I do not profess to be able to form any decided opinion. You read it very ill, that's the truth; nevertheless you read it much better than plays are read in general, and though that might weaken the effect, still I cannot believe it so good as the other; but we shall settle this point hereafter.

I am better in health, and I expect to flap my wings again in spite of wind and weather. If all goes well, as Whitbread expects,¹ I am told I shall receive £12,000, if otherwise I *must* take what I can get, but no income, nor is anything fixed or certain except that the property is gone for ever.

I am mad about politics. The Catholic Question will be carried by those who were heretofore its

¹ [Drury Lane Theatre was burned down, and rebuilt by Mr. Whitbread 1812. See "Rejected Addresses."]

opponents. This difficulty smoothed, a jumble of an Administration will be found, in which the *Prince's* friends will take a share very probably, I think (and that is a saving clause for me); but the Opposition have acted like a pack of noodles, and got into hot water when they need not, as indeed they always have done. Caroline and brats are well.

T. SHERIDAN.

"Sukey" must be Miss Sukey Ogle, sister of Mrs. Sheridan, and therefore a cousin of my grandmother's. I have heard Mrs. Wilmot speak of her as clever, and even more odd than other Ogles, a family always remarkable for their individuality. Miss Ogle is mentioned in Lord John Russell's "Life of Thomas Moore." Moore says, in his Diary, that Lady C. Fitzgerald asked Miss Ogle to come in the evening, and that he had much talk with her about her brother-in-law. Her account of Sheridan is worth reading. Moore was then busy with his "Life of Sheridan," April 1819.

The following letter refers to Mrs. Wilmot's plays.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Mrs. Wilmot
(with a parcel to lie till called for)

HAMPSTEAD,
August 26, 1818.

I am much gratified, my dear friend, that anything I have said of your plays has given you pleasure. You do me justice in believing I have said nothing of them which I do not think they truly deserve. I return them to you, having read "Xarifa" again this morning, and besides the merit of the writing, it seems to me well fitted for representation, even in a large theatre where little is seen or heard distinctly, because the story could almost be told by action alone, and there is occasion for a great deal of spectacle. However, I dare not counsel you to venture what in your case I durst not venture myself. In reading it to-day I have marked with a pencil some passages which I have

particularly admired, and a few lines and expressions that have not pleased me.

I shall be glad of your remarks on the altered play of "Ethwald"¹; and though I do not agree with your strictures at first, and may even grumble a little at your being too difficult, yet I may do so afterwards; for we are often fain to follow advice which has not at first been graciously received or appeared very reasonable. This is a frailty of nature which I do not disown.

As to Miss Ogle's request for Mr. Percevalle, I am much flattered by it, and should be glad to send him a song or two, if I had any that have not already been set to music. However, if I had any songs to send him, I should have objected to their being dedicated to me, as a circumstance likely to be of disservice to his musical compositions, as I know nothing of music. Besides, there is another reason why I should not advise any young composer to begin by publishing music for my songs; viz. that no music composed for any of my songs has ever yet been popular, and I fear there is a spell upon it. Mrs. Mulso and I have seldom met lately, having unfortunately missed one another, and I heard yesterday that she is to set off to-day for Worthing. The whole population of London and its environs is gone to the seaside. I wonder how people preserve health and live to a reasonable old age in inland countries on the Continent, where there is no sea to go to. But people must do something when they are not well, or tired of home, and moving about to the sea or anywhere is better than taking drugs or becoming cross and unhappy. I shall be truly glad if she find real benefit from the sea air or bath, but I fear this will scarcely be the case—she suffers much and often looks very sad.

You are going from home again I presume, and I wish you and Miss Wilmot much enjoyment wherever you are. With kind regard,

Yours most truly,

J. BAILLIE.

P.S.—I send this to-day, because I shall have an

¹ ["Ethwald" is one of Miss Baillie's plays on the Passions, Ambition being the one portrayed in this play.]

opportunity of sending my parcel to Grosvenor Street to-morrow. I send you enclosed two of my songs, both published—for I have no MS. songs.

Joanna Baillie often mentions Mrs. Mulso. She must have been a relation of my grandmother's, whom I can remember speaking of Hecky Mulso. Sir Chaloner Ogle married Miss Hester Thomas, daughter of Dr. Thomas, who was successively Bishop of Peterborough, Salisbury, and Winchester. His father, Colonel Thomas, known as "Handsome Thomas," had a beautiful daughter, who married Thomas Mulso.¹ Mrs. Mulso would have been a great-aunt of my grandmother; Mrs. Chapone, whose name was Hester (as was also Lady Ogle's), was a daughter of hers.

I do not know at what time my granny made acquaintance with Mr. Brand. He was a great friend of Lord Grey's and a very eager Liberal, fresh from Germany where he had been educated, and full of German theories: he was at that time called "Fire Brand." His father had left heavy debts of honour, which his son paid to the last farthing before he allowed himself to live at the Hoo, or to think of marrying.

Mrs. Wilmot and Lord Dacre were married on December 4, 1819.

¹ Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough, married Susanna Mulso, and his beautiful sister was the wife of Thomas Mulso and mother of Hester, Mrs. Chapone, and of the Rev. John Mulso, the friend of Gilbert White.

It was for John Mulso's eldest daughter, Jane, that Mrs. Chapone wrote the "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind addressed to a Lady"; and to his youngest daughter, Hester, Gilbert White addressed the "Letter from Timothy the Tortoise." Both Mrs. Chapone and her niece appear to have been called "Hecky." The younger was Lady Dacre's second cousin, and was probably the "Hecky" mentioned. Mrs. Mulso, of whom Miss Baillie writes, must have been the wife of the Rev. John Mulso, jun.

Thomas Brand succeeded his mother as twentieth Baron Dacre in 1819, and two months after he married Mrs. Wilmot. He began his life at sea, and took ten pounds in prize money before the age of fourteen, when he relinquished his naval career and went abroad: first to Utrecht, and then to Mr. Forster's at Mayence for a year, to Heidelberg, then to Italy and Zurich, and returned to England on his father's death. Later he went back to Zurich for a short time, and finally settled in England at the age of twenty-two, studying law at Lincoln's Inn, and living on £300 a year until he had paid his father's debts of honour. While at the Bar he walked down every Saturday to the Hoo to spend his Sunday with his mother, returning to London on Monday. This was undertaken partly for the healthy exercise, but also for the sake of economy.

These notes were made by me one evening after Lord Dacre had been telling me of his younger days: they are fairly accurate, as they were put down at once.

When he was at Mayence, Custine, finding he intended going to Italy, made him a general passport, of which he after some time availed himself; and having put the family of Mr. Forster in a place of safety (Mr. Forster himself remaining and becoming afterwards one of the chief representatives at Paris), he stayed at Heidelberg.

While there he was told that Wurmser wanted to communicate with him, and he was desired to walk at a certain hour in a certain street. After waiting some time he was joined by some of Wurmser's people, one of whom, pointing carelessly to a woman looking out of a window said, "*Voilà une jolie femme—la connaissez vous?*" In those days, to use his own

expression, people were pretty much on their hind legs and all alive, so in an equally indifferent manner he acknowledged her beauty and appeared not to know her. This was Custine's mistress, then in Heidelberg as a spy, and this method had been resorted to in hopes of fixing her identity by Mr. Brand's recognition of her, as they knew he must have seen her often at Mayence.

I will add a few more particulars respecting Mr. Brand and his German life, and also a letter which he wrote to me on the subject many years after, before giving the remainder of that evening's notes.

Lord Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. F. Grey

THE HOO,
November 24, 1848.

DEAREST DEAR BARBY,

Your granny having asked me whether the Forster and Huber of whom you are reading in Schiller's letters refer to those with whom I have lived and read at Mayence, I catch the opportunity of answering, "Yes, to be sure," to append to the answer a few lines to you, my dearest, and a word or two as to the individuals of whom you enquire. They were one and all hereditarily—not dignitarily—of European name, and vast talent in their several courses. Mrs. Huber was Forster's wife, *née* Heyne. Her father was the celebrated Heyne, the greatest scholar in Europe, and edited the most correct Homer as well as the most classical Virgil. Her husband, Forster, went round the world with Cook.¹ He was

¹ [John Reinhold Forster was appointed naturalist for Capt. Cook's second voyage in the *Resolution*, 1772-4. His son accompanied him as assistant. On their return Cook and Forster were to have written a joint account of the voyage, but the latter appears to have raised many difficulties, and they were unable to agree as to method and details. Lord Sandwich (on the Board of Admiralty), in whose hands the matter was left for settlement, forbade Forster to write, but he published an account of the voyage under his son's name, and succeeded in forestalling Cook's publication—which was edited by the Rev. John Douglas, Canon of Windsor—by some weeks.]

a great naturalist, wrote an account of Cook's travels, and upon his return home had the misfortune to excite the jealousy of Sir Joseph Banks, whose envy was implacable. He was thus driven from England, settled in Germany, where he was courted by all the literati, and became librarian to the Elector of Mayence, where he established himself, and became the centre of the bookmaking and literary society of Northern Germany. In Forster's house Huber lived, as I did, as an inmate, constituting part of his domestic establishment. He was a diplomatist, at the head of the mission from Dresden to Mayence. His position, as well as his early connection with Schiller and Goethe—who with him were joint contributors to the "Thalia" and "Musenalmanach"—gathered many eminent people round him, i.e. at Forster's.

Soemering, the greatest anatomist at that time in Europe, never failed to be of their meetings. In fact, he was not only an anatomist, but one of the very cleverest men I ever met. He also contributed to their joint productions, and Mrs. Forster's contributions were second to none. Thus we lived till the French captured Mayence;¹ they scattered us in all directions. Forster went as representative of the Rhenish Provinces to the French Convention; there his heart was broken by the horrors of a revolution from which he had augured the pure perfectability of man: he despaired and shot himself! He wrote to me the evening before the rash act and fatal crime. I grieve that I have not preserved that letter, but I destroyed it at the same time as hundreds that I had from Mrs. Forster. They were beautiful. You have already concluded that Mrs. Forster married Huber. She did so, and, upon Huber's death, she wrote a biography of him. It contains many of his letters which bear upon his intercourse with the clique. By the bye, I will send it you. In it you will find marked a touch upon your humble servant in the days of his wildest purest state. I rather think I was then a Communist.

God bless you, my beloved Barby.

Saturday 25th.—I do not send you Mrs. Huber's book. In a long evening I ran my eye over it again, and I find it minute and twaddling.

Poor Melbourne! I have a letter from Beauvale

¹ [In 1793.]

which pinches my heartstrings. He was the comrade of our joyous manly days, and I lament my own absence from him in late years. His entourage—social, moral, and political, repelled me, and I did not feel confident that his apparent alienation of manner was attributable to his own state of mind, and that alone.¹

SONG MADE BY THE GERMAN STUDENTS

Er war ein Bürsche gar zu lieb,
Dem folgten alle Herzen,
Mit Mädchen manche Spass er trieb
Mit Bürschen manche Scherzen.

Er war kein bischen stoltz, der Mann
Obgleich vom Stoltzen Lande,
Dann leeret Becher, Glas und Kann
Es lebe Thomas Brande!

What follows was as nearly as might be in his own words:

I had not been long in England, a week after my father's death, when I received intimation of a great meeting in Cambridgeshire, occasioned by the proposed suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. I had then more property in Cambridgeshire, and I resolved at once to go down, so I jumped into the stage one night and set off. There was only one man in it beside myself, and we fell into conversation. Finding he too was going to Cambridge, I asked him what would be the result of the meeting. "Why, if we could get young Brand to come down, we might make a good fight," he said, "but he's such a d——d odd fellow nobody can do anything with him. He will go his own way, but we know his opinions, and if he was there we should do." I did not say who I was, and we went on talking. When I arrived at Cambridge, at the Whig Inn I found old Nash—old Nash of all—and he knew me, though he hadn't seen me since I was a boy, and such a scene of recognition as followed! At the meeting, Lord Hardwicke, a

¹ [Lord Melbourne died in 1848.]

thorough Pittite, opposed me, and they said I was beat, so I called for a division: they said it was impossible in such a crowd—

“The devil it is,” I said, and, jumping over the rail, I forced my way through and cried out, “Those who are for me, go to the right, and those against me to the left.” By physical energy I accomplished my object, and found my majority was immense. Ah! then I was a man; now I am nothing but an old woman!

I have always regretted that I did not write down at the time the many interesting things that I heard from Lord Dacre, either during the long rides together that we had over his farms, or in the evenings in Chesterfield Street. One of the things that remains upon my mind is his telling me that, when he first came to live at the Hoo, he determined to work through one harvest with the men on the home farm—and that he actually did it—holding his own, though the men, of course, worked with a will, until it came to what is called “pitching,” i.e. throwing the hay or corn on to the cart or stack. There he said he was beat, the exertion and the knack required being beyond his amateur powers.

CHARACTER OF THE HON. T. BRAND

(I do not know by whom: the handwriting is my mother's and is evidently a copy).

Mr. Brand is the very opposite of this (alluding to Mr. Creevy); he is all gentleness and courtesy. He is a gentleman, with all the mildness and some of the reserve of the old school, and has the look of a man of the best fashion. I speak not of the beaux who waltz so divinely, though for aught I know Mr. Brand may waltz as well as any of them; I mean that his appearance expresses a consciousness of rank without insolence, a consciousness of pleasing because he

knows he has the means of pleasing, and lastly, that benevolence which politeness can so well affect, but which seems to be a real ingredient of Mr. Brand's disposition and character. With all this he is so unaffectedly modest and unassuming, while at the same time he evidently has all that well-founded self-respect which would repel an insult, that it is not easy to conceive a more prepossessing speaker, or one by whom the disengaged would more easily suffer themselves to be convinced. He possesses a very good understanding, which has been disciplined by a legal education ; he discovers a good deal of the logical closeness of argument and some of the learning of his profession. Fortunately, however, he is above the necessity of chaining himself down to a technical study to the exclusion of more useful duties, and still more fortunately for his character, he shows as much industry and perseverance to his objects as the merest adventurer in law or politics.

Though a young man who may therefore reasonably be supposed to have many more interesting pursuits, he is constantly on the spot, and is ever ready to open the door of Parliament to all who apply to him for advice or assistance. There is no man, next to Mr. Whitbread, in whose hands the petitions of the poor or the injured can be deposited with more advantage. He will exert all his abilities to advocate their claims or their prayers, and none is likely to be heard with more success ; for the House here, as always, pays the utmost deference to unimpeachable honesty and unaffected benevolence. Let this slight attempt to delineate a highly honourable character pass a tribute of respect to one, who, in his degree, does not yield in consideration to any member of either House, and who, though not gifted with eminent or commanding talents, possesses a power and usefulness which one would look for in vain among the expectants of Opposition or the minions of Administration.

Miss Baillie's letter, of August 15, refers to the funeral of Queen Caroline, and some particulars are added from what I was told by Mr. Edward Lushington.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
August 15, 1821.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,

It is always pleasant to receive a letter from you, and particularly so when it begins with that happy overflowing of the heart on the subject of your daughter which assures me that the choice she has made of a husband is sure not to be repented of, and wiser far than worldly wisdom. Long may you be happy in seeing them so, and to hear of it will always give me sincere pleasure.

I did some time ago, as I intended, read all your plays, in their printed state, over again, giving a quiet evening to each, and still preserve my predilection for "Pedrarias," the chief characters of which seem more exalted, tender, and interesting than when I read it in MS. Xarifa's character is very affectionate and elevated, and the story so interesting that I think it would perhaps produce more effect on the stage than any of the others. It reads *much* better printed than it did in MS., and the similes and images that are scattered through the plays, many of which are very beautiful and elegant, gain greatly from not being read in the handwriting of the author. I mean not to say much against this same handwriting, because the sight of it has always cheered me, yet certes I must be allowed to say it has sometimes caused me no small perplexity—in this very last letter there are two words which I should hugely like to know, yet they are as much sealed up from my comprehension as if they were Greek.

I think you don't take up what I intended to say of your imitations of Burns. I would by no means have left them out of the book. It is only in the language of *Scotch* that I find any fault, they are good imitations otherwise, and that addressed to Young on "Tam' O'Shanter" has been much liked by all my friends who have seen it.

We have had a dismal wedding at Mrs. Carr's, which I trust will nevertheless prove a happy one.¹ The bride is gone to attend the poor Queen's funeral, with

¹ [This was the marriage of Dr. Lushington to Miss Carr. Dr. Lushington was the Queen's lawyer, and the father of Mr. Edward Lushington.]

all her bridal bravery laid aside for sable weeds. We yesterday had sad accounts of riots in town to make the funeral procession go by Temple Bar, in which several lives were lost, from the Guards being obliged to fire on the crowd, and we are very anxious this morning to hear further particulars. What an eventful period it has been since last year at this time, when Lord Dacre first presented Her Majesty's petition to the House of Peers, and we are yet in the midst of uncommon occurrences. Who may conjecture what the years to come may produce? I hope, however, Whig as I am, that the mob will not get head, and that we shall have peace at home and abroad; as much peace as may be consistent with the emancipation of the poor Greeks, for I have a great hankering after that cause, and would commit some imprudence to further it. . . .

Always truly and affectionately, my dear Lady Dacre,
Yours,
JOANNA BAILLIE.

[*October* 1808.—I had been showing Miss Joanna Baillie's letter of August 15, 1821 (saying that Mrs. Lushington had to change her bridal dress to attend Queen Caroline's funeral) to Miss Ewart, and in the afternoon we went to see our neighbour, Mr. Edward Lushington, whom we found all alone having his solitary cup of five-o'clock tea. We naturally talked of the letter. He remembered Miss Baillie and the Hampstead circle very well, and told us that his parents went with the coffin to Brunswick by way of Harwich. There, an emissary of George IV. appeared, and forced off the coffin a silver plate which Queen Caroline had had prepared and engraved, leaving the date blank (which was added in different characters). Her inscription was as follows, as nearly as I remember :

DEPOSITED

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK

THE INJURED QUEEN OF ENGLAND

What became of this plate at the moment does not seem to be known. Mr. Lushington asked his father once, but his answer was that he didn't know; perhaps Wilde (Lord Truro) might have it. Years after, the widow of a butler of Dr. Lushington's sent to his sister-in-law, Miss Carr, to say she had something she wished to say to her before she died.

Miss Carr went to see her, and the old lady drew out from under her pillow this large silver plate, (about 18 inches by 10 inches—coffin shaped) and gave it to her for Dr. Lushington. How she had come by it I did not ascertain, and I do not know if it is known. Dr. Lushington told his son Edward the story when he was ill, sent for the plate and said: "I think you may as well take it away with you, my boy," which Mr. Edward Lushington did; and he sent for it then and there to show us. B. C. G.]

Miss Baillie's letter of January 7, 1822, refers to Mr. Charles Sheridan: I cannot make out who is the aunt spoken of, but a sister of his mother I imagine, and therefore an Ogle. The book mentioned is probably a collection of poems which Miss Baillie was publishing in behalf of a friend. In this volume are no less than seven short pieces of poetry on the Greeks by Charles Sheridan, and one by Lady Dacre: "Away, Proud Boy."

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

January 7, 1822.

. . . I was too much hurried when I wrote last, to mention anything of my visit in Portugal Street the Monday before Christmas, when I found Mr. Sheridan with a white handkerchief knotted fancifully round his head, looking somewhat between an *outrée* woman and a French cook, unable to stir from his great chair, and his aunt stepping so lightly over the floor, with her face so like what it was before, that I should

never have guessed she had been ill at all. I observed a slight degree of tardiness in her articulation, but I don't think I should have done so had I not known of her illness.

Sheridan has now withdrawn nearly all his love matters from my book, which is to be a vehicle for bringing his Greek patriotism somewhat before the public. I wish it may do the cause any good. What belongs to this has long been a very interesting part of my sister's newspaper reading, which I listen to after dinner, with my feet upon the fender, and they (I mean the Greeks) seem to be prospering without, or rather before, our existence. What may we not expect them to do afterwards?

I shall go to town probably next week to arrange the names of our subscribers with the help of Mrs. Baillie, who has a clear head, a ready pen, and a willing mind for the business. A very tiresome business it will be, but I must not complain of it, having been so liberally and kindly assisted in every way. The subscription at Coutts' is closed, and the sum total £2,430. This I know you will be pleased to hear. Let me have a letter with your orders soon, and I will do my best to prove myself your ladyship's affectionate and willing servant to command,

J. BAILLIE.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
January 27, 1822.

Indeed, my dear Lady Dacre, you have sketched out for me a varied and powerful subject, and were it a story that had as yet been produced for the world merely as a story, that is as stories are generally told, I don't know that I could do better than follow your ladyship's advice; but it has been given to the world full of minutely delineated character and dialogue, so that what should I have to do but to set down my feet in the very footmarks of a greater writer than myself, and one who is in the fullest possession of public admiration? I should, in some degree, be doing what I blamed Sotheby for when he wrote his poem of "Saul." "If you make your hero speak as he does in the Book of Samuel, they give you no thanks, and think you have

done nothing, and if you make him speak differently, they think you have done wrong." The bare bones of a good story, to clothe in flesh and blood, is that which is best suited for a dramatist, and were "The Bride of Lammermoor" resting on the Public in that state, I believe I should be tempted to set about it forthwith, were I now at liberty to set about anything of the kind. What hinders you? is your question in my mind's ear; and in reply I will lay before you the scheme which I am just going to set about, which I do the more willingly as I hope for your countenance and assistance in furthering my labours. There is a friend and old schoolfellow of mine, who, after having been brought up in affluence and living in that state till within a few years of the present time, finds herself reduced to absolute poverty, a small yearly pittance excepted, which some of her friends have said they will allow her as long as they can *afford* to do so. She has four single daughters grown up, who, after having been brought up delicately, are now preparing to find situations in the world to do for themselves. In this state of things, as she is an estimable woman who has borne misfortune with great fortitude, and is liked and respected both in Scotland (for she is a Scotchwoman) and here, I have offered to edit for her advantage a collection of poems in one volume, to be published by subscription. I wish the collection to be composed chiefly of MSS., or such pieces as have only been printed privately, and I am anxious that it should be in itself a creditable book, that I may not be accused of altogether picking people's pockets for the benefit of my friend. Ah! little did I think that she would ever stand in need of any such a service from me! For well I remember, when I was a schoolgirl in Glasgow, her father's house was the finest *town* house I had ever been in; and I looked at the livery servants and the set-out dinner, with all its jellies and whirligigs, and the dressed ladies playing at cards, etc., and scarcely knew how to behave myself. Will you then, my dear Lady Dacre, help me out? either with some MS. poetry, or give me permission to take from your privately-printed volumes what may best suit my purpose. There are some favourite things of mine there, which I should like mightily to insert in this same book. I shall take it as a great favour to be

allowed to insert them, any way, but doubly so if you will let me insert them with your name.

I went the other night with a party of friends to see the "Gentlemen of Verona," and sat in a side box in the dress circle, about half-way between the stage and front boxes, where myself and the whole party heard so ill that it might as well have been written by Dibden as Shakespear for anything we could say to the contrary. There were in it some beautiful scenes of pageantry which I enjoyed much: a Mother Bunch, coming after all, sent us home in very good humour. I am well pleased to find that I can be as well amused now with broad farce or pantomime as I ever was in my youngest days. It is good to follow Voltaire's saying: "When one can't get what one likes, one likes what one can get." It is wise in me at least to follow this rule, for I have little chance of being pleased in any other way as to theatrical matters. We had an agreeable visit from Miss Edgeworth not long ago, who stayed a week with us, and two of her younger sisters with her. I don't know if you are much acquainted with her. She is a merry, kindly inmate, and her affection for her half-sisters amounts to that of the fondest mother. But you will not allow this to be possible, so I don't absolutely assert it to be so.

Yours, my dear Lady Dacre, with affectionate regard,
J. BAILLIE.

I have lately acquired the following letter from Lady Dacre to Mr. Chantrey, July 7, 1822, in which she makes a similiar suggestion for Mr. Allan Cunningham, whose play and poems she had just been reading. Allan Cullingham came to London in 1810, and in 1814 was engaged by Chantrey as clerk and overseer of his studio. Lady Dacre speaks as if there were no doubt of who was the author of "The Fortunes of Nigel." The secret was pretty well known both in London and in Scotland. It was not, however, till some years after that Scott put an end to the mystification and

avowed himself the sole and unassisted author, February 1827. See Lockhart's Life, vol. vii. p. 19.

Lady Dacre to Mr. Chantrey

THE HOO,
July 7, 1822.

DEAR MR. CHANTREY,

I called one day before I left town to thank you for your present of Mr. Cunningham's works, and to say a *vast* deal about them, for I was never more struck than with their singular beauty in spite of the total disregard of the poet to what critics may say, or rather have said. I have since found the sum total of all that can be beat out to spread over all the reviews and literary magazines, in the introductory chapter of "The Fortunes of Nigel," and could not but feel gratified by finding the opinion of such an author so exactly coincide with mine. Since Mr. Cunningham has that which cannot be acquired, why should he not gain what is so easily acquired (arrangement), and which is so necessary in a dramatic composition? As one identifies oneself with the personages it distresses one beyond measure, and interrupts the interest they excite, when they act in a manner one cannot account for. Sir Marmaduke's conduct throughout the play is of that stamp, and he is the hero of it! But as all has been said in Sir Walter Scott's few words, why should I enlarge? I think most of the songs quite lovely. Pray ask Mr. C. what Sir Walter Scott means by speaking of "it's hame, and it's hame," as if it was the title of one of the songs (p. 34 of the introductory chapter), and afterwards (p. 196 of vol. iii) making Richie Moniplies hum a stanza beginning with those words? This stanza is not to be found in Mr. C.'s very beautiful song, "My Ain Countrie," to which it seems to belong. Which is the author of the stanza [illegible]! Mr. C. or Sir Walter? It is worthy to be a part of that song, I think, if it is not. If it originally was, I hope it will be restored to its honours. Oh! how beautiful, "A Weary Bodie's blithe" is, and "The Broken Heart of Annie," especially the third stanza! I like "The Mermaid" excessively. In short, Mr. C. is certainly a great poet, although he has not yet written a fine

drama in *all* points. How lovely the scene of reconciliation when Mary Douglas is disguised as a page! Very Shakespearean, very Allan Ramseyish, and yet totally his own! Old Græme seems to me one of the best characters in the whole. In short, I have read and re-read the piece with infinitely more delight than all the modern plays written *to pattern*, though it certainly seems to set all patterns at defiance. Perhaps Mrs. Chantrey will ask the questions I put of Mr. C. and give me his answers. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is a very dramatic story; I cannot help fancying Mr. C. might make something beautiful of it. He will answer, perhaps, as Joanna Baillie did: "Nothing half so affecting as the story as it stands." Is the abominable man stuck up in Hyde Park yet? I long to hear it well quizzed. With best compliments to Mrs. Chantrey, and due homage to Mr. C., with thanks for the high entertainment he has afforded me,

Believe me, dear Mr. Chantrey,

Yours faithfully,

B. DACRE.

Mr. Brougham to Lady Dacre

Saturday.

MY DEAR LADY D.,

I enclose Monti's famous sonnet, having got it accurate of a friend of his and mine. It is amazingly spirited, and on reading your "Petrarch" last night, I felt sure that you and you alone could do it justice by putting it in an English dress. I began it and stopped short at verse 1: "Beat and betrayed by valour or by fraud"; if you could make it all as literal and more poetical, it will do. I have desired a set of our Society's Treatises to be sent to Chesterfield Street for you, and beg your acceptance of them.

Ever yours truly,

H. BROUGHAM.

Mr. Brougham to Lady Dacre

I write in Court noise.

GUILDHALL, *Monday.*

MY DEAR LADY D.,

I send your copy (which is nearly quite accurate) with the words filled up; you must try your

practised hand. I don't think, in a sarcastic and political sonnet, that *Beat* is a bad word. The alliteration is an excuse. I forgot to say that I have arranged so as to enable Foscolo occasionally to give a course of lectures on Italian Literature and Poetry without being one of our professors, which he is quite unfit for. He can't *teach*, and has not temper and steadiness for our discipline.

PER LA PACE DI 1814

Tradito e vinto per virtude o inganno,
 Chi molti ha vinto e chi tradito ha tutti,
 Cessar dei troni vacillanti i lutti
 Ed ogni Prence pensò farsi tiranno.
 I Russi artigli sul Polono stanno,
 Prussia d'Elba vuol dominar i flutti,
 Brettagna ha i mari in servitù ridutti,
 Gli Austriaci Italia a gotezzar sen vanno.
 Sull Franco soglio un dei Borbone or siede
 Per voler di quel Popolo che ardio
 Trucidar ne il fratello e il figlio crede.
 I Frati a generar ritorna or Pio
 Spagna minaccia ai dotti Atti di fede.
 Quest' è la Pace che ci ha dato Iddio!

TRANSLATION OF "PACE DI 1814"

Betrayed, subdued!—by fraud or hostile troops
 The man who conquered many—*all* betrayed!—
 The strife of tottering diadems is stayed,
 And to its tyrant Prince each nation stoops.
 On fated Poland Russia's eagle swoops,
 While Prussia would the flowing Elbe restrain,
 Proud Britain lords it o'er the subject main,
 And Italy in Austrian darkness droops!
 Behold a Bourbon France's sceptre bear
 By that same people's will, whose impious cry
 The Brother doomed, nor spared the infant heir!
 Pius returns his monks to multiply
 For learning, Spain would holy flames prepare.
 This! this! the Peace vouchsafed us from on high.

"Per la Pace di 1814," said to be by Monti: a note on one of the copies, written by Lady Dacre, says,

"Gaspannetto, not Monti." I have it written out by Lord Brougham, whose notes are :

- 1st. Gothicize line 8
 2nd. *Auto da fê* line 13
 3rd. To line 12: *cio è*—Pius now returns (or is now returned) to manufacture or generate monks. *I frati* is in the accusative case.

Mr. Brougham to Lady Dacre

6 o'clock.

MY DEAR LADY D.,

I was literally stopt in an instant, the nurse and child were in the carriage and I was stepping in, when briefs for to-morrow morning came in and forced me back. I had concealed myself and said I went at one, but they followed me to Hill Street and caught me; I had rather pay a hundred times what I am forced to take than stay for it. Both I and Denman (to whom I ventured to show your translation) admired it to the uttermost. You have done a wonder! The only failure is in taking *troops* for your rhyme, and D. says you have not rendered "*pensò farsi tiranno!*" He holds this to be a very fine thought, and reads it thus: each little princeling had leisure to think of making himself a tyrant. I think he *refines*; but he adds, in which I heartily agree, that your sonnet would be a very fine thing even if it were not a translation. May I give Lord Holland a copy?

Yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham, in sending the sonnet said to be by Monti for Lady Dacre to translate, mentions Foscolo.

Ugo Foscolo, an eminent Italian writer (1778—1827), was received in England with enthusiasm, on account of his poetical works and patriotic deeds. He made a great deal of money by lectures, etc., but by extravagance was reduced to abject poverty, not leaving enough to pay for his funeral. He was buried

at Chiswick, but forty-four years after his body was removed to Santa Croce, Florence. He, I think, became acquainted with Lady Dacre through Mrs. Lawrence of Liverpool. There was much literary correspondence between them, and a letter of his, dated June 1, 1827, is in my possession. There is not much in it of general interest, but it is written in good English, the handwriting very peculiar, and the *I* always written *i*. I have always understood that Foscolo was quite remarkably ugly, and a picture that I remember seeing years ago at the Hoo has certainly left me with that impression.

Mr. Brougham to Lady Dacre

(On receiving the two volumes of dramas)

HILL STREET,
Thursday.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,

Accept my best thanks for the very valuable present which I have received from you. Much of it is old acquaintance, and has long been admired by me, but there is a good deal new, especially in the first volume. I think, too, some of the "Petrarchs" I had not seen, or have forgotten. Don't you recollect my being so struck with some you gave me that I urged you to take a little of Dante in hand? You made some "frivolous and vexatious" excuse, and I am as obstinate as you, for, on reading these translations again, I am quite certain you would give *the* Poet far more closely and poetically than he has yet been given. Cary is really much over-rated; it is hardly more than a prose translation, but I must stop, *perchè la vita fugge e non s'arresta un ora.*

Yours most sincerely,

H. BROUGHAM.

CHAPTER III

Birth of Brand and Barbarina Sullivan—Tour in France—Birth of Gertrude Sullivan—Removal to Kimpton—Birth of Bertram Sullivan—Letters of Lord Lynedoch—Mrs. Sullivan's Letters to her Husband and Lady Dacre—"Recollections of a Chaperon"—Letters from Lord Dacre—"Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry"—Letters from Barbarina Sullivan, Lady Dacre, Lady G. Grey, and Sydney Smith.

[WE must now return to the young couple, Frederick Sullivan and his wife, whom we left settled in the beautiful little village of Hambledon, in Surrey.

Their eldest child, Brand Frederick, was born in April 1822, and the birth of Barbarina Charlotte (afterwards Lady Grey) followed on June 26, 1823.

In 1824 Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Lord and Lady Dacre went for a tour on the Continent, visiting Paris and Switzerland, and returning by the Rhine. Lord Lynedoch, of Peninsula fame, was one of the party. William Sullivan also joined them for a time while they were in Paris. The following are extracts from letters of the young couple to Lady Sullivan. The two children, Brand and Barbarina, were left in her care during the absence of their parents.]

The Rev. Frederick Sullivan to his mother

HÔTEL DE RIVOLI, PARIS,
June 20, 1824.

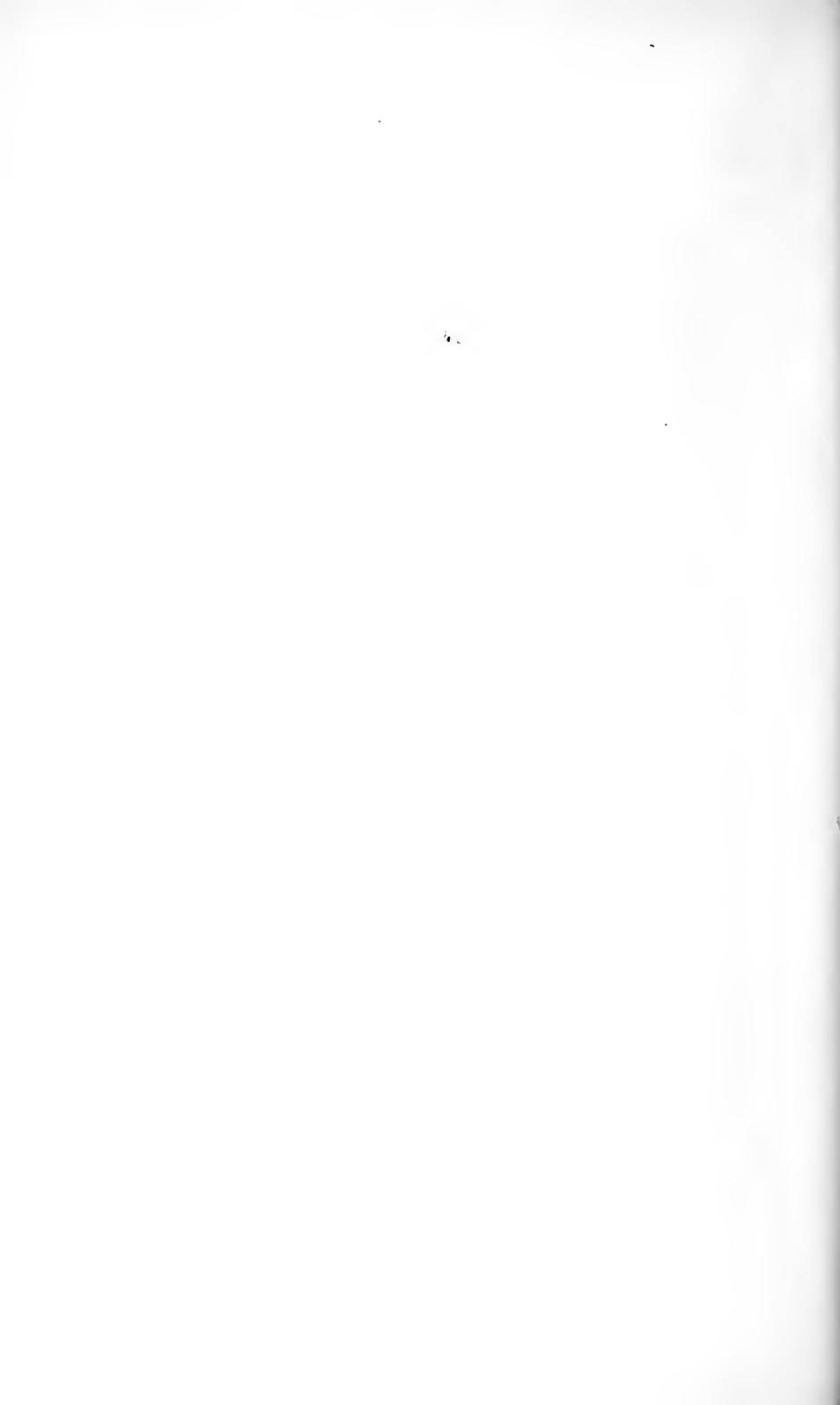
Here we are, dearest mother, established for a fortnight or three weeks *au troisième*, as they call it, *au sixième*, as I should call it, there being two *entresols*



M^{rs} T. Sullivan



The Rev. T. Sullivan



and a *rez-de-chaussée*. Comfortable enough, however, and all pretty well. We accomplished our journey most successfully, slept at Louvier, seeing Rouen—at least the Cathedral and the Place de Jeanne d'Arc. By the way, beastly hotel at Rouen, amazing quantity of small shipping there, and apparently much commerce. Country very rich and beautiful the whole way. Slept at St. Germain's last night, saw the château, and here we are. Lord Lynedoch has been the life of our party, knowing everything worth seeing and as active as a bird. He told a number of stories about St. Germain's that were very amusing. He had been there before the Revolution, hunting with Monsieur. He has got some rooms close at hand, there not being room for him at this hotel. We pay 200 francs a week for our apartments. We have got our *lacquais de place*, and shall have a carriage tomorrow, so that all is ready for sight-seeing. We had a very droll scene just now. The ladies find their English bonnets pigmies compared with the French, and were unwilling to go out in them. What does the most active and young of men do?—I mean Lord Lynedoch—but start out without a word, and return in no time with proper bonnets, etc. He then quickly hid Lady Dacre's bonnet, and, when the bonnet-maker was gone, produced it, saying that he had hid it to preserve it from ridicule. . . .

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

HOTEL DE RIVOLI,
June 28.

We none of us think Paris so enchanting as other English people, and are such thoro' John and Jenny Bulls that we cannot make our palates accustomed to the sour wine, and long for our bottled ale beyond all measure. Everything is as dear as in England, except eau-de-Cologne and shoes. But then, the shoes are bad. I see nothing very tempting, and have ordered me one evening gown, have bought one collar and two pairs of shoes, and a large bonnet. That's all, and mean to buy nothing more of any kind or sort. We are going to the Ambassador's next Tuesday, when I shall appear in my new amber *ombré*

gown! Hair is to be no longer *crêpé*, but in ringlets *à l'Anglaise*. How funny we are, both nations! I have gone back to my ringlets with great glee. We have been twice to the play—the Théâtre Français and the Gymnase. . . .

Good-bye, all of you; must be off to the Louvre.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

HÔTEL DE RIVOLI,

July 6, 1824.

. . . We have been very quiet the last two days. We have settled in our own minds that we hate the *petite pièces* of the French; we are therefore going again to the Français to see the "Misanthrope," having been perfectly enchanted with *Tartuffe* the other night.

I was in heaven the other day at St. Denis, seeing all the tombs of the Kings. I showed off so much about the history of France (certainly thanks to Mrs. Moore's little history) that the guide thought me the wisest of women, utterly neglected Mama, Fred, and a host of other people who followed, and devoted himself entirely to me. The monument of Francis I. is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. The other monuments were curious and interesting, but Francis I.'s is the most beautiful specimen of sculpture and taste (except the two figures of the King and his wife Claude, who are laid out stark naked, as large as life, but rather thin, as if attenuated with illness) that I ever saw in my life! I longed to take sketches of the bas-reliefs. I think I have enjoyed St. Denis more than anything else I have seen. Buonaparte has restored all that Robespierre destroyed, and the Bourbons seem to be still polishing and beautifying according to his plans. I heard rather a droll anecdote the other day, and I should think, from the authority, it must be true, although it does not seem in the spirit of the proceedings of the King, who to my mind appears to leave all he can leave as Buonaparte made it, and to execute all he can of Buonaparte's plans. There is a new history of France written expressly for the use of the Universities, which, when it arrives at the period of the Revolution, merely says: Then succeeded thirty years of discord

and anarchy, at the end of which Louis XVIII., in the eighteenth year of his reign, returned to the arms of his people! . . .

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

July 17, 1824.

. . . Yesterday evening we went to Madame de Gontaut's at St. Cloud, and she showed us the little Duc de Bordeaux and his sister asleep in two little white cribs, with plain night-caps just like little Bam's, and two nursery-maids sitting in the room just like any other nursery-maids. The boy appeared a very fine child, with great round cheeks, breathing a thorough hard, childish, sleepy breathing, so that I longed to kiss and mousle him. Madame de Gontaut seems immensely fond of the boy, so that, notwithstanding the slavery and imprisonment she lives in, she rather dreads the time when he is to be taken from her and put under a governor—it is doubtful whether at five years old or seven. He is three years and a half old, the girl one year older. We felt quite awed on approaching the Palace with guards all about: we passed through a room of guards lying on their mattresses; one really did feel in the precincts of royalty. The King is there now. I suppose Frederick told you about Versailles the other day. We were quite delighted with it in its way. . . .

Yesterday we went to Vincennes. . . . We saw the wing of the *chapelle* where our Henry V. died. It is rather gratifying to our English pride seeing at Windsor the place where a French king was imprisoned, and at Vincennes where an English king died master of France, and at Rouen, where an English king was crowned King of France. The painter Gérard is a very agreeable man indeed, and though his pictures are better than most of the other French artists, his conversation is a great deal cleverer than his painting.

Upon my word the filth of Paris is great! The stinks are too abominable! It really puts me in a passion. How we shall enjoy a little English cleanliness! I should like to do some injury to the French housemaids, so great is my provocation at them. . . . We were at the Grand Opera last night. The ballet was "Le Page Inconstant"—the same story as

"Les Noces de Figaro" with a few more infidelities and wickednesses mixed up in it. The dancing was very pretty indeed, but not such a violent deal better than ours. The *première danseuse* was one of the inferior dancers till Marshal Lauriston sent a dispatch from Spain ordering her to be made *première danseuse*. He is in love with her. Mdlle. Brocard was the cause of the Duc de Berri's death. I'll tell you how. He was in love with her, and after handing the Duchesse de Berri to her carriage, he returned to see her finish her *pas*. As he was returning he was assassinated, which shows how dangerous it is to do such wicked things! A fine lesson to French husbands! . . .

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

HÔTEL DE LECHERON, close to Geneva,
Monday, July 19.

MY DEAR LADY SULLIVAN,—

Here we are safe and sound and enchanted. . . . We have been quite delighted with our journey. The first night we slept at Fontainebleau, the second at a very nice inn in Champagne at Villeneuve-le-Roi, the third at Bouvray, the fourth at Dijon, where we met with an old *émigré* friend of Lord Dacre's who invited us to pass a day with him in his gardener's house, where he lives till he rebuilds his Château, of which not one trace now remains. We went to him at Pleuvault on Thursday, and he took us in a waggon, with straw and sacks by way of seats, all over his immense woods. The next morning the gentlemen went boar-hunting in these same woods, but alas! no boars did they see. I walked about the village in the morning, and made acquaintance with some very nice peasants. Indeed, swore eternal friendship with one, Jeanne Licutet by name. She brought me cherries and flowers to take away with me, and begged me to give her my name in writing to keep.

We left our old Marquis de Mondragon de Pleuvault after dinner, and slept at Dôle. My wig! what a night I had of it with the bugs! I got up at last, put on my dressing-gown, and sat in a chair till three o'clock, and then I woke everybody, and we set off at four. . . .

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

SCHAFFHAUSEN,
Friday, August 20.

MY DEAR LADY SULLIVAN,—

We arrived here this evening; to-morrow we part with Mama after going in the morning to the Falls, which we have not yet seen. They proceed a post or two on their way back to Geneva, and we two German posts and a half—alias twenty-five miles to D—[illegible], by the advice of the Norcliffes, whom we met at Zurich, and who told us that nothing in the world can be more beautiful than the Vallée d'Enfer which we see by taking this route. . . .

Our expedition to Einsiedlen was most amusing, and answered to us almost as well as anything we have done yet. I had no idea that superstition still existed anywhere in such full force. Notre Dame des Ermites is next in sanctity to Our Lady of Loretto they say. In a bleak, desolate part of the mountains, near the further end of the Lake of Zurich, with no houses near it except its own village, boggy ground only good for peat around it, a black pine forest behind it, is situated one of the most magnificent and highly decorated churches you ever saw, and a monastery with four or five courts, a building almost as extensive as Hampton Court. The village consists entirely of inns for the pilgrims and of shops for rosaries and umbrellas. Literally nothing else. There are eighty inns perched up here, and on one Feast Day 20,000 people were at Einsiedlen in one day. We met numberless pilgrims returning, the preceding Sunday having been a Fête, but still there were a great many there. They say there are almost as many as before the Revolution.

The first thing the pilgrims do is to drink of fourteen fountains, as they suppose our Saviour drank at some one of them, and they are afraid of missing the right one. At Zurich we found, on our return, the Norcliffes, Colonel Bowater, and Mr. Eden. We did not see his wife, but made great friends with him, going to the Library, where we saw some original letters of Lady Jane Grey's, and some of Henry IV.'s. Thursday we went to Constance. We took a row on the lake, which will not do for people who have seen the lakes we have seen! The flat-bottomed boats used on these

lakes are the most unhandy things in the world, the whole manner of proceeding so unlike sailors, that one is anything but happy if the wind blows the least. This morning we came through Baden to Schaffhausen. The road very good, the country quite flat—at least not in the least mountainous—a great deal of wood, and lilies of the valley growing wild. They were not in bloom of course, but how lovely they must be in the spring!

Frederick immensely well, and rejoicing in the idea of being at home within a month. We go to Baden-Baden and to Strasburg. We calculate upon being at home the sixteenth of September. I do not know what days the Packet sails from Calais to London, but you may look for us on the nearest day to the 16th.

I shall not write again till I get to Brussels.

KEHL, *Monday*, 23rd.—To-morrow we cross the Rhine into Strasburg, where I hope to find letters. We parted with my poor Wow the same day, and you never saw any poor creature turn away from home with more reluctance. She envies us being there a fortnight before her! Bam and a beer-barrel she is accused of longing for equally. The Vallée d'Enfer is magnificent! I am very glad we came this way. We get on wonderfully well with only three words of German, and our little difficulties rather entertain us. We have been twice where no soul spoke French; at the inns where we sleep they always do so. Our journey has been most properous and not near so slow as I expected German posting to be. Now, good-bye.

Your most affectionate,

A. J. SULLIVAN.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Dacre

RUDESHEIM,

Thursday, September 2.

. . . As I am quite convinced you never got my letter directed to Lyons and written from Carlsruhe or Stuttgart—I forget which—you shall find one on your arrival at Bordeaux. We staid a whole day at Frankfort on purpose to dine with George Seymour; there was no resisting his cordiality, and very comfortable we were, only we three, talking over every body and

everything we ever did. He is a charming ambassador! By the bye, he told me Lord Hampden was dead, not that I expect the least good to anybody, but I rather long to hear about it. . . . My desire to get home encreases in the ratio of falling bodies.

At Darmstadt we saw some very good pictures in a collection at the Grand Duke's, a most beautiful Rembrandt, much the best I ever saw to my mind. At Frankfort we went to the Opera, and we had a good gaze at the angelic Ariadne. There were preparations for the Grand Fair at Frankfort, which lasts three weeks. To-day was the first day, and we walked all round the booths before we came away. Frankfort looks immensely flourishing and full of business, such a contrast to the quiet little Electoral capitals, with their palace, their gardens, their nine or ten streets, their hundred or two of soldiers, and dozen or two of tidy girls in tidy gowns, with smooth hair, walking about arm in arm. . . . Good-night; the moon quite lovely on the Rhine under our windows, and I must go out and walk on the banks.

COBLENTZ, *Friday*.—A very nice row down the Rhine, banks very pretty, and something very romantic in the twenty-four castles I counted in about as many miles, each with its story attached to it. It is quite unlike anything else, and very pretty indeed, but must not be named in the same day as Swiss scenery.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Dacre

BRUSSELS,

Wednesday evening.

. . . Let me see, I wrote from Coblenz. Some of the road to Cologne very pretty. We ordered Lord Lynedoch's eau-de-Cologne, which was to be sent to Calais by the post, and he is then to pay the post for it (18 francs for twelve bottles). We were much tempted to bring them with us, but we did not know where to stuff them, and we were also so afraid of exciting suspicion at the Custom House that I only bought two bottles for myself! Think of our provocation when we found a large case of Pierre's in the carriage, without your leave or by your leave. We could have murdered him, for we longed to bring the

dear lord's. He puts us in a passion upon an average five times a day, i.e. morning, evening, and the three times we generally change horses. There is not living so great a humbug, and with that sanctified face! You will hate him as much as I do when I tell you all his misdemeanours. I never saw Frederick so provoked with anything alive.

At Aix-la-Chapelle we did see such relics! A tooth of St. Catherine, Our Saviour's girdle, the Virgin's girdle, a bit of the true cross, and a bit of the rope with which our Saviour was bound, etc., etc., besides, several bones of Charlemagne's, and a piece of his skull. The skull is encased in a painted bust, of which they take off the crown and there protrudes a bit of the skull—all shown by a Canon in full pontificals, who received 5 francs for his pains. Many other various things which entertained me very much; among others, the marble chair on which Charlemagne was buried sitting on end; Frederick Barbarossa had him dug up 300 years after his death, and was crowned in this chair, and so were all the Emperors after him. Quite in my way! We saw a very good collection of pictures, and then went to Spa, which is no great things as to beauty. Went to the Redoute in the evening, and saw all the people gambling. It must be the most pernicious place in the world, for I think everybody must gamble in self-defence—nothing else to do, nobody left to talk to.

Next morning left Spa and never wish to set foot in it again.

Thursday.—Yours received, my poorest and dearest, I like to have you miss me, and yet I am sorry you should want that which you cannot have just now. Our linchpins are very well, and Frederick has been marvellously alert examining the carriage without ceasing. I hope you have seen more sights than you describe, or else you have seen *none*. The weather has been fine lately, but I pronounce England to be the least changeable of climates. . . .

. . . We went to the Laeken Palace this morning and then to some pictures—not an interesting collection, but some very fine Rubens; I begin to understand his merit—his extreme power, boldness, brilliancy, whatever he chuses to imagine that he can execute, only he often chuses to imagine ugly things. To-day they

were almost all holy subjects, so that he was obliged to steer clear of white porpoises by way of nymphs. Oh! I have bought you a cap; it is all of Brussels lace, exactly like the one of Mechlin lace in shape. I was in a peck of trouble as it cost 6 napoleons. After all it was real; there are none in black. Your other cost 5 guineas, and Mechlin is not near so dear as Brussels lace. Now, good-bye and bless you; tenderest love to the Tim of Tims¹; love to all your party,

FROM YOUR BABE.

Oh! how I long for our reunion at Hoo.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Dacre

DUNKIRK,

Monday 13.

Purry, dearest, I shall begin a letter which I shall send to-morrow from Calais. Oh! how I have wanted you since I have left Brussels—such pictures as I have seen! You must come abroad again, cross to Ostend, and spend a fortnight amongst the pictures in the Netherlands some summer. You know nothing at all about Rubens, at least I believe you don't. I am quite sure I did not, and then we saw yesterday such a little divine Corregio. Oh! a virgin only, a profile looking up. I mean to do nothing in life but see pictures, I have taken a passion for them. Of all the collections I ever saw, Mr. S.'s is the finest and the most pleasing. A very civil man, . . . we are great friends. . . . I cannot bear your having missed all these pictures; I don't know what to do about it.

CALAIS.—Tuesday, half-past two and very hungry, for we are accustomed to such early hours now! One day we dined—actually dined—at 11 a.m., and only had tea and eggs for supper. In Germany one o'clock is a late and fashionable hour for the *table d'hôte*. Never was there so grand an hotel as this and so comfortable, only one can't get one's dinner! . . .

Have just had an excellent dinner, and we are going to walk on the beach to see the carriage on board. At five o'clock to-morrow morning we are to start ourselves, and if all goes well, I hope to have hugged my babes by eight o'clock to-morrow evening! Is it

¹ [Lord Dacre was always called Tim.]

credible, and don't you envy me? The last accounts are quite delightful, and my Aunt Bouverie said she thought Bam was improved in looks. To-morrow I shall see with my own eyes. Oh! I have been to Waterloo, too, since I wrote, and understand it all better than I expected. Saw several monuments to English officers. Our guide was evidently a Buonapartist in his heart; he was intent upon making us see the difficulties the French had to contend with, and the advantage of ground the English had. What fine, handsome towns the Flemish towns are, and how horrid Calais seems after them! Love to Timotheus and Lord L.

Your babe,
A. J. S.

I am sure I have been good about writing.

Rev. Frederick Sullivan to Lady Sullivan

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

We fully intend crossing on Wednesday next, and as the Packet leaves Calais at 5 a.m., it should arrive at 4 p.m., in which case we shall get down to you, bag and baggage, that night. In all probability, however, we shall not get the carriage through the Custom House till next morning, but that will not hinder Arabella *certainly*, and me probably, from being with you to tea. Those dear children will be asleep; it can't be helped, they must be awakened; half a night's less sleep will not signify at the end of the week. . . . Let us find a line in Chesterfield Street to say you are all well. What loads we shall have to tell you when we all meet! Arabella keeps a capital log. Not another week, dearest mother, and we shall, please God, be with you.

Your affectionate son,
FRED. SULLIVAN.

[The following year (1825) another daughter was born, and called Gertrude Arabella. The first name was borne by Lord Dacre's sister, and pronounced with a soft Italian "g"; the second name was her mother's.

In 1827 Mr. Sullivan was given the living of Kimpton by Lord Dacre, and in June 1828 his second son, Bertram, was born.

The vicarage at Kimpton seems to have required some repairs, and while this was being done Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and their four children paid a prolonged visit to Lord and Lady Dacre at the Hoo.

Lord Lynedoch was an intimate friend of both Lady Dacre and Mrs. Sullivan. As Thomas Graham of Balgowan he married a daughter of the ninth Lord Cathcart; in 1780 he and his wife went to Spain for the benefit of Mrs. Graham's health, and a few years later he bought Lynedoch, near Perth. He was keenly interested in agricultural improvements, and remained so all his life; he was a crack shot and rider, and he and Lady Dacre were united in their great love and admiration for horses.

Mrs. Graham died in 1791; this was to him a life-long sorrow, and he sought to distract his mind by travel. He raised and equipped the Perthshire Volunteers, now the 2nd Scotch Rifles, and the senior light infantry of the British Army. He was present under General Doyle at Quiberon and Île Dieu, and was shut up in Mantua with General Wurmser during the French investment of that city. He greatly distinguished himself in Egypt, was at the battle of Corunna, and was one of the few present at Moore's death and burial.

In 1809 he received permanent rank as major-general; in 1810 was sent to succeed General Sherbrooke in Portugal, and obtained a victory over the French at Barossa on March 5, 1811. He refused a Spanish dukedom.

In 1814 he was created Lord Lynedoch; in 1815 he started the project of a military club (this scheme

afterwards included the two Services); in 1817 the foundation of the present Senior United Service Club was laid.

At the age of seventy-four Lord Lynedoch rode twenty-four miles to a meet of the Pytchley Hunt and followed the hounds. At the same age he acted as second to the Duke of Bedford in his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. His later years were much enfeebled by ill health and by his blindness; he was several times couched for cataract.

There is an amusing and pathetic story told of him and of Lady Dacre in their later years. While on a visit to the Hoo, and at the time almost totally blind, he went out riding with Lady Dacre and unattended by a servant. Lady Dacre's sight was good, but she was as deaf as her companion was blind. They rode over Codicote Heath, and on the rough ground her horse stumbled and fell. She was left lying on a gorse bush with a sprained ankle, while her horse galloped home. In vain she called to her companion; he was too blind to be able to find her, and she too deaf to hear his agonised inquiries as to her well-being. The arrival of her riderless horse at the Hoo caused great alarm, and a search party sallied forth, and finally both the afflicted hero and heroine were conveyed safely home again.]

The following letters were written about this time:

Lord Lynedoch to Mrs. Frederick Sullivan

LYNEDOCH, PERTH,
September 8, 1828.

I have intended writing to you, my dear, all this week, but have been so much engaged. The account of Rocket going so much to your satisfaction is most agreeable to me; but I cannot help repeating my cautions to you not to trust too much to her on

your flinty roads: not on account of her feet, which are excellent, but in her walk and trot she never quite pleased me, having rather a way of shoving her foot forward, than putting it down flat on the ground from a well-bent knee. It was to correct this kind of action that I recommended old Lorraine Smith's mode of teaching horses in their walk and trot to bend their knees better than they are naturally inclined to do.

You will recollect that his plan was to exercise them for an hour or two every day to step over small poles, such as larch, fir, or ash—that grow straight and would lie level on the ground—the root end of these being put at right angles against the wall, and each being placed at a proper distance from the other, according to the pace at which the horse is to be rode. The servant is to ride backwards and forwards near the wall—first at a walk, to let the horse know what is expected of him, and afterwards at a trot.

These poles should be 6 to 8 inches in diameter, and it is evident that the most daisy-cutting goer must be forced to bend his knees in order to raise his foot sufficiently to clear these obstacles between every step. However, as nothing is more difficult than to get the better of that sort of action which nature has given to a horse, this method cannot be expected to do much good unless persevered in for a long while. But I can give you a proof of the perfect success of this kind of artificial teaching.

In Spain, the defect which we call *dishing* is there reckoned a great perfection in the action of a horse, and I was surprised to find that almost all the better kind of horses in the country went in this way. This led me to inquire, and I ascertained on the best authority, confirmed afterwards by the frequent observation of the practice, that all young horses that had not naturally a tendency to this action, were forced into it by having a string of large wooden beads (at least 2 inches in diameter) tied round each fetlock of the fore-feet. These, of course, hitting one another, obliged the young horse, in stepping forward, to throw the feet alternately outwards. This is termed in Spanish, and observed on by the seller of a horse to a purchaser, that the horse has *molto brachio*.

Excuse this large history, but I am very anxious

indeed that no means should be left untried to correct any defect in Rocket's action, as in many other respects I think she is likely to make you a useful and pleasant *monture*.

Lady Dacre writes me that there are few partridges about the Hoo; we reckon it as a favourable season. I do not attempt to shoot; but am in no want of occupation, having much to do in the thinning of my plantations. A strange occupation, I hear you say, for a blind man!

There is no risk, however, of my doing any harm, as I trust you will acknowledge some day, when you return to re-visit Lynedoch. I must own that, during the first days, it made me very low-spirited not to be able to look to effect with the same prospective eyes as formerly. However, by poking about on a pony, and with the help of an opera-glass, I think I can contrive to judge tolerably well of what ought to be done or undone. At all events, there could be no use in indulging in melancholy repinings. Adieu; remember me most kindly to all your party, and

Believe me,

Ever affectionately yours,

LYNEDOCH.

Lord Lynedoch to Mrs. Frederick Sullivan

PARIS,

February 6, 1829.

A thousand thanks to you for your very amiable and entertaining letter of the 31st ult. I am very much pleased that the table found so much favour in your eyes. . . . So now, at this moment, I can see you having finished your breakfast in your parlour, and comfortably settled in your own delightful room. It certainly shall not be long before I make you a visit there. I have settled to return to England, and hope to be in town on the 18th inst. Should the Hoo be at that time again inhabited, I shall probably join the party there almost immediately.

This being carnival time, there is nothing going on but balls. I have only seen Mdle. Mars act once since I came. It is to me by far the most interesting spectacle that Paris affords; but though the hours here are much earlier than in London, still it is next to

impossible to get away from a dinner in good time to see a play throughout. There is no excuse here for lateness in discussions in the Chambers. The most interesting debates are cut short whenever the President observes that the clock indicates that it is within a quarter of six o'clock.

There is a good deal of *Englo manie* in the habits of people here, though they would be loth to own it; and it is observable that the most fashionable men, especially those who have been in London, always come late to dinner; and indeed I have heard some of them say "Qu'il n'y avait rien qui était d'un ton de la mauvaise compagnie que d'arriver trop tôt dans une maison où on dine. Il n'y a rien qui gêne davantage la personne de la maison!"

This is an exact copy of the proceedings of our dandies in London. . . . Good-bye, my dear; remember me to Sullivan, and know me ever

Affectionately yours,

LYNEDOCH.

[In the spring of 1831 Mrs. Sullivan, who was in Chesterfield Street with her mother, wrote the following letters to her husband, on the Reform Bill and other questions of the hour:]

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her husband

2, CHESTERFIELD STREET,

March 4, 1831.

. . . We did not arrive till just in time to dress and dine and go to the Orchestra. Tim was out and all the newspapers gone, so I had not one word to tell you, and no time, had I anything to say. I am afraid parties run very high, and there will be sad combustions. The Ministers think, or at least say they are sure, but others (C. Kemble, etc.) seem to think it very uncertain, and seem to dread the combustion of not carrying more than the combustion of carrying. To tell the truth, the whole question seems to me one of combustion! From all I hear, Ministers are up again quite, as to character! If they fall, they fall nobly, and upon that score we may all be easy! I don't think that anybody thinks the Reform too little.

Lord Dacre says that people were so astonished and surprised at its being so thorough that they laughed every minute during Lord J. Russell's exposition. "A sort of then, now, my wig" laugh! A good many old Reformers are against it as too thorough!

Your book came last night; I enclose it for you to correct proofs. I have a great respect for you, ever since I have seen you in print. My respect dates from half-past six yesterday!

Well, Fanny was charming in Beatrice—her countenance, her acting charming. There is a morsel too much wriggle, I just confess; but when one owns to the wriggle, one has not another fault to find, and every other merit. Charles Kemble's Benedict entirely and completely perfect. The most complete and finished and agreeable execution of one of the most acting parts I ever saw! The play extremely lively and amusing, and acting well got up, I think, in all respects. In the orchestra, it was quite delightful to watch the play of Fanny's and Charles Kemble's faces. Such changes, such expression, such variety, such quantities, such volumes expressed by their silence. It was rapture to a real lover of acting! We went there afterwards. Very few people. Fanny is a dear girl, quite pretty enough for anything. We talked a little of Arthur, and at length of acting. I liked her very much. I think if she could not act, one would like her for her own sake as a companion.

I wish you had been at the play last night. Fanny is prettiest when she is sad. Her sad face, from her gay one, is bewitching. She says she likes acting comedy best, but she can't do it, it is so much more difficult.

Tell me how Gertrude's eye is, and that dear little wretch who begins with his histrionic propensities at so early an age.

Your loving wife,
A. J. S.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her husband

March 5, 1831.

... Ministers were in great spirits last night—just saw Lord Howick—glorious! How it will all end heaven knows, but they were up in the bottle last

night. Mr. Stanley's speech so very clever, powerful, and good, that it knocks Sir R. Peel to pieces. Mr. Jeffries is excellent. Mr. Croker's so bad, that it did them more good than all their own friends can say in favour of the Bill. So said the "ins" last night. I think they were low yesterday morning as to the result of the Division, and were ready prepared for Dissolution, but I think they were hopeful last night.

C. Sheridan here yesterday, who considered the passing of the Bill absolutely out of the question—Dissolution certain—the rejection by the next Parliament certain, the consequent going out of the Ministers certain, and a consequent Revolution certain—which he seemed to think quite comfortable, though all his money is in the Funds; so I suppose he does *not* think it! We went to old Sal's. Lord Salisbury there said the Whigs were as good as out. He put his stick to the ground and let it tumble, and said: "That is the state of the Whigs!" Then to Eliza¹—she in such ecstacy at the noble position in which the Whigs stood, that she could not care for what the consequences might be. She seemed to fear they would not carry the measure this time, but expected it from a new Parliament.

Lord Clanricarde and Lord Duncannon, however, said it would be carried now, and last night *all* seemed in spirits. The thing now is, that all England should petition—that is what they wish. Lord Dacre means, I believe, to set a petition afloat in Herts. Whether the measure is too Radical or not, I am sure it would be best to have it carried at once. Now it has once been broached, the rumpus if it is not carried will be appalling. I cannot see why people should call it "a new condition," or why they should think that Members, who must all have a stake in the hedge themselves, would not support the Constitution. It seems to me that there can be fewer penniless people with false qualifications than before, when great Lords brought in dependents. Neither do I see why property is not to have as great influence as ever, only more diffused. However, I do think most people are frightened at the immense, powerful engine that will be put in motion, and are awed at what the consequences may be. To me it seems that, if not carried,

¹ [Mrs. Robert Ellice.]

immediate combustion is the consequence. If carried, the evil day will be postponed, if not entirely averted.

How very good you have been, doing village, school, everything! We dine at General Grey's and go to Mrs. Baring's. By the bye, Lady Salisbury says Mr. Baring has made the finest speech ever heard! We went to Eliza, who said Mr. Baring's speech was the most vague and wicked thing ever uttered! Lady Glengall and I very nearly got into the Ventilator last night. She was going from Lady Grey's, and I asked her to take me, and off we went; but when we got to the House of Commons, it was just up. Back we came, to my infinite disappointment.

Wow says she does not like politics or gardening. The flowers take so long growing, and the measures so long carrying. She wishes the measures to be settled and done, and the flowers to come up and blow. Murray says your book will certainly pay for itself, if it does no more. Perhaps you may make something when done. Murray will consult you as to the price at which it is to be sold. . . .

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her husband

March 7, 1831.

Freddy, dear, nobody ready for breakfast, so I will have a word with you. Since I last wrote my thoughts have been almost entirely occupied with Reform . . . Reform . . . Reform . . . how we do talk politics! All the ladies greet each other with "How d'ye do? well, what do you hear?" Instead of taking up each other's silks, satins, blondes, etc., after dinner, we fall to at Franchises, Pot-wollopers, Out-voters, Rotten Boroughs, and Vote by Ballot—but we do not lose our tempers *yet*. They say it is not safe to talk politics with Lady Salisbury; and I have carefully avoided it therefore.

Ministers are, or pretend to be, in high spirits; they say they are sure of carrying it. I think Lord Howick is young, eager, and sincere. I think some of the others think it good policy to *appear* confident. Sir E. Knatchbull and somebody else, to the great surprise of all parties, vote for the measure. No division is to come till after Easter. They think the more time they give for petitions, and to the sense of the country

to show itself, the better. It is odd enough, but the innumerable arguments against Reform that are now urged by those who were the most eager for it, make one stare. Sir Thomas Farquhar, of all people in the world, is extravagant against it; and Ridley Colbourne, though he means to support it, thinks it too sweeping. It shows how utterly impossible it is to give satisfaction. I have at length accomplished getting a paper and reading Mr. Stanley's and Sir R. Peel's speeches, and am entirely and completely convinced. I think Mr. Stanley's the cleverest, best, and most convincing thing I ever read. Sir R. Peel's, to my utter astonishment, appears to me weak! I could in my own mind answer all his arguments. That he, of all men in the world, should call intimidation a wrong motive for granting the wishes of the people, when he was the first person who boldly changed his opinions because he thought the danger of refusing greater than the danger of granting. How good what Mr. Stanley says about the Sybilline books!

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, tells Lord Dacre that Colonel Jones, the Radical, has already secured his return for the Tower Hamlets; also Scales, the butcher, who is the image of Santerre, the butcher of the French Revolution. We must make up our minds to dreadful members for London! Your letter come. Will take your book to Murray and ask the needful questions.

Thursday, then, I will be at Barnet. I like my London. It is all very exciting and interesting, and *je m'amuse beaucoup*, and I begin to yearn after home. Saturday we had a pleasant dinner at Sir H. and Lady Grey's. B. Pagets will come to us some Saturday soon, the Woods in the summer. A good party at Mrs. Baring's. I talked a good deal to Lord Howick, Captain Seymour, Lord Melbourne, and Dulcie Eden. Mrs. Norton, too splendidly, magnificently, furiously beautiful. Cleopatra sailing on the Nile (was it Nile? No, Cadmus) a joke to her! She had a Cleopatra head! I never saw anything so tormentingly beautiful. One is attracted by her consummate beauty, one is repelled by her odious manner! Eyes, so, so soft—not soft exactly—the expression very unlike the insolent expression of her mouth. Mr. Norton rather fidgeting around her. To-night we go to the play—

where we don't yet know—and then to Lady Radnor's; she has a few people in the evening. To-morrow, Fanny Kemble comes here and a small party. Some people say that if these Ministers are beat on Reform, they should still stay in and not leave the country in such a storm without pilots. The King's letters to Lord Grey, I hear, are most flattering and cordial.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her husband

March 7, 1831.

Fred, dear, a shabby bit of a letter considering the angelic manner in which I treat you. Last night does not seem to have been so prosperous a night for the Ministers.

Lord Howick's speech seems to have laid him open to the attacks of Mr. North, who is very clever. Nancy went to the play last night with Hattie to see the King at Covent Garden. She says she never saw people so happy; the shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, etc., immense. Two men were dragged out by the police for scattering handbills containing something about Reform among the audience. All the people inside and outside approved in a state of good-humoured joy. The best thing I have heard of the state of public feeling is that the London tradesmen, who were at one time enchanted with the bloodless French Revolution, have found out that both in Paris and at Brussels trade is at a total standstill, and that shopkeepers are in a state of utter destitution from the troublous times. I hope that, as we have not followed the example of other countries instantly, we shall have time to perceive the miseries brought on by any Revolution, and avoid it as we did before. I believe a few horrors in other countries to frighten us would be a very good thing, though one can scarcely wish other human creatures plunged into bloodshed and massacre—unless it was the only way of saving us.

A letter from Puff this morning—very guarded. Quiet at Naples, but believing all north of Rome to be in a state of Revolution, and to have completely cast off the authority of the Pope. They had intended to return to Rome; they now think of going by sea to Marseilles. The road between Rome and Naples in a ticklish state.

We went to the Olympic Theatre last night, and were too late for Lady Radnor. A very good, droll piece of "My Great Aunt." Mdlle. Vestris the entire support of the theatre, and certainly, in Pandora in the Olympic Revels, I never saw such a fascinating creature. Though there is something not quite pretty about her under jaw, her countenance is so lively, so expressive, her figure so lovely from head to foot, arms and legs both perfect, and her grace so excessive, that I never saw a woman more fitted to *tourner la tête* to any man.

Yesterday there was a report that Grant had resigned, but Lord Dacre does not believe it. I have no more to tell you at all. I have seen no newspaper to-day. Tim keeps it till he sends it into the country, and it never shows its face upstairs, so no wonder Mama knows nothing of politics.

Your loving wife,
A. J. S.

Have just skimmed the papers. Lord Howick's speech imprudent—very; Mr. North's very clever; Mr. Grant's (who is in as tight as a drum) a most capital answer, I think, and sets all straight. True enough what Lord Howick says, but so imprudent. I hear the railroad which would hunt us is given up. You had better meet me at two o'clock on Thursday; nothing would keep me but finding I could get into the Ventilator, and that I shall not be able to do.

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her husband

March 9, 1831.

Fred, dear, I think you were quite right not to sign a requisition for a County Meeting. What makes you think me so violent, that I should think you tame? Tim says you are quite right not to sign either requisition. People really do think this Bill will pass; it seems to gain ground daily. Tim thinks if it passes at once, without any more ill blood being excited in the Country, we are safe from a Revolution. It will go further to save us than anything else can; and even the question being before the country, and there being a point to which all minds are bent, is

much better than a vague, objectless, discontented, disturbed spirit being abroad. That the people should sit down quietly without Reform now is impossible; that they should be contented with less than they have now been led to hope for is impossible; but the longer it is delayed the more exasperated they will get. Several new converts have been made, and William Brougham said last night that Coventry, which suffers by this Bill, has sent an address expressive of its delight at the measure, and ditto of the Corporation of Bath.

Our little party was very pleasant last night. Miss Kemble came, but was too tired to sing. Mrs. Norton sang comic songs, and was wonderful—splendid; and Lord Melbourne very much in love!

As to the sweeping Reform, it is best to do it at once. *Quere*: Which would gain most voters, the thorough or the partial? They get Hunt and O'Connell, and so on, and I do not suppose they lose many real Reformers. It would be a very moderate Reform that could have got Peel, etc. Sir J. Graham's speech seems good; Lord D. says O'Connell's is good. I think Lord D. himself would have been satisfied with the disfranchisement of fewer boroughs, but he says the measure is a good one, and nothing can be perfect. Never quote him, you know, though I believe he would say this to any one. It seems a pity that the qualification of houses—£10 per annum—was not raised for London, for in London it amounts to almost universal suffrage. At least, it is as general as pot-wollopers. William Brougham and Mr. Wood all say the details of the Bill want revising. But it was so difficult to arrange all those, and to get the necessary information without letting everybody know what they were doing. . . .

*Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to her mother, Lady Dacre,
then in London*

[Purry Wow, or more often Wow only, was Lady Dacre. Batty was Mrs. Sullivan, and there is a small plantation near a field called Appletree Field, on the way from the Hoo to Kimpton, which was called, after

her, Batty's Spinney. The letter gives an account of a meeting at Hertford.]

Franked by Lord Dacre, March 20, 1831

Purry dear, Tim means to write to you, if he has time, from the Hoo, but in case he should not, I am to tell you that he will be in town to-morrow at four o'clock, but you are not to stay at home. Well, I have loads to tell you.

Imprimis. To Hertford I went in gig with Fred, and husband No. 2, viz. Arthur Sullivan, on horseback. We found Tim, Mr. Blake,¹ etc., etc. The meeting was held in the timber yard, and the Johnes were there, and on their box sat I, hearing and seeing everything. I never enjoyed anything half a quarter so much. How I wish you had been there!

William Hale² began and spoke very well—plain, well-expressed, gentlemanlike. Then Rowland Alston tolerably, and then—then—up stood Tim in his cloak, which was half on, its red lining half seen, and one bit slung over his arm in the most coquettish manner. Positively coquettish! He took off his hat, and he stood as noble, stalwart, dignified, aristocratic, and Roman, and noble a looking figure as you need wish to see, and a fine contrast to poor dear little Lord Salisbury, in a large drab-grey coat, and a wizened, wretched face. By the;bye, he spoke first, and would never have been heard if it had not been for Tim and King Fordham, but he was a plucky, game, little bitten dog, and though the people disliked every word he uttered, he was liked the better for his spunk. I would not have been him. Well, when Tim stood up there was a shout—a hurrah that would have done your heart good, and made you cry—of course. He spoke excessively well, and was listened to with delight and deference, and evidently the people were under his thumb. After him came Mr. Price (?), who declaimed rounded, prepared sentences wholly without argument, in good language, pleasing voice, and earnest manner. Then came a beastly Praise-God-Barebones Fordham, who looked like Swing, and talked as *sich*, and would have ruined all—he almost

¹ [Of Danesbury.] ² [Of King's Walden; married Miss Sullivan.]

turned me against Reform to hear him advocate it—when up got that glorious Wedd! Oh, Wedd! Wedd! I'm really in love with Wedd! Such a copious flow of cogent, clear arguments in forcible, eloquent language; thoughts that seemed all clearly set in order in his head (all there present at once, but only coming out in the order he chose), clothed in the most perspicuous language. He never paused: if it had not been so clear, he would have spoken faster than others could digest. Long sentences, but never for a moment did he lose the thread, following it up clear to the end, and finished up each complete in all its parts. I have heard speaking at last! I cry with delight over him, too. And then, he is so handsome; such a high white forehead, iron-grey hair, black—coal-black—immense eyebrows, eagle eyes, fine nose, and a cloak, too. The people around were crying, "The cloaks had it."

Mr. Blake will have told you how unanimous the feeling for Reform was, and that Mr. Duncan, Sir J. Sebright, Mr. Calvert, and one or two more spoke—Mr. Ward very well indeed. Then I did so like the holding up hands at the end, and the cheers for the King, and the other cheers for the Ministers (which you may as well tell Eliza¹ was proposed by Lord Dacre, and was joined in most heartily by the meeting!) He proposed it for "Our gallant Ministers who had had the courage"—something of that sort. I am glad he did. Oh! how I did like it all! Tim was much gratified. We had bread and cheese at the inn with Mr. Blake, Sir John, and Mr. Calvert. Tim introduced me to Mr. Wedd, and I felt towards him very much as you did towards Kemble after "The Stranger." I did not kiss him, though! I am much happier about the country than I was before. This meeting was a sample of the middling classes, the tradesmen, the Yeomen, of a very reforming Radical County, and never did I see a more honest, wholesome, moderate feeling of constitutional freedom pervade any set of men. They had taste, too; in short, their feelings and mine were always in unison, so I must think them fine fellows.

Tim spoke with a loud, stentorian voice, clear and

¹ [Mrs. Robert Ellice.]

sonorous. He did not look a bit ill. However, he coughed yesterday evening a good deal; in the night I don't think he coughed much. This morning he is pretty well, and gone to the Hoo. . . .

[In 1831 Mrs. Sullivan's "Recollections of a Chaperon" were published. They were edited by Lady Dacre, and Mrs. Sullivan's name was not given to the public.]

Lord Dacre to Mrs. Sullivan

Wednesday night.

MY DEAREST BATTIE,

Your Wow has been all day trophy-gathering, and is now giving you a string of them. I must tell you of one that was thrown into my hands without my seeking it, and from the very man from whom I should prefer receiving the smallest suffrage than from any other man in the Island: viz. Bobus Smith! After spending an hour with him—I had actually left the room—he called me back, saying: "I had quite forgot to tell you to thank Lady Dacre, or Mrs. Sullivan, whichever be the author, for the extreme pleasure the 'Chaperon' has given me. The style is the best I have ever read of female composition, the feeling which pervades it is strong and beautiful, and the perceptions of human nature exquisite." In conveying my entire concurrence, I added that it was very nice to procure £500 with such accomplishments, and that the £200 for the second edition was to be applied, etc., etc. I cannot write down his answer, but it partook of its original native humour. Perhaps your Wow may tell it you. I would rather receive *such* a compliment from such a man than a thousand others from all the Sydney Smiths in Christendom. Bless you! Love to Fred.

TIM.

[In 1833 Mrs. Sullivan published her "Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry." These stories, like the former ones, were edited by her mother, and below are some of the letters relating to their publication.]

Barbarina Sullivan (aged ten) to her mother and sister

MY DEAR GERT,

Tell Mama that she is very selfish, and that I shall be very glad to see her and Papa and you, and above all baby and every one. Have you kept my letters, madam? I have got all yours, I think, tied up with a piece of red tape, and I shall put them into my—oh, dear, I forgot; Mr. Young came yesterday; he has read them all I believe. We are coming home on Monday—hame to my ain countrie! Aunt Brand took me out in the carriage the other day, and I had tea with Aunt Julia's children. . . . Poor Granny went to Mr. Maule, the ear doctor, and he told her to put soap and water into her ears. The first day it seemed to do her good, but to-day she is very deaf; she is going again to-day to him. Yesterday Grandpapa confessed that he was much better!

I saw Mr. Smith yesterday, Mama, and he says that your stories are very finely drawn—those are his words; but with Lady Nithsdale he finds fault. The other two are quite beautiful, he says; he can find no fault with them. "Blanche" is every one's favourite. He says that Lady Nithsdale is a very good character herself, but that those two take up the whole piece, and there is not underplot enough (I tell you his very words) or background enough. He says something might be made of David, and the ride to London ought to have had more incidents in it. The whole sum-up is that it is not quite so good as Walter Scott would have made it, which I think great praise. He says you are not bold enough, and that is the reason of the fault. I sat by while he was saying this to Granny, with all my ears open wide, and treasured up every word he said, promising myself to send it all down to you to-day. Read it, and put it in your pipe and smoke it and profit by it. I think this letter ought to be printed in the reviews as a critique. Good-bye.

Your affectionate daughter and sister,

B. C. S.

Lady Dacre to Mrs. Sullivan

Thursday.

Upon my word, this dear child has given you so good an account of Bobus's critique that it leaves me

little to say. That Lady N. filled all the canvas, but the picture wanted background, were his expressions; that you had written the account of the battles and historical parts with timidity; did not trust yourself and let yourself go, and make those parts *your own*. I explained your reasons and feelings for that, and he said, "But tell her the next time she meddles with history *not* to be afraid, but to treat it her own way as she does other things, and it will come with spirit." More might be made of the subordinate characters. Lady N.'s character "finely drawn" was his expression; that you had done wonders for Lord Nithsdale, but that nothing would prevent his being a man who had escaped in woman's clothes and left his companions to suffer. Said all the impassioned parts were beautiful; picked out the scene when they near the guns as "finely worked up." Of the other stories his praise was unqualified; of your writing the same as before—perfect—not a word of *evasion*. He treated your stories as he does my sonnets, with earnest and perfectly sincere critique. I was delighted and thoroughly gratified. My maternals have been fattening upon it ever since. "Blanche," his favourite, *rather*. Now, in "Blanche," observe, there are Lady Westhope, Mr. Stapleford, the Joneses, etc., all well-defined subordinate characters.

I feel so sure you can fill your canvas with any number, all individuals, that I do not mind a degree of deficiency arising from the small material afforded by Lady N.'s letters, and your dutiful fidelity to it, and humility, etc. Without any self-imposed shackle of this kind off you go, as if Bill Armstrong's fist was on your back.

He felt that "Lady N." hung a little the first fifty pages. Mrs. Villiers and Listers were much warmer last night; which shows me they found it praised, and feel they would be in the wrong box if they were cool. Mrs. Villiers said she had read the two others first, thinking "Lady N." could not be so interesting as she knew the result beforehand, but found herself so caught by it that she sat up till three in the morning to finish it.

Bobus thought Lady N. herself the most powerful thing you have done; his criticisms were wholly confined to the general construction of the story. You

remember how severely he criticised Scott on the construction of his; but he said yesterday, "His accounts of historical facts are unrivalled in spirit." To which, when I said, "Therefore she was afraid," etc., he answered, "But she need not fear; let her but venture, and have confidence in herself." He will come to us when we return from Cambridgeshire, and will talk to you as openly as he does to me about my translations—never minces any matter the least, which from him is the greatest compliment. It means, "I think them so good, I would have them perfect." He bade me tell you, you will dispel the last traces of his gout. I found Bobus's room full of books about it—State Trials, etc.—in which he had *fouillé* to follow your management of your materials. Mrs. V. Smith told me Miss Fox was in raptures; she is good authority. In short, I came home with very pretty pickings, in addition to my substantial feast from Bobus in the morning. You understand: I went "to Bobus, and Bobus came to me"; that I saw only Mrs. V. Smith, who said he was gone to me, and caught him at my house as he was leaving his card.

Tim not so well to-day, incidental owing to drinking a little too much wine, our dinner being all Greys, Whitbreads, etc., and Lord and Lady B., and singularly dull. To-day we are alone, to-morrow have four men from the four quarters of the globe; and, mark my words, it will be ten times less dull. You would have been pleased had you seen my little Bina devouring Bobus with her eyes for your sake. She is a darling child, take my word for it—full of nice qualities, and sunshiny, thank heaven! as a July day. Many people (what Fanny would consider as the herd, but the herd must not be sniffed at) pitch upon the humorous parts of "Blanche"—the Imperial, the red-brick house, the dinner, etc. I think you shine in finesse; I have always told you so. . . . I expect the *Quarterly*, however, to mawl us! *A-propos de Mawl*: Maule has rendered me stone deaf—worse than when I had that cold—and if any syringing does not restore my ears to what they were before I took the fatal step of consulting him, I am undone. Mrs. Leeson assures me it will. . . . I am quite happy about Bam, and able to give my whole soul to the book. Tim, too, has

been decidedly better, and thought himself so—which is everything. And now for Maule!

Returned! Maule has got "what not" out of best ear, and it is just where it was before I saw him—nothing out of the worst, and will syringe it again Saturday. I am much comforted, and expect now to recover.

Lady Dacre to Mrs. Sullivan

Wednesday evening.

I positively hear so much of the book that I know not how to report it all. Went to Murray this morning, who congratulated me, etc.; so I said, "Is it really as much admired as all the things said to a mother lead me to suppose?" He said, "Perhaps no one is so well qualified to tell you the real estimation in which it is held as myself, as all the literary people meet in my room, and I hear all they say, and I assure you it is estimated more highly than any work of the kind has been for many years. You will see in my next *Quarterly* what is thought of it in my room." I believe he said Lockhart was to review it; I know he said Bentley cannot have made less than £1,000 by it." He said, "Very probably, and very fairly." I told him what he gave you, and he said, "It was a very liberal offer for a first work. There is always so much risk and uncertainty in a first work; they so often prove a total loss to a bookseller that they should now and then have a lucky venture like this." He was very friendly. I said I was [illegible] to contradict officially its being mine; he proposed my writing a contradiction which he would undertake should go to every paper. But Tim disapproves, and says its being contradicted in the *Quarterly* will be much better, and I wrote to Murray to that effect. . . . Tim has written the enclosed note while Miss Brand talked to him. I cannot finish the story. "Employ the £200 in building a [illegible]" quoth Tim. "She may build it," quoth Bobus, "with the book, but she will never furnish with it." Was it not funny and neat as a compliment? They have a droll story of Lady (General) Grey crying over it, and the poor general saying several times, "You seem to have a cold, Charlotte; bless me, what

a cold you have," till she looked up saying, "Don't you see, general, I am crying?" Murray said Milly's story was particularly admired; he told me the headings were admired, and a great advantage to a book. I said the interest of the story always prevented people stopping to read them. He said, "No; Walter Scott would not have put them had he not found the advantage, and advised your continuing to do so. . . . And now for a very droll conversation with White. When I went to dress I said, "I believe I have suited myself to a maid. Have you heard of anything?" "No, my lady, I had no thought of your being in such a hurry; I thought to be sure you'd stop till you'd heard what Mrs. Sullivan said." I could hardly keep my countenance, but I answered awfully. I then told her of a place which she had better lose no time about, which brought out she had written to Lady Bute *yesterday* for the place of housekeeper at Luton, which she has known this fortnight was to be had. So it was evident she gave warning enough to authorise her to try for it; thought *I* should wait till I saw you, by which time she would have got her answer, and be ready to eat her words then, if expedient. Finding what I had done, she began eating immediately—said I mistook her—"that she was fond of the children"—"only meant she was not used to children"—"did not understand them"—that I said "I should have Miss Gertrude too"—and that she was "very afraid—didn't mean she was sure," and so on, till I cried "Pooh, pooh," and stopped her short, telling her it was irrevocably done. Good night, dearest. Sapte came to breakfast; raved about the book; told me Cawthorne said he would have given Lady Daere £1,000 for it if she had come to him; not true. It is said after this success, but may be of use for the next, if Bentley should not be handsome. Cawthorne says B. has used you ill. But I do not mind him, I mind Murray. So your dinner went well. What you say of Derings true; what an eye you have for a fellow creature! Take care, folks will grow afraid of you. Keep it all as snug as a bug in a rug. I shall close with Bessy Bulteel's maid; I fell in love with her manner. White is quite *piano*—biter bit, evidently. I rather dread a nice young creature being initiated in all the concerns of such an old slut; I am not a very nasty old slut neither, as old sluts go

Lady Georgiana Grey to Mrs. Sullivan

DOWNING STREET,
Sunday, January 23, 1833.

MY DEAR ARABELLA,

You must forgive me ; somehow I have never found the moment when I could sit down comfortably and have a bit of gossip with you ; but I do want very much to congratulate you on the success of your book, which appears to me complete, and must gratify your vanity as an author and, I hope, give you a good opinion of the sincerity and judgment of your friends. I wish you joy with all my heart, and I only regret, now it is so admired, that you should not have given your name. I send you the remarks which I have cut out from *The Spectator*, *The Courier*, and *The Town*. I have seen few people since I have been here, excepting the diplomatists, who read too many despatches and write too many protocols to have time to amuse themselves with any reading of a more entertaining and, I think I might add, more useful nature. Poor wretches !

My own family I told you before were delighted, and all down to William cried bitterly over "Ellen Wareham." . . . I have sent it down to Mama. . . .

I wish I had some news to tell you, but I have none, although I sat by Talleyrand at dinner yesterday. It is not his agreeable moment, for he is always too much occupied with his food to think much of his neighbour. I have lately been performing penance in the shape of diplomatic dinners ; they are all over now, I am glad to say, except our own next Tuesday, which I think an unnecessary affair in Mama's absence—it will be very disagreeable to me. . . . My love to all.

Yours affectionately,
G. GREY.

Rev. Sydney Smith to Lady Dacre

COMBE FLOREY, TAUNTON,
February 6, 1833.

DEAR LADY DACRE,

I am always glad when a clever book has been written ; not only because it pleases me, but because it is a new triumph for Brains. I have had very great pleasure in reading the stories ; it is very difficult to say

what they are made of, but they are very agreeable, and I beg for more. There is only one I dislike, it is too innocent for me—and yet I consider myself as a very innocent person. I never read any stories which had so much the manners and conversation of real Life ; all aim at it, none have ever succeeded so well. I always write to everybody who publishes a book that gives me pleasure—so excuse me and believe me, dear Lady Dacre,

Ever sincerely yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

CHAPTER IV

Birth of Frank—Death of Bertram—Birth of Harry—Lady Grey
“To her nieces”—Death of Mr. Huskisson—Mr. Bobus Smith
—His letters to Lady Dacre—Mr. Sullivan offered the living of
Fulham—Lady Grey “To her nieces”—The fire at Hatfield House
—Lord Dacre to Lady G. Grey—Miss Mitford’s Letters to Lady
Dacre.

[ON May 31, 1834, after an interval of six years, another son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, and baptized Francis William. While Mrs. Sullivan was still in Bolton Street, where a house had been taken for her confinement, Bertram was taken ill with scarlet fever, and died in July. He was a peculiarly attractive and beautiful child, and his mother seems to have never really recovered health and spirits after his death. In the following year, Henry Eden, the youngest child, was born.]

I do not know when my parents moved to the Hoo, but they were domiciled there while waiting for Kimpton Vicarage to be vacant, and while the house, etc., were put in order. I fancy I remember moving to Kimpton, but I cannot say what year this took place: it can, however, be easily ascertained, and I should then know whether my impression, that I got inside the kitchen screen and lay down warm and comfortable on the lower shelf, is a possible fact or an impossible fiction. A great deal had to be done to the house. The present drawing-room was then unused, being

thought too big ; and the only living room was the dining-room, then much smaller, a passage between it and the drawing-room being done away with in the alterations. The stables were also altered and made to face to the north instead of to the south, so that the cleaning of horses and carriages need not take place exactly under the dining-room windows. The garden and the approach were also changed, and I believe the first year the garden was rather peculiar, having been sown with what seeds came most easily to hand, the consequence being a mass of nasturtiums and the effect brilliant.

When we first went to the Vicarage, the nurseries were two rooms at the top of the house, with dormer windows and walls sloping to the ceiling ; one of these rooms was partitioned, and in these three rooms we four—Brand, myself, Gertrude, and Bertram—were brought up, to be followed, after an interval of about six years, by Frank and Harry. Bertram was a beautiful boy and the apple of our eyes. He got scarlet fever while we were in London for my mother's confinement, and was brought home only to die. This is the first sorrow I can call to mind, and it went hard with my mother, who was only just recovering after the birth of my brother Frank.

It amuses me to recall the daily routine of our life during those early days. We had no governess, except a nursery governess for a short time, yet our mother taught us everything, even learning to read music herself that she might teach us the pianoforte. We had music-lessons and dancing-lessons whenever an opportunity offered : the first from an organist at Luton, the second from a dancing-master who came over once a week to the school at Wheathampstead kept by Mr. Douton (the house is now transformed into Lord

Cavan's country house), at which my brother Brand was being educated. The best dancers among the boys were allowed to be the partners of the young ladies, the others had to be contented with one of their school-fellows decorated with a bit of ribbon round the arm. As we grew older these lessons were supplemented by masters in London, my sister and I being taken in turn by my granny, when they went to London for the meeting of Parliament, and remaining with her for several weeks.

It is wonderful that my mother should have found time to attend to her parish duties, to be a devoted wife and daughter, to write her stories, and to educate her daughters. We used to begin at 7.30 a.m. by reading to her while she was in bed till 8 a.m., when we had our breakfast: then at 8.30 one of us would go to her and read when she was dressing—I remember reading to her Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion"—while the other went to my father and worked away at arithmetic, finally arriving at a little bit of algebra and Euclid. At nine came prayers and breakfast for the parents, while we ran wild till eleven o'clock, being allowed to go out by ourselves and do anything we liked. This liberty we availed ourselves of thoroughly, climbing trees, getting to the top of haystacks and sliding down, much to the detriment of the thatch, helping or hindering the gardener, and pursuing the pigs at the farm with darts, so that the old farmer, Tom Young, who was very fond of us, was obliged to lodge a formal complaint that if we went on, the pigs' fat would be turned to "ile." We were very fond of building houses with hurdles and straw, also fancying ourselves the Swiss Family Robinson and living up in a tree. These were merry times of fun and mischief, but at eleven o'clock we were bound to return tidy and

clean and resume lessons steadily up to one o'clock, the nursery dinner hour.

We had not many lessons till tea-time, after which we made out our French and Italian exercises in the nursery and learned our lessons for the next day, which done we came downstairs to the drawing-room for the rest of the afternoon. Dinner in those days was much earlier than now : I can remember it at 6.30, then 7 o'clock, while 7.30 was thought quite late. While dinner went on, we finished whatever lessons we had on hand, and then came to dessert, after which was a very happy hour till bed-time came at 8.30, or 9 o'clock as we grew older. In those evenings there were various games, such as Congloms or Bout-rimés, or a book read aloud by my father while we worked.

Ours was a very happy childhood ; nowadays, I suppose, it would be thought impossible to get on without a schoolroom, but we had none. When we were not in the drawing-room, or out of doors by ourselves, we were in the nursery. There was a certain amount of strictness kept up, but we were always sure of being forgiven for any crime if we told the truth : the one unpardonable sin was falsehood, and we were believed and trusted quite on Dr. Arnold's principle. I think it is permissible for me to say, at this distance of time, that I never betrayed the trust reposed in me ; one thing that left an indelible mark on my memory was hearing my father, when we were being questioned as to some doubtful accusation, say aside to my mother, referring to me : "Oh, if she says so, it's all right ; there need be no further question. She is as true as the Gospel." I was not meant to hear this, but having heard it I don't think anything could have made me fail to justify such belief.

I remember an incident which seemed to me, then

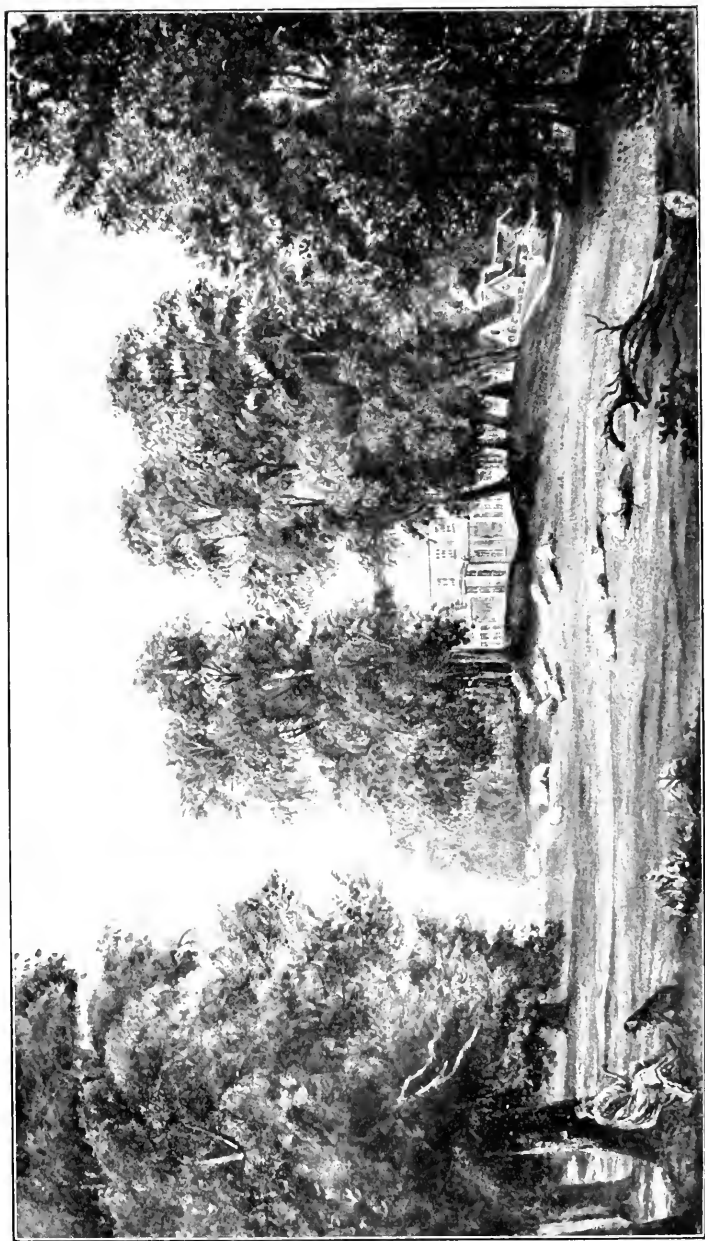
probably eleven, of very tragic complexion. There was a vehicle, corresponding with the latter-day perambulator, in which Baby Frank was wont to take his airing. It was discovered that the machine was broken, and a groom declared that he had seen me and my sister dragging each other up and down in it through the coach-house and yard. This we indignantly denied, but somehow or other we found we were not believed, and that there were some doubts as to whether George would maintain his assertion unless there was some truth in it. We were deeply wounded when we found that our word was doubted, but determined to carry the matter with a high hand, and to show by our perfect *insouciance* that "our withers were unwrung," solacing ourselves by writing in our copy-books, "George is a liar," in every variety of caligraphy, especially beginning very small and expanding to a gigantic "liar." It is unnecessary to say that the groom's name was George.

It chanced that my mother was not well at the time and made herself very unhappy by thinking that, as we had done this wrong deed and continued to brazen it out, we were becoming hardened little sinners. One day, after morning prayers, she burst into tears, and to our great consternation we found that this was the reason. My father too was greatly distressed, and proceeded to question us each singly and seriously, comparing our separate independent statements, and, on finding that they agreed entirely, he fully acquitted us and desired that we should think no more of this affair. So peace and happiness were restored, and George vanished from the scene soon afterwards.

The Hoo is two miles from the Vicarage, the village lying half-way between the two. (The Vicarage that I speak of is now replaced by a small house close to

the church, more suitable in size to the value of the living, and closer to the schools and church, the old house being sold, and its name changed to Kimpton Grange.) Hardly a day passed without communication with the Hoo. In the first place our letters came and went from thence, and there was always a note arranging some plan for the day; then my granny generally drove herself down in the course of the morning in a little two-wheeled gig called "the Den-net," a name I never heard before or since, drawn by a fat, clever, cross pony called Kate, which passed its life pretty much upon those two miles of road. Then there were meetings on horseback in the afternoon, my granny riding very much in those early days, and I being mounted on a pony at five years old and following in her steps. She was a most fearless and beautiful rider, which in those days was a comparatively rare accomplishment. Her hand upon a horse was perfect; she could ride her favourite Greybeard with a snaffle, while he ran away with strong but rougher riders.

Many times, on an old hunter called Slobberchops, my granny would sit with her arms folded, giving up the guidance of the animal to me on my pony cantering by the side. I had a beautiful black pony called Peter, rather wilful, and sometimes quite as much as I could manage; but we got on famously together. I had a sufficient number of falls, but loved riding none the less. The only thing I did not like was being sent off to show the pony's action by galloping round the cedar-trees before what was then the front door at the Hoo, just as people were assembling to start on their rides or drives. Peter hated being taken away from his friends, and was almost sure to be a little restive, rearing and kicking after a



THE HOO, KIMPTON.
From a water colour drawing

fashion which left me sometimes doubtful as to which was going to be master. I was always glad when that ordeal was over.

Besides the daily meetings, there were very constant dinings at the Hoo. These went on after we were grown up, and the van was in constant requisition. This vehicle was before the inventions of broughams and clarences, and was a two-wheeled covered cart, with a door opening at the back, and thick curtains hanging down between the driver's seat and the two side seats upon which we sat. This took us all to church on wet days, and the tradition was that when the van was first instituted and people were disposed a little to despise it, old Lady Salisbury (who was afterwards burned in Hatfield House, and was one of the magnates of the county), when staying at the Hoo, announced at breakfast that she was going to church in Mr. Sullivan's van. It accordingly came round, and into it she was duly put by attendant footmen. No one "sniffed" at the vehicle after that.

I remember also hearing the death of Mr. Huskisson spoken of: this was in September 1830, at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Dacre, and my grandmother were of the party, and many others. The train stopped for some reason, and some of the gentlemen got out to see what was happening—Lord Dacre and Mr. Huskisson among the rest. They were standing together on the line when it was announced that a train was coming up. Lord Dacre went back to his own train, Mr. Huskisson went off the line to the other side; but seeing a ditch full of water, though not deep, hesitated and went back, tried to cross the line in front of the coming train, was knocked down, and his leg (I think) fearfully crushed.

Both were wearing white hats, and the first impression was that Lord Dacre had been killed. I remember my grandmother saying what a terrible shock this accident gave to every one, and the sad discussion that followed as to what should be done. The Duke of Wellington was then Prime Minister, and very unpopular in the manufacturing districts, and there was great uneasiness as to the way the crowds of people, who were awaiting the arrival of the train, might behave if they were disappointed. The Duke put himself into the hands of those who knew the feeling of the country best, and it was decided that they must go on as if nothing had happened.

Anything so melancholy as the arrival in the town, swarming with people on the walls and housetops, and full of excitement and pleasure, with the consciousness that their friend was left behind, dying and in agony, my grandmother said could not be imagined.

Lady Dacre had been persuaded to print privately some of her translations from the Italian, and was much occupied with this work in 1834. She corresponded with Mr. Bobus Smith on this and other subjects, and some of his letters will be found interesting; but Lady Dacre's are unfortunately not forthcoming. "Bobus" Smith, as he was always called, was much less known to the world than his brother Sydney; but I have often heard Lord Dacre, who was an early friend of his, say that he considered him much the superior man—a man of great power and of a very high type. The loss of a favourite son was, I always understood, the cause of his retiring from public life and from society, and when to this was joined bad health, it was only with difficulty he

was persuaded to come to the Hoo, where he was a valued and favourite guest.

He was a good Italian scholar, and was much interested in Lady Dacre's translations, and a correspondence was carried on between the two which would hardly interest people now. Italian is much less read than it was at that time, German having become so much more the *obligato* language. It must be confessed, too, that there is more to be read of general interest, and especially of what interests in these days, in German than in Italian. This correspondence, which originated in their common interest in Petrarch, was continued until Mr. Smith's death, and I think some extracts may be considered worth making. It is unfortunate that only one side of the correspondence is extant, the other, I suppose, having been destroyed. The first letter I possess is dated August 27, 1834. It refers evidently to a sonnet, "Padre del Ciel," Part I. Sonnet 40, which Lady Dacre had translated, and, she thought, lost in some shop.

I am very much amused at your difficulties about the sonnet, which has been in my possession all the time—of your own giving; as I should have been entitled to my copy at all events, I am almost tempted to regret it did not fall to some young Haberdasher. It would have made him so happy, he would have been quite sure it had been left on purpose; that he was the "too lovely fair one," and "the Cruel Foe," neither the devil nor Cupid would have had any chance with him. The "Strong Entanglement" would have been, of course, a figure he was used to, the only puzzle would have been that you were sighing eleven years for a young gentleman hardly twenty.

In a subsequent letter from London, he says :

I have brought the alterations, but left the text behind me at Cheam, at least either that or I have

put it in the most dangerous of all Repositories, a safe place, for I cannot find it where it ought to be, and I have no Haberdasher's shop to resort to, etc., etc. It does not signify talking, papers do, beyond doubt, creep away and hide themselves, and after a time come back to their places.

The following letter refers to the occasion when the King, without any previous warning, dismissed Lord Melbourne and made the Duke of Wellington Prime Minister, with the offices of Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretary. These offices he held for a month, till Sir Robert Peel's return from Italy.

November 21, 1834.

This is a bold experiment of the Duke's, but he can never be mad enough to dream of the old Tory times again. I suppose he means to take up the Whig cards and play the reforming games, which, to say truth, he cannot well play worse than they have been played the last six months. His friends call him a straight-forward man; for no reason whatever I could see but the knack he has of turning round sharp upon occasions. He has made a political maxim of one of the rudiments of his military education, "To the right about face," and something of that sort he must do now.

Melbourne is the only man whom I, and I think everybody, feels to be raised by the way he took hold and parted with power. I think we shall die in our beds still, but if we do, it will be owing to the good sense of the governed, not of the governors: such a large proportion of our people have something to lose.

The canzone "Quando il soave mio fido conforto" (Part II. c. 6) was now the subject of correspondence, and I must copy the final verdict. Mr. Smith writes:

I cannot swallow *toys*; perhaps it is because I have before my eyes at the moment two dragoons without

heads, a dog that squeaks, a doll with one eye, and a whole collection of kitchen furniture, part of the stock of my grandchildren. . . . I agree that the flying and weighing are not quite so confounded as to make what is called a mixed metaphor, but the two operations to be performed by the same person at the same time savours a little too much of the Flying Grocer. . . . But after all, I must say, take you care how you touch that canzone. You may rest your fame upon it, you have never done better. Mr. Panizzi's selection seems to me as good as could have been made. I hope you carry his suggestion into effect. What can be more idle than to talk of "an idle pursuit at your age." You will, of course, understand that I protest against the fact, and only admit it for the sake of argument; but *if you were* old, is it not just a thing to thank heaven for, that it has preserved to you a talent which is apt to fall off, and a strong interest in things not merely harmless, but beautiful and capable of giving great pleasure? A fig for all that—pass we to more serious subjects. Here am I laid up with the gout, regularly and formally laid up, and no Mrs. Sullivan; though I told her I could not be sure beyond November. You will say I may read her over again; but I have read her over again, and the worst of it is, it has spoilt me for reading half a hundred other volumes which might have gone down very well but for her. Do tell her, with my respects, if she has any conscience, I shall expect to see in the papers forthwith "In three volumes, etc., etc."

The gout, bad as it was, did not diminish the pleasant tone of Mr. Smith's letters. He writes on December 27, 1834:

Thanks, dear Lady Dacre, for your kind inquiries. The gout has been over me body and soul as usual. I say body and soul, because pain is not the only Imp of the worst that follows in its train. It is gone, however, and I am gradually getting rid of its effects—lameness, etc. I was afraid County politics would do Lord Dacre no good, he had better have had a bit of the gout, bad as it is. Thank you for leaving out

Christmas compliments. I have always hated Christmas in my best days. I care little for mince-pies, and what else is there but yellow fogs and dull gluttony with cousins of all sorts and sizes.

March 5.—We have not had “Cosa bella mortal¹” yet, though we are nearer to it, but what is it that makes the expression so touching? It is not that beauty passes away, but that *the thing that is beautiful* passeth away and abideth not. You may feel the way to express in two words not only the transitory nature of beauty, but the sad condition of humanity, which seems to mark what is fair for the earliest destruction. Finely expressed in good old French before the French left off poetry :

“Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.²”

You see, my dear lady, you have raised up a peremptory and presuming censor. Your good nature in bearing with my freedom is far beyond that you are pleased to ascribe to me. I think honestly of your translations that they are much too beautiful not to be found fault with. Your prose, kind and friendly as it is, I have certainly no disposition to criticise. I rejoice I have been the means of reviving your inclination to do what you do so well, and I hope we shall both be inclined to make up for lost time in our late acquaintance; that it is a late one, as I cannot resist believing what you say, lies, I am afraid, at my door. I have nothing to plead but an odd nature made up of indolence, contentment at home, and a distaste for the forms of society, which has made me shrink from much intercourse with old friends, though without lessening my regard for them.

Having received a pressing invitation to the Hoo, Mr. Smith writes March 11, 1835 :

¹ [Sonnet 210, “Chi vuol verder,” not printed.]

² [“Consolation à M. du Périer” by François de Malherbe.]

In answer to the temptations your generous kindness holds out to me, I am afraid I must refer to the catalogue of my infirmities set forth in my last—what can I say more? . . . The habits have grown upon me in the midst of much happiness and much unhappiness; they have had the best of my life, and I have no power to scuffle with them, if it were worth while, for the little bit that is left. And yet, my dear Lady, it shall go hard, but I shall come and see you before the summer is over, if my old tub and I keep on our wheels. The quatrain is from Malherbe, not an epitaph, but some charming consolatory verses to a friend on the loss of his daughter. These stand very much out from the rest, which are not remarkable, except two simple lines at the end, which have long stuck to my memory as vehicles of the truest of all truths, “Vouloir ce que Dieu veut est la seule science, Qui nous met en repos.”

I recommend these to my old friend in his moments of depression, and to you when Petrarch is over, and the worries of life return upon you.

April 29.— . . . You are quite wrong about second childhood. There is no such thing; the first goes through with us—we only change our toys: dolls, tops, loves, friendships, books, money, power, Petrarch, all *fallace ciance*, make-believe and bustle. Grandchildren are the only wise. “All life is a scene and a game—either learn to play at it, putting off seriousness or suffer its pains”: two tolerable Greek lines, which I make over to you to be turned into two good English ones. I am very glad you are coming to town; in no place will sense and moderation be more wanted than in the House of Lords this year, and my old friend will bring up with him a great deal of both those valuable commodities. I hate vulgar politics about Elections, etc., and keep as much aloof from them as I can, but there are political questions stirring now which may engage the thoughts of any man who wishes well to the peace of his country, and through that to the peace of the world; on none of them does more depend than on the manner in which the House of Lords takes its *assiette* under the change of power which has been effected. However, I ought to beg your pardon for these fariboles after Petrarch.

To another attempt to persuade him to go to the Hoo, Mr. Smith writes July 16, 1835:

You have, I fear, a very imperfect notion of the operation required to turn an idle old fellow out of his way, or the innumerable engagements of a man who lives with nobody. I am in the height of my roses and lilies at Cheam, the result of many years' wisdom and foresight; coming out every day, I hobble among them, applauding myself with nobody to contradict me. I have no way of breaking out of this fascination but by telling myself that it is all fudge, and if I do, what's to become of me for the five or six mortal years that have still to run out? These are my irrefragable reasons against next Saturday, but I have laid a long train for bringing about my visit, though I cannot yet quite say when. My young ones, who were very much gratified with your kind proposal, will answer for themselves; they are, I conclude, deep in balls, concerts, dinners, at homes, etc., etc.—flowers of another sort, less fragrant than mine, to say nothing of that pestilent bed of weeds, the House of Commons. Sydney is coming to dine with me to-day, when I will deliver your message. I have been reading Mrs. Norton; she has not the least chance with Mrs. Sullivan either in design or execution.

Lady Dacre had apparently been going through a phase of discouragement as to the use of any more translating, eliciting the following remonstrance:

I cannot say much for the originality of your reasoning about Petrarch. It is neither more nor less, though it is not so well founded, as your grand-daughter's when she throws away her doll. *À quoi bon* is a very wide question; to what will it not apply? I think, however, you might answer it as well as most people. If you succeeded in conveying from his own language, into yours, the express image of a very beautiful poet, you have done what is not every day's doing, I can tell you; and why are you not to be fairly pleased with it, and take the public at their word, that they

are pleased at it too. I agree with you there ought to be a limit, and if all you had done were got together, there would be enough for a fair specimen of the best, and in Petrarch that is especially wanted; for he is abominably tiresome in the sameness of the subject, and the repetition of the same *concetti*.

Time is essential to Lord Dacre—time and the habit of finding himself safe and sound. Meanwhile I must not have him neglect my prescription of running down to see me now and then. Tell him Cheamistry is much better for him than physic. Why are you so glad that old Cobbett is dead? He had ceased to be formidable as an instrument of mischief, and was surely a very amusing writer—by far the most extraordinary of self-made men, except Burns, and a real curiosity in the odd structure of his understanding.

Lord Dacre's health at this time was a subject of some anxiety. He had had a fit of giddiness which he concluded to be apoplectic, and was very much depressed. The great object of his family and friends was to get him to occupy his mind and to see some society. It was this that induced Mr. Smith to overcome his habits, and to pay a visit to the Hoo. At this time Lord Dacre rode a great deal about his farms, and would not submit to being accompanied by a groom. As a compromise, it was decided that I, although only in my twelfth year, rode almost constantly with him, with instructions to gallop off for help if he fell off his horse in a fit. Needless to say the emergency never arrived, but I had many and most instructive rides with Lord Dacre. He talked to me a great deal and dubbed me his guardian, and himself my ward. If I had been his granddaughter ten times over, he could not have been kinder or taken more interest in my education and enjoyment. He used to read German with me, and interested himself always in my studies.

Mr. Smith's next letter is of July 24 :

I thought you and Petrarch would not be long before you made it up again. It is you, I must say, who have made the *amende* by translating very well for him a very poor sonnet. How can you bestow yourself upon the bad ones instead of doing as you were bid, taking some of the beautiful passages from the "Trionfi," or those of the finest which are to be found up and down the sonnets, mixed with trash which might be thrown away. The thought of this "pommi ove'l sol" (Part I. Sonnet 113) is taken from Horace, who contents himself with saying gaily and shortly, whether he is at the pole or under the line, he shall always love Lalage, who smiles so sweetly and talks so prettily; but it is weakened to nothing by this *trilustral amoroso*, who vents his love like a teacher of the globes, takes you through all the degrees of the meridian, all the phenomena arising from the obliquity of the earth's axis, etc., etc.

I rejoice at your account of Lord Dacre: to be bravely is just what he wants; the whole secret lies in that. You do me but justice in believing that I should be at his beck whenever he wanted me in earnest. My regard for him is *octolustral*, and of that sort which I believe I could carry from Baffin's Bay to Bencoolen, as little impaired as might be in such a voyage. . . . Meantime, our beauties are fading; my lawn will be like a doormat to-morrow. Love of the country is not weatherproof, like Petrarch's.

July 31, 1835.

In execution of your orders I went over the "Trionfi" the other day—I believe the first time these forty years—but I am sorry to say I did not find all the fine things I left there. These confounded lustres, unlike their namesakes, make everything dim. I think the finest passage, beyond all question, is that you have chosen. I always had a fancy for the last lines of the "Trionfo d'Amore":

In somma so com'è incostante e vaga,
Timida ardita vita degli amanti,
Ch'un poco dolce molto amaro appaga;
E so i costumi, i lor sospiri e i canti,

E'l parlar rotto, e'l subito silenzio,
 E'l brevissimo riso, e i lunghi pianti;
 E qual è 'l mel temprato con l'assenzio.¹

Pray send me what you have done, and if the thermometer ever gets lower, I will tell you what I think of them. Petrarch's repetitions are intolerable; but you must not, I think, lay that fault of his on the poets of his age: it was the fault of his subject. Think what it was to be dittying the same goddess for one and twenty years—aye, twice that. Besides, lovers may say what they please; there is hardly any other strong passion of such scanty eloquence as theirs.

CHEAM LA BRULÉE,
 August 10, 1835.

. . . *A-propos* of Panizzi, I hope you don't think I mean to derogate from him. I take him upon Lord Dacre's authority and yours to be a very able man; but I must say I think he has a bad taste in printing, and further, that I had rather choose my own Petrarch than that he should choose him for me. Upon this last, however, I must qualify, because I admit that, in all languages, there is a fascination and a style of which no foreigner can be a perfect judge, and which may give a beauty to the poorest thoughts which he cannot pretend to feel. But if all Italy, including the Pope, were to tell me that the one or two sonnets, which he admires and I abuse, are not wretchedly poor in thought and substance, I should hold my own like a good Protestant. . . .

You do me too much honour in supposing I have been petted all my life; I have never had such good

¹ Mrs. Hibbert induced me to translate this "Trionfo," and I venture to transcribe the passage referred to:

Alas, I know how exquisite, how vain,
 Of love the timid daring life, through years
 One dream of bliss repaying days of pain.
 I know the sighs, the songs, the joys, the fears,
 The eager broken words, the sudden pause,
 And the brief laughter, and the flowing tears,
 Which love, that rapturous agony, doth cause.

B. C. S.

luck, or ill luck—for it tends to make a fool of a man. My bad qualities have another origin; I have given you the key to the small ones, the large ones I keep under a separate lock, an't please you. The sins which beset me are a hatred of trouble and a love of being alone, materials out of which I admit a very disagreeable fellow might be made, and therefore I do not give unlimited way to my own dear propensities, but compound, and halt, and shuffle between good and bad as most people do. . . . This day forty-three years ago, a day as hot as this, I was in the midst of the massacre at Paris—better conning Petrarch.

The promised visit to the Hoo was now about to take place, and Mr. Smith writes September 10, 1835 :

I rejoice to hear so good an account of your expedition. Ships and chaises have no charms for me, but I believe they are very efficacious as doctor's stuff. I shall be as punctual as the Comet to my appointment; he is to be in the second week of October in the field—as the Astronomers have it—of the four wheels of Charles's Wain, and at the same period I propose to be visible to the naked eye in the same relation to the four wheels of my old tub on my way to the Hoo. The precise day of my PeriHooion (ask my lord what that is) will depend mainly on your ladyship. That is, in sublunary style, I shall hear from you as you draw nearer home, what day you are likely to arrive there, and then we can fix the day on which I will come to you.

I have laid the foundation for your design on Miss Fox. She received the intimation with great pleasure, and if it depended in any degree whatever upon her, I have no doubt of your success; but alas! it does not: the issue therefrom is quite uncertain, and all I could do towards it is to exhort her to keep it a profound secret, for if it once gets wind, Lady Holland's health would be immediately and seriously affected by it.

Miss Fox was sister to Lord Holland, and lived at Little Holland House, where many of those who frequented Holland House came. I think it is in

Mr. Greville's Memoirs that Little Holland House is spoken of as a chapel of ease to the greater one, and the contrast in the nature of the two hostesses probably made this a true verdict.

Saba, Lady Holland, Sydney Smith's daughter, writes of Miss Fox in the highest terms. Not only was she remarkable for her understanding, but for her simplicity and her indulgent kindness. I remember going to Little Holland House with my grandmother, and seeing a very gentle, kind-looking, grey-haired old lady, I fancy her friends were very anxious to preserve her from being absorbed by Lady Holland.

Mr. Smith's visit to the Hoo proved a very successful one. He was accompanied by his son Vernon—afterwards Lord Lyveden—Mrs Vernon Smith, and two of his grandsons. After his return to London, he wrote, November 4, 1835:

No gout, no aches, no ailments of any sort! My dear lady, such an account of an old fellow of sixty-five is not to be had for the asking. I have little else to send you but a chronicle of aches and pains, and am only just emerging from a fit of the gout which attacked me almost immediately after our very pleasant days at the Hoo; equally pleasant, I hope and believe, to three generations on both sides in their several ways. We have often talked of them, and never without a strong sense of your kindness and hospitality; if we had not counted upon it, we never should have agreed to invade you in such force—but we were not wrong! Never seek for a reason why you should write to me. I beseech you to reserve all your ingenuity to find reasons to know why I am so long in answering, when (as I surely shall) I relapse altogether into my inveterate habits of *agraphy*. I beg pardon for a Greek word, but we have none in English that would do half so well. I will, however, tell you beforehand that there will hardly be any reason but sheer idleness, the pure enjoyment of which is known to few, and to none who have not left

off letter-writing. I can give you many deep reasons for this; but to put it shortly and comprehensively: "*Juga dempsi Bobus fatigatis.*"¹ I made that motto for myself at sixty, and it suits me admirably. Mr. Sullivan will construe it for you if your Latin fails. . . . I hope to be in town in a very few days after you are there, when I shall not wait to be found out at Savile Row. I want to see both you and my lord and Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, but I want especially to have a talk or two with my lord about public affairs, so far as they threaten to interfere with private affairs, in which sense alone I care a farthing about them, but this violent itch for organic changes, which possesses us, can never be an indifferent thing to a man who wants to die quietly in his bed. If it were not that I hoped to see him so soon (he comes up with you I take for granted), I believe I shall be almost active enough to write to him.

CHEAM,

September 21, 1835

You got, of course, half a pack of cards, which I left in Chesterfield Street; indeed, Mrs. Sullivan will do me the justice to bear witness what an importunate visitor I am. Now for letters—I hope you will never check yourself in writing for lack of Petrarch. He was very well as a gentleman usher, but I take it we are old friends now; and I do assure you it will always give me great pleasure to hear from you—with only one drawback, that it seems to involve some obligation to answer. I do not, however, despair of getting over that in time, and then the satisfaction will be without alloy. I will, however, do what I can to quarrel with you outright if you fly from your word about Petrarch. Have I sat awake so many after-dinners in this very armchair grinding colours for you, and now you will not exhibit the pictures. Take care what you are about, or rather what you are not about. I believe I have copies of most of them, and with a very little provocation would print them in your name and not *à la Panizzi*. . . .

¹ ["I have taken off the yoke from the tired oxen"; also, "I, Bobus, have removed the yoke from the weary."]

The following letter refers to the dedication of the "Translations from Petrarch"—"To my Grandchildren"—and to some poems of Miss Barrett's.

I like your preface very much, my dear lady. The idea of such a dedication is very pretty, and execution very good. . . . I return, with many thanks, the Book of Wonders you entrusted to me; and albeit unused to the wondering mood, I confess I am very much struck with the proof of power in a person so young. She is in some danger, I think, of being lured into the "Stravaganza" school, which would be a great pity, for she is fitted for much better company. I am something like poor Prometheus; I cannot for the life of me worship the new gods—Wordsworth, Victor Hugo, etc.

Lord and Lady Dacre had been to Ireland. Mr. Smith speaks in one of his letters of the Irish "as a merry, murderous lot, who stir one's spirit both ways"; and he writes to Lady Dacre on her return, October 5, 1836:

To-morrow is the very best day of the year for letter writing, my dear lady. I have written more letters to-morrow than on any other ten days—a dozen at least, by the way, to you, of which you have taken no more notice than if they had never been received. As you are so graceless, I must needs see what I can do by writing to-day, though that again is generally the day that I have most to do and least to say. However, I happen this time to have a little topic. My worthy friend, Mr. Wilding, upon the skirts of whose cassock I shall go to Heaven (if at all), has consulted me about a self-supporting Dispensary for the Poor, which he is very anxious to get established. I told him that two of the best persons I knew—Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan—had one established, for some time in their parish, upon the scale of a penny a week (which was that adopted in some of the parishes near us), with some variations according to the age and number of children, etc., and that I would ask them to furnish me with their plan. Now, my dear

lady, will you or will Mrs. Sullivan have the goodness to give me a sketch, and to tell me how the machine works. I should think very much depended on having a good person to take the trouble of receiving the payments. Are they made weekly, and with any and what degree of allowance for irregularity? This is a part of the apparatus we shall, I think, have most difficulty in finding, for it should be a Lady and a rare one.

The Poor Law Commissioners, I see, have concocted a plan, but it does not appear to me to be so simple as Mr. Sullivan's. . . . Meanwhile, what has become of "Petrarch?" Printers seem as eternal as bricklayers. What an unconscionable letter! it makes me yawn to look at it. God bless you, my dear lady, while I am yet awake.

CHEAM,
October 30, 1836.

I am just returned from my Somersetshire expedition, and welcomed home by such an infernal end of October as would have better suited that most doleful of all seasons, a merry Christmas! I ought to be thankful that I did not meet this snow on Salisbury Plain, where, by the bye, I saw an amusing instance of our universal advancement—the shepherds with umbrellas!

You know, indeed I suppose it is by this time publicly known, that I carried off Miss Fox with me in spite of all machinations to prevent it. I took the gout down in my pocket: it gave me warning only the night before I was to start; and, being determined that it should not be said I was baffled, off I went with it, trusting to courage and to colchicum; and here I am again, having driven off the enemy, but for how long remains to be seen. No matter; for an old worn-out fellow, life is but a little parcel of to-days and to-morrows, the first for fiddle-faddles, and the last for writing letters. Now to business! I am quite for the portrait to usher in "Petrarch," and do not very much quarrel with the delay, as it tides over the deadest time of the year, and we shall play to full houses. Your long vista of visitors and visitations makes me giddy. I cannot peer so far into futurity as to form any notion how or where, or what I shall

be, when all that you have in view to do and to suffer shall be accomplished. Multitudinous forms of unknown persons and places flit before my eyes and mingle with the images of those for whom I have a great regard. Let all this wait till a little time has disentangled it, and then . . .

The "Translations from Petrarch" were at last out of the printer's hands, and the following letter was written from Cheam, November 8, 1836:

I found the book on my return to London last week, my dear lady. I brought it down here with me, and read it over again all through; and while my admiration is too strong for my laziness, I must once more say "Thank you" for the pleasure you have given me. Petrarch is admirably rendered. I really know of no instance in which the image of a great poet is so happily transferred into another language: no instance, I mean, in length as opposed to short passages. . . . God bless you, I am, yours ever,

R. S.

In January 1834 Lord Grey offered Mr. Sullivan the living of Fulham, writing the following letter to Lord Dacre:

(Private.)

DOWNING STREET,
January 4, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD DACRE,

A stall has lately become vacant at Canterbury, for which Mr. Wood applied to be allowed to exchange the living which he now holds at Fulham. This application, supported by powerful recommendations, his own high character in the Church, and his recent affliction (he lost lately three daughters by the scarlet fever—the eldest eighteen—in four days), which made him desirous of removing from the scene of his calamity, I found it impossible to resist.

It was my intention to offer the living of Fulham to Mr. Sullivan, which thus falls to the disposal of the Crown. But the King has reminded me of his anxiety

to give some preferment to Mr. Moor, brother of Lord Mount Cashel, and brother-in-law of the late Lord Clinton; but for whom a smaller provision than that which would be obtained by his appointment to Fulham, would be sufficient. What I wish to learn from you therefore is, first, whether the living of Fulham would be acceptable to Mr. Sullivan; and next, whether in that case you have any objection to let Mr. Moor succeed him at Kimpton.

The living of Fulham is worth, the Bishop informs me, at least £1,000, if not £1,200 per annum, even after its separation from Hammersmith, which is intended to be a part of the present arrangement. It would indeed be worth more, if the tithes, which chiefly proceed from the market gardens, were collected at anything like their fair value. I know the comfort which you and Lady Dacre must derive from having Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan established so near you, and fear that they might be unwilling to give up Kimpton on this account; but, on the other hand, it occurred to me that the value of the living, favourable situation for the occasion of a growing family, its facility to London (where you generally are during the winter months), and the power of visiting you in the summer, might afford inducements to the acceptance of an offer, dictated by the sincere regard I feel both for you and Lady Dacre, as well as for Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, and a sincere desire to promote what might be for their advantage. I should add that though I know nothing personally of Mr. Moor, his own connections as well as those of his wife, and the society in which he has lived, afford a presumption that he might not be an unpleasant neighbour.

You will ask, perhaps, why Mr. Moor, in consequence of the King's desire, is not appointed at once to Fulham. To this my answer is, that considering the important duties of such a parish, I could not take upon myself the responsibility of appointing any one of whose fitness I should not have the same assurance that I have of Mr. Sullivan's. I also feel it to be necessary, considering that the Bishop's residence is at Fulham, that the living should not be given to a person with whom he would not be satisfied. To explain this matter more fully, I enclose two letters from the King and from the Bishop on the subject, the com-

munication of which must be considered as strictly confidential. To explain them, I should tell you that I have mentioned Mr. Sullivan to the Bishop as the person whom I should recommend for the living, and that upon the King writing to me about Mr. Moor, I had asked him whether taking himself the appointment to Fulham, there was any other preferment in his diocese which he could give to Mr. Moor. You will see from the King's letter that an inferior appointment would satisfy him for Mr. Moor, and I have no doubt that he would be quite content with Kimpton, if it is worth £400 or £500 a year.

I hesitated at first whether I should propose this exchange to you, and I certainly should not have done so if it had been for a bargain in which I had myself any personal interest. But I have at last thought it best to place the whole matter fairly before you, in the confidence that in doing so you could suspect me of no motive but that of a sincere desire to procure for Mr. Sullivan a situation in the Church which might prove advantageous for the present, and what would probably lead to better things hereafter. Let me have an answer as soon as you can. In the meantime I shall not let anybody know that I have written to you on this subject, except Lady Grey and Georgiana. Give my best love to Lady Dacre.

Ever most sincerely yours,

GREY.

Return the enclosed letters.

Mr. Sullivan declined the living in the following letter :

KIMPTON,
January 6, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD DACRE,

I cannot say how gratified I have been with the communication you have forwarded from Lord Grey, nor how grateful I am to him for his kind intentions towards me, and for his manner of speaking of me, but I cannot hesitate for a moment as to declining the very valuable piece of preferment he offers me. I will not, to you, enlarge upon the love and affection I bear to you and Lady Dacre, and how very, very painful it would be to me to break up the present community of

interests, which, I am willing to believe, contributes so largely to our mutual happiness. Neither will I recapitulate all I owe to you and her kindness, which binds me to you by every principle of honour, as well as affection. It is sufficient that I could never think of forcing upon you, as my successor in the Vicarage, a stranger—one who, however excellent a man he may be, would come in by contract, of right, without obligation to you, and without regard for your tenantry, or attachment to the parish. You have been silent on these points, but I cannot overlook them.

I write this with a thorough knowledge of the present advantages and future prospects which the arrangement proposed by Lord Grey holds out, but I cannot consent to profit by them at so high a cost. Besides which—to say the truth—it would almost break my heart to leave Kimpton. I have acquired the confidence of my parishioners, and, in the acquiring of it, they have gained my affection. I have, too, from my connection with you, such a position among them, and such facilities for contributing to their advantage and improvement as I could hardly hope to have elsewhere.

With regard to Fulham, I should have to succeed Mr. Wood, of whom I have always heard the highest character as a perfect parish priest; and I feel, that although I should devote myself most conscientiously to my duties in that parish, yet a long time must elapse before I could possibly hold the same place with Mr. Wood in the esteem of the parishioners.

Will you tell Lord Grey that I am most truly grateful to him for his proposal. I cannot say how gratified I am with his selecting me as a fit person to succeed Mr. Wood, which I consider a very high distinction. I shall never forget his kindness.

Ever, my dear Lord Dacre,

Most affectionately yours,

FREDERICK SULLIVAN.

I remember well the fire at Hatfield; it was in 1835. I was twelve years old at the time. The news of the fire was brought from some one at the Hoo, and I always understood that Lord Dacre started off

at once to see if he could be of any use ; but I am not sure of this. Anyway, we heard next morning that Lady Salisbury had been burned in the wing that was destroyed by fire. It was supposed that she had been reading the newspaper in her bedroom, and that the candles, having been set close by for her to see the small print, the paper had caught fire, and that she had been the victim before being able to give the alarm : she was very old and infirm. Nothing was ever found except, it was said, part of some artificial teeth with "gold fixings" !

The sensation in the county can be imagined. Hatfield House was the centre of all sorts of gatherings and gaieties, and the old marchioness was a well-known figure at the covert side, riding with a groom by her side, who, people said, got so eager in the chase that he encouraged his old mistress to come along and take leaps which were quite alarming, but which she was too blind to do more than acquiesce in.

I saw her once on horseback when she was very old. She had ridden over to the Hoo from Hatfield, and it was my firm impression that she was tied on to her saddle ; but I believe that it was only a strap which held up some of the long, voluminous folds of the habit of the day, and kept it out of the mud. Her head-gear was a soft round cap, with a veil round it. One thing suggests another, and it may amuse you to hear what is told as the standing joke of the great county lady driving to the Hoo with her four horses—the postillions in well-fitting leathers and boots. They were caught in a sharp storm of rain, and the horses were put up. When the time came for going home, the carriage was duly ordered, but did not make its appearance. It was again asked for, and, there seeming to be some mysterious hitch, one of the gentlemen

went out to investigate matters. It was found that the poor postillions, having incautiously taken off their wet leather breeches, now found it impossible to struggle into them again, and were at their wits' ends to extemporise any riding costumes for the journey home.

One more story with regard to the fire. We girls—my sister and I—were nearly the same age as the granddaughters of Lady Salisbury. We were told that they had gone to their father with all their little treasure in the way of money, and begged him to take it to help in rebuilding the portion of the house destroyed by the fire. I have never heard this fact alluded to since, but it made a great impression upon us at the time.

Subsequently I came to know the younger one—afterwards Lady Blanche Balfour—very well, and had a great admiration and affection for her. We did not meet often after her marriage, but she was the most devoted wife and mother—her family, both sons and daughters, being all remarkable in their different ways, and doing infinite credit to her bringing up.

The following poem was addressed to her by my grandmother in 1843 :

TO LADY BLANCHE CECIL

Maiden of noble birth and noble mien,
On whose fair promise fancy loves to dwell ;
Whose placid brow, so open and serene,
The pure ingenuous mind portrays so well
That all, methinks, may trace and understand
The characters there stamped by Nature's hand.

As of light spring-tide cloud the shadowy form,
Wafted by zephyr o'er the uplands stealing,
Chased by the sunny gleam, so bright and warm,
Th' approach of summer silently revealing,
So varying hues flit o'er thy pearly cheek
And all youth's quick and gay emotions speak.

Yet ever and anon of thy full eye
The upward glance, with full inquiry fraught,
Wears the expression of aspirings high,
Of dauntless innocence, and holy thought,
While memories sad and sweet enhance thy charms
Till I could snatch thee to my aged arms.

But reason points our paths—so opposite !
Thine, noble maiden, where before thee wait
Life's joys and honours, and each young delight,
Hope beckoning onwards thy light step elate !
Mine, to the grave leads down, and few and dark
The days I yet thy bright career may mark.

B. D.

Lord Dacre to Lady Georgina Grey

THE HOO,
Tuesday, December 8, 1835.

MY DEAR LADY GEORGIANA,

. . . You will conceive how much we have all been shocked by the lamentable fate of poor dear old Lady Salisbury. On hearing of the fire, I started for Hatfield at twelve o'clock at night ; but on hearing of her destruction about a mile on this side of it, I had not energy to proceed ; and, as the fire was subdued, I returned home. Two days ago, Salisbury wrote me word that he totally despaired of finding any remains of the poor creature. They searched each side of the spot where she usually sat ; there was nothing but ashes, ashes, ashes ! Peace to them !! There never lived a more high-minded, kind-hearted, *noble woman* ! She was kind to me as any mother, and I had been correspondingly grateful and attached to her through more than a third of a century.

You never saw anything or body so well as Battie. We were in town with her last week, and we expect her at Kimpton in the course of the next ; and when are we to expect you ? The House meets in February ; Lord Grey's presence will be required by his country. God alone knows what we are all to do ; we certainly can do nothing without Him. I have been engaged a good deal in awkward correspondence, originating in feelings of disappointment, not unaccompanied with alarm, which our present political position cannot but

excite. If the Tories were less provoking and less detestable, they would receive strange adhesions.

I wonder whether this day has been as cold and as damp and as disagreeable as it is here. We (wife and I) rode to Hitchin. She is delighted with her horse; you will ride it?—and if you will not, I have another new one, that I think will please you. When will you come and try him? Pray remember me most kindly to Howick, and everybody and thing in the happy North, and believe me,

Yours, most truly,
D'ACRE.

To go back to our education. As I have said, my mother had studied music enough to be able to teach us; and, of course, she also taught us French and Italian, both of which languages she knew thoroughly. We learnt German, which she did not know so well—not as a lesson, but for our own pleasure. I don't know how we should have fared had there been examinations in those days; my impression is that I, at least, should have come to grief over historical facts and dates and the more technical routine of education, but as regards general information and scope of reading we should have come out very well. Living so much with grown-up people, and hearing a great deal about books and general literature, we naturally imbibed an interest in such matters.

The death of my brother Bertram was, as I have said, the first sorrow I can remember. I do not think my mother ever recovered from it, and I have always imagined that my brother Frank's health suffered from being nursed by her during her bitter grief. Harry was born in 1835.

The following letters from Miss Mitford are interesting chiefly on account of what she says anent her own powers of writing, and for the description she gives of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Miss Mitford to Lady Dacre

THREE MILE CROSS,

June 6, 1836.

I seize most gladly, my dear Lady Dacre, the opportunity of sending to your ladyship two books which you wish to see, since it allows me to express my unfeigned sense of your great kindness during your stay in town, a kindness which I can never cease to remember with gratitude and pride. You have afforded me the pleasure of seeing the glorious Joanna and others—whom to you I dare not name lest you should suspect me of flattery—sufficiently familiarly to give me the high gratification of liking the writers as much as I have admired the works. I think, generally, that the very highest are the simplest and the best. Talent may sometimes keep bad company, and be found in conjunction with unamiable qualities, but genius is pure and purifying, and is seldom mixed with more alloy than is necessary to this poor human nature. Once again accept my honest thanks for one of the most delightful evenings of the short visit to London which the kindness of many friends, and in some cases, perhaps, accident, have crowded with gratifications. I count it a real privilege to become acquainted with Mrs. Joanna Baillic, Miss Fox, Mrs. Sullivan, and, may I add, your ladyship, to say nothing of the great Bobus, whose name I take shame to myself not to have remembered, and it was no common pleasure to see Mr. Callcott¹ and Mr. Edwin Landseer, both of whom were very kind to me, and to meet once again my excellent friends, Mr Young² and Mr. and Mrs. Milman. It was a delightful evening!

I hope and believe that your ladyship will like the accompanying books. Mr. Kenyon's work was, I fancy, intended for publication, but he gave all the copies away in the first week or two without waiting for purchasers, so that it has never got into general circulation, although most favourably reviewed by the *Edinburgh*. I think you will like it, and if you do, I believe that I can procure you a copy of a new edition, which I understand (not from the author) he is preparing to print for private distribution. I am sure

¹ [Afterwards Sir Augustus Callcott.] ² [The well-known actor.]

that the terseness and point of the writing will please you, and I venture to hope that Lord Dacre will approve the largeness and liberality of the sentiments. William Harness can tell you how very delightful and excellent Mr. Kenyon is. Of your liking Miss Barrett's marvellous work I am still more certain. To read the preface to the "Prometheus Bound" (for of the translation itself I am no judge) and some of the minor poems—that, for instance, "To a Poet's Child"—and recollect that they are the production of a lovely, graceful girl, timid as a fawn, whose hand trembles in yours, and whose beautiful eyes fill with tears as you speak to her, seems to me to bring together two things which seem incompatible—youth and maturity. Her history, too, is as interesting as her character, and her position, living in profound seclusion in the midst of London, occupied in teaching her little brothers Greek, is almost as singular as her genius and her character. Even to myself it appears an almost insupportable presumption to join to two such volumes the trifle of which I have to entreat your acceptance. My excuse for sending the opera is twofold. Mr. Talbot liked it, and it is the only one of my writings not to be purchased, since upon the failure of the music it was, of course, withdrawn from the theatre, and also from publication. The recommendation to your ladyship will be that it belongs in some way to the Drama, for I see plainly that the theatre has the same charm for you that I confess it holds over me, and I am quite enchanted to be so kept in countenance.

May I venture to present my respects to Lady Dacre, Mrs. Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and to beg you to believe me,

My dear Lady Dacre,
Your obliged and grateful servant,
M. R. MITFORD.

Miss Mitford to Lady Dacre

Sunday, July 2 (1836) (?)

Many thanks, my dear Lady Dacre, for your most kind letter, and the still kinder present which you are so good as to intend for me. You can hardly give the volume to one who can prize it more for its own sake and for yours. Many years ago I met with two or

three of your Translations from Petrarch (indeed, they were the first evidences of your genius that I did meet with, except a fine drawing of cattle at Kirkley¹), and was so charmed with them as to transcribe them—a young-lady-like evidence of admiration which I very rarely indulge in; and now that I know all your kindness, and am to receive the translations from yourself, I shall set no common value on the gift. To translate poetry into poetry is a most difficult task—the mere putting it into verse is common enough.

I knew that you would be charmed with Miss Barrett's book; did I tell you her story? Ten years ago she was living with her father at a fine place amongst the Malvern Hills, the eldest of ten children. He was then a man of £15,000 a year. A cousin came to him and showed him a will dated sixty years before, under which he claimed £75,000. Mr. Barrett, who had never heard of the claim, showed the will to a lawyer, who advised him to dispute it. He did so, and after the cause had been driven from Court to Court, it has been given against him with enormous costs and interest, so that his place in Herefordshire is sold, and he is living, to use his own expression, a "broken-down man" in London. Of course the poverty is only comparative; people who live in Gloucester Place are probably what I should call rich; still, with ten children coming into life, the change is, of course, great; and the mother being dead, and the father utterly dispirited, my lovely young friend has been living in the middle of gaiety in a seclusion the most absolute, seeing nobody—nobody but the old scholar to whom the "Prometheus" is inscribed—and chiefly occupied in teaching her little brothers Greek. One other person, however, she did see, Mr. Kenyon, who was her distant relation, and to whom I owe the happiness of her friendship; he perceived at once the splendid talent and exquisite charm (for most charming she is), and begged her to come to his house to meet Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Landor, who were staying with him. She shrank away from the very name of a party, and then Mr. Kenyon, who is one of the most delightful and kindest persons upon earth (ask William Harness his opinion about that dear friend of his and mine), coaxed her into going with us to see the giraffes

¹ [Mr. Ogle's place in Northumberland.]

and the Diorama. After which I saw her frequently, and she came to meet the great poet, and will, I think, get rid of all that is painful in her shyness, retaining the most graceful modesty, if once brought forward in the society she is so fitted to adorn. She is very pretty, very gentle, very graceful, and with a look of extreme youth, which is in itself a charm. You would be delighted with her. I enclose you a letter which will show how affectionate she is. I send it quite in confidence; show it to no one else, and do not mention it; but your ladyship being already interested by her extraordinary power, I send this letter (in spite of its affectionate flattery) to show you the childlike sweetness of character which accompanies all this talent. The "Essay on Mind," which she sent me with this letter, was written before she was seventeen. It is a wonderful production, with notes as full of learning as those to the "Prometheus." Henry Cary (son of the translator of Dante and Pindar, and himself one of the most distinguished scholars of the day) was reading it here yesterday, and declared that she had read books, and alluded to them familiarly as if read by everybody, that no young men in the Oxford of his day ever thought of looking into. Of course this learning is very wonderful, and seems especially so to me who am exceedingly ignorant. But the real wonder is her power of writing, the force, the fire, the vigour, the tension of that preface, and the clearness and beauty of style of some of the smaller poems—that especially to which she alludes as written in Miss Courtenay's album, and which is still unprinted.

If events lead her to write on, and she be blessed with life and health, I have no doubt of her being one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. Her address is 74, Gloucester Place, but I don't think she can be "got at" without Mr. Kenyon—John Kenyon, Esq., 4, Harley Place—and he must be reached through Mr. Harness. Of course my little opera was for your ladyship, and greatly honoured it is by your kind acceptance. I have not seen the Miss B.'s book; sufficient for me to write a novel (alas! how little of it is written) that has so much chance of being bad without reading the bad novels of other people. I am quite of your ladyship's mind about the comparative merit and comparative honour of novel-

writing and play-writing. One real tragedy, one play, tragic or comic, imbued with real dramatic spirit, is worth in my mind all the novels ever written by any living person. Have you heard of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's forthcoming tragedy? I am told there is one—not to be acted but printed—on the story of Louis XIV. and La Vallière. One is curious to see what he will make of it. The story is not at all dramatic, and novel-writing is certainly a bad school.

May I beg my best respects to Mrs. Sullivan (I am sure she will like Miss Barrett's book), and to those of your ladyship's circle who are so good as to remember me.

Ever, my dear Lady Dacre,

Most gratefully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

I do not apologise for blots and blunders. You would not wish me to make a copy of my letters, and I don't think I could avoid erasures and interlineations, even if I did.

CHAPTER V

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN IRELAND

[IN the autumn of 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Lord and Lady Dacre went for a short tour in Ireland. Mrs. Sullivan kept the following diary for the amusement of her children.]

JOURNAL

OXFORD, *Monday evening, September 5.*—Here we are, all very merry, and rather, indeed I may say very, foolish; but as I promised to keep a journal for you, I will not let the day go by without writing a word or two in my book. There is nothing like making a beginning! Arrived at Oxford, Papa and I tore off, while dinner was being prepared, and looked into the library, etc. of All Souls. Papa showed me his rooms. We dined most jollily, Papa as gay as a lark, and recollecting the days of his youth with infinite satisfaction—we hope on account of his fruitful studies; but some of the party, especially Granny, fear that he is more full of his youthful follies than of his precocious wisdom. However it may be, he has gone forth to see some old friends. Granny has had a good dinner; I am writing for my chicks; and Grandpapa and Tom¹ are warming themselves.

CHEPSTOW, *Wednesday evening, September 7.*—We have had such an enchanting day, I don't know how to begin or what to say. We started from Ross at a quarter before ten in a boat down the Wye. Lord Dacre went alone in the carriage, as he had a cold. Never was there so lovely a day, and the river, which

¹ [Thomas Brand, afterwards 21st Baron Dacre.]

began somewhat tamely, became every moment more and more lovely. We landed at Goodrich Castle, and leaving poor dear Wow in the boat, we went all over the ruins. A beautiful tower, an awful donjon keep. From the top of the tower I saw the Wye winding round like figures of eight and true lovers' knots; saw the Symmons Yatt Rock. Proceeded in our boat till we landed under this same rock; again left Mama and walked up to a cottage with a love of a woman in it, who gave us bread and cheese and cider, and took us to the top of this said rock, from whence we saw the Wye, where we parted from Mama—the Wye, where Mama was rowing down to the other side of the promontory: the Wye, under Counsellor Vansittart's seat: and the Wye once more beyond. The view lovely—three counties join just there—the Welsh side lovely dotted with white cottages, and lime-kilns with smoke curling up against the green trees; saw a man carrying his coracle on his back, and then saw him from the top of our crag in the coracle fishing. Proceeded to Monmouth, quite enchanted with all we had seen, with the weather, the boatman, everything. Eat at Monmouth and proceeded in our carriage towards Chepstow. Through a furious hard rain we drove on to Tintern; in the rain we all tumbled out into the Abbey, and when there forgot everything but the intense beauty of the ruins. The rain abated, we let Mama get out and see the ruins she has raved about for so many years. She found she had not overrated them. We went up a narrow winding stair to the top of the ruins—such a view! The sun came out, shone on the further hills and lighted up the whole scene—such windows, such pillars, such tracery!

SWANSEA, *Thursday evening*.—The beginning of to-day's journey was very ugly and very dull, nothing mountainous, nothing Welsh. As Grandpapa said, we might just as well have been going out to dine in Herts. To be sure it was seven o'clock in the morning, not exactly a dining hour. The day was grey, there was no sunshine, and altogether we were not edified. At Cardiff we breakfasted, having just walked to Cardiff Castle, and seen the donjon in which Robert of Normandy spent thirty-six years with no light but a little hole high up in the wall.

The day grew very wet, which we did not care for, till we got to Mergam Park belonging to Mr. Talbot. The hanging woods there far exceed anything we any of us ever saw! From the house, too, there must be a view of the Bristol Channel and its shipping; I never saw so beautiful a place. We soon came to Swansea Bay. Most varied hills, beautiful wood, and deeply indented bay. Copper foundries and their smoke (but not too much) all very striking, and unlike anything I had seen before. Only, alas! the weather was so unfavourable, all grey, misty, and rainy, and we had to peep and poke to catch views of the beautiful spots between umbrellas and carriage heads. We finished with a scene of desolation, which lasted to Swansea. Copper foundries, with immense tall chimneys pouring forth volumes of black smoke, so that you could see neither hill, nor road, nor house, nor anything: now and then a flickering flame! most infernal! Piles of horrid black coal, of horrid red ore, of horrid brown ashes, women and children with bare feet, paddling about in the wet black mud. Nothing white except the cottages, which they still continue to whitewash so constantly, roofs and all, that they are white, spite of the horrible stifling smoke. The first view of this place was like one's notion of Sodom and Gomorrah, and one pitied the poor wretched creatures doomed to live and die in such an atmosphere. I wonder whether they are much more unhappy than other people! I saw some Welsh women with bare feet, white capes, and black hats, as Welsh women should be.

Saturday night, 12 o'clock.—On board the steam packet. We had such a long day from Swansea to Milford Haven yesterday, and I was so knocked up I could not write a word. The day had been lovely till we got to Haverfordwest, which it was too dark to see. We waited nearly an hour while our wretched post-boys were pulled out of bed, and during this time it began to rain. Our horses jibbed going up a tremendous pitch in the town, and I had to walk up it. The rain fell like a waterspout, the night was inky black, the road most steep, and we thought we would never arrive at Milford Haven; Imogen could not have felt more impatient. Travelling in Wales is rather in a primeval state. Our packet is charming; Mama is in

her berth, we are waiting for the arrival of the mail which comes between one and two o'clock and I am convinced will contain letters from all my chicks, which alas! I cannot get at. The vessel got under weigh and we thought it all charming. It was not long, however, before our joy was turned to wailing! The sea was rough; the wind, the tide, and our course were all different. The sufferings of my four companions were beyond all description. I lay still, and escaped the acute miseries of the others, but passed ten or eleven very wretched hours. Mama's wretchedness almost frightened me, and she pronounces sea-sickness to be the worst of all sufferings. About twelve we crept on deck, the sea bright and dazzling, the breeze fresh, the coast of Ireland in sight—fine, bold, mountainous hills—and our spirits revived.

At three we landed at Dunmore, and if I was now to write down the contradictory impressions concerning the people, the country, the farming, the dress, etc., etc., which were made upon me every step of the road between Dunmore and Castle Martyr, I should fill my three copy books and leave you as puzzled as I am myself. The dress of all we saw on the little pier, the tidiness of all around, the neatness of many of the cottages of this very small place, filled me with astonishment, and I settled Ireland had been grossly misrepresented. We found our post-horses from Waterford waiting for us, for strange to say there is no inn at Dunmore. Off we went. Well-dressed people in jaunting-cars; tip-top fashionable, nice girls in good blue cloaks, smooth hair, and the large hood for coiffure; cottages with a bit of garden highly cultivated! Before we reached Waterford, however, I began to perceive that all the cultivation was not equally good, that Irish cabins were not English cottages, and that Irish poor far exceeded in filth and horror anything we can guess at.

The entrance to Waterford as fine as possible.

Monday, 12th.—Left Waterford. Twenty-two miles to Dungarvan. The Comeragh Mountains before us, most beautiful, bold and varied in their outlines, more mountainous in their shape and bareness than in their actual height. Observed that no creature seemed busy: the men at harvest always standing still; the women

with their cloaks always on, and always held on by their hands, did nothing and could do nothing, for their hands were occupied in keeping themselves covered; the men at work in the peat moss, not working but looking and lounging. Very strange; no wonder they are poor and wretched. If they do not work and are not born to hereditary fortunes, how can they have anything? Changed horses at Dungarvan. The beggars—the horrible, shocking, disgusting, innumerable beggars—a melancholy and appalling sight. The horses we got here realised all one has read and heard of Irish posting. After some debates we proceeded to Lismore. One poor horse refused to stir the moment the ground rose in the least—no wonder! for his whole shoulders were one deep, dreadful sore. The men were obliged to turn the wheels, and push him on; by degrees he was coaxed into a gallop, and then the men mounted as they could. The road was hilly, the stage long, the miseries may be imagined.

Cappoquin so very pretty a town it rewarded us for all, except the knowledge of the poor animal's sufferings, and the rage into which the perfect disobedience and *insouciance* of the post-boy put us. Through Cappoquin, over the bridge, round the corner, down the street, we galloped *à coup perdu*, slap-dash, happy-be-lucky, helter-skelter! We held our breaths and nothing happened. The town was beautiful, the road excellent, the river lovely, the banks of wood magnificent. At Lismore from the bridge, the three views as fine as possible. The castle on its wooded cliff overhanging the river, and the spire of a small church cutting the sky before us. Behind, a deep wooded glen, to the left the river winding away with a background of mountains. Up this hill we could not get! Lord Dacre's leaders were sent back, and in time we reached the inn. We there found Mr. V. Stuart and Mr. Petre on their way to Castle Martyr, but we found not post-horses. In a great quandary. However, we got a morsel of hard beef, and then Mama and Lord Dacre went with the two pair the place afforded, and we waited while their tired horses rested. Had a long talk with the waiter and the mistress. The dreadful cabins, worse than one's worst pigstyes, the squalid filth, the wretched poverty, give one a feeling of oppression and uncasiness that prevent one being able to lend

oneself comfortably to the extreme beauty of the scenery. Around Lismore the cultivation is better. The Duke of Devonshire has built large, good farm-houses, the fences are good, and I think that where the land is better farmed, the poverty is less squalid. There must be more work done, more money earned, and therefore more money spent for the labourers where the land is highly cultivated. The only result I have come to, is that good farmers may improve the population as well as the land. It was dark before we got to Youghall. Pitch dark from Youghall to Castle Martyr, where we arrived at half-past ten.

Tuesday, 13th.—Walked with Lady Boyle all round this most comfortable domain. Gardens lovely. A long piece of water, which is, I believe, the river, very much widened by Lord Boyle's grandfather. When the expenditure amounted to £20,000, the man who had undertaken to do it burnt all the accounts, that posterity should never know the immense cost. The bank is beautifully wooded, and it certainly makes the place into a pretty one, which it would not otherwise be. There is a heronry, and a quantity of cormorants on an island covered with fir-trees. There are eighteen men to keep the flower gardens and walks in order, nine in the kitchen garden. However, labour is but 8*d.* per day. The ruins of the old castle are close to the house, but so overgrown with giant ivy they are quite a green mass. The house is very ugly, long and white and shapeless, but full of good rooms, with a noble drawing-room, and altogether thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable.

Friday, 16th.—Mama, Lady Boyle, Frederick, and I drove to Rostellan (Lord Thomond's). We passed through Cloyne, where is one of the very lofty, narrow, round towers, which they say are peculiar to Ireland and Persia. This one is in excellent preservation. It struck me that its purpose must have been to serve as a watch-tower to warn of the approach of an enemy, but they say there is an idea they were built for the worship of the sun in times of which there is no record. Rostellan is a pretty place, its situation on the shore of Cork harbour very beautiful. A gleam of sun came out and lighted up the town of Cove, and

poured down on one spot of the sea. The harbour completely land-locked, so that it looked like a beautiful great lake. Stepped down to the shore and gathered a few shells for the children. The garden full of enormous hydrangeas, giant verbenas, etc.; everything grows so luxuriantly! Extremes meet every moment. The population of Cloyne wretched. One is struck by the great gateways of stone with iron gates, which one confidently expects are to lead to a "place" of some sort, whereas these splendid entrances often lead through a broken turf wall into a rushy field, or at best to a place about as grand as old Houston's. To make a shift, and to make a dash, are the ruling principles of action everywhere—except at Castle Martyr! We were more struck than ever with the tiny comfortable cottages of the Castle Martyr labourers, when returning from Cloyne.

KILLARNEY, *Monday evening, September 19.*—We have seen beautiful things, and here we are after an inimitable dinner of Mr. Finn's, very warm by a peat fire and very snug, and I will begin at the beginning. We, i.e. Mama, Fred, and I were off at eight o'clock. The road ugly enough till we got near Cork. A marvellously pretty prison in the outskirts—quite a pleasure to be on the treadmill in such a habitation, with such Doric columns. The road did not become pretty till we left Macroom. There were several ruins, some very handsome, that would have put me into a ferment ten days ago, but there are so many my raptures will not hold out. By degrees the road grew wilder and wilder, stonier and more stony, more and more rocky, till the rocks were piled into hills, and at last into bare, desolate mountains. The beginning of this rocky valley was like my idea of the valley in which the Escorial is built. However, our mountains grew so bold, so bleak, so desolate, so fine, they were like nothing but themselves. The hovels in which the human creatures dwelt, generally too horrid, till we got to Mr. Herbert's property, and at the foot of one of the rockiest mountains, there was a pretty, straw-thatched, smiling hamlet. We debouched from our mountain pass into more open ground, but to the left the whole was bounded by mountains, beautiful and bold, with the most varied outlines. It was a grey

day, and a very cold one (I never suffered more from cold), but we were quite enchanted.

The Turk Mountain and Eagle's Nest, etc., etc. ; and the beauty went on encreasing every moment till we got to Killarney. We had had, in the last sixteen miles, wild glens, mountain torrents, nice bridges (in running to look at a fine clear stream gushing through rocks under the bridge I got into a bog and was wet through). We here had ruins coming just where they were most beautiful ; we have had desolations, and since we arrived at Killarney we have finished off by taking a jaunting-car and driving to Ross Castle and seeing the lovely lake and its lovely banks, and Lord Kenmare's lovely walks and cottages. We accomplished seventy-seven miles by nine o'clock, and then took our trip in the jaunting-car, and so we have had a taste of every kind of beauty.

Tuesday evening, 20th.—Our raptures to-day have exceeded all bounds. At nine o'clock we set off on a jaunting-car to Ross Castle. Frederick and I went up the winding stair to the top of the castle, where, from a very dangerous spot, we had a good look at the Lower and Turk Lakes, and reconnoitred the scene of action. The first place we landed at was the Island of Innisfallen, where there are some remains of an old Franciscan Monastery. Monks, in so very lovely an island as this, were not much to be pitied. It is covered with beautiful old trees, its shores are all rocks of sandstone worn into all sorts of romantic shapes, against which the waves ripple or break in the most soothing manner. A studious monk would have had here all appliances and means to boot. We then proceeded to O'Sullivan's cascade. Frederick and I tore off to it—much bored by the other visitors who infested it. However, it is a pretty little fall, completely environed in trees and rocks. We scrambled up the precipitous sides in a manner that did some credit to our old limbs. It is so long since I have scrambled I was glad to find I had not fallen off so much since Switzerland. The boatman summoned us back, and we dutifully returned to Granny and the boat, but had to wait a good half hour for Hull, whom we had completely lost, and who had been lured up the mountain by the old woman who is there to assist

and guide. By the bye, a very pretty young one was very active in helping us and three gentlemen up the sides of the cascade. Fred and I roamed a little about the mountain, and then went to the cottage appointed for touring parties. The morning had been lovely, the hues on the mountains beautiful, the purple heights above quite clear, but a sharp scud came on, and we began to fear the beauty of the day was passed. Fortunately the bad weather only lasted while we had our luncheon. We could only muster one lake trout, which was duly roasted on an arbutus skewer, stuck in a peat; it was basted with an arbutus branch, and sent in adorned with little bits of arbutus, all as it should be, and very good it was! We had a bugleman who steered, and it is impossible to say how beautiful the sound of the bugle on the water is, or how softly, clear, and silver-sounding the echo under Glenna Mountain was. The bugle is an immense addition to the pleasure of the thing, and one man played very well, much better than the one belonging to the boat with the three gentlemen. (N.B.—The three gentlemen pursued us everywhere). After our refection at the cottage and the reinvigorating effects of Scotch ale (of which we generously gave some to the three gentlemen, in return for an offer of salt which they obligingly made us), we again got into our boat, and passed through a passage not wider than the river at Panshanger, but which is most rocky and beautiful. They told us Sir Walter Scott admired this part more than any other. The view behind is most wild, the mountains so high and so completely close to the Upper Lake, which we left behind us while we went to the Turk Lake. One part of the passage wider than the rest is called O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl. The boatman's respect for us as O'Sullivans encreased rapidly, and it was with great difficulty I could prevent Granny expatiating largely on the merits and glory of the young scion of the O'Sullivans now at Eton. However, nudges and nods and frowns of mine kept her under some controul, and she restrained herself even when they took us to an island which was to be christened after me. Mama was godmother, I was made to land, and Frederick too, and then among a vast deal of gibberish in Latin, Irish, and English, it was christened the Arabella O'Sullivan, and I was

proclaimed its queen. A bottle of whisky (water, I guess) was broken on the rocks, and a sprig of arbutus and heather off my realm stuck in each of our hats, and with loud huzzas and three times three we left our domain—for ever! All this means whisky for the christening, but they *assure* me the island is to bear my name ever after!

We again landed at Mucross, and leaving poor Granny on the shore, we walked three-quarters of a mile to the Abbey, which was a pretty ruin, its belfry very pretty, one or two windows in good preservation, but too much overgrown with ivy, and its cloisters, though small, are extremely pretty and in perfect preservation. An enormous yew-tree grows exactly in the middle of the court, and completely forms a canopy over the court. The thing that is striking is the mixture of modern tombs and monuments in the ruined and desolate building. A fine monument, too big for its situation, is now in the act of being erected in the roofless chapel. This reminds me that *bulls* are not uncommon on the tombstones. Flat stones are constantly inscribed: "This stone is erected to the memory," and there lies the stone as flat as a flounder! And another: "This stone is erected to Phelim O'Connor who died April . . . for himself and posterity."

In the choir are the tombs of the Macarthy More, the O'Sullivan More, and the O'Donoghoe More. I have made a sketch of them for you—such as it is, and Papa standing on the grave of his ancestor. We returned to Mama, who was nearly out of patience, and from thence to Ross Castle, where we landed, got into our jaunting-car, jiggled a little way along the Kenmare road, but could not go far enough to get to the beauty, and returned home to an excellent dinner. Switzerland may be grander, but I doubt whether English or Scotch lakes quite equal Killarney. I don't know: lakes are lovely things, and comparisons are odious.

Wednesday, 21st.—At nine o'clock off we went: Mama in a jaunting-car by Mucross Abbey to the boat, Frederick and I in another, in an opposite direction to the Gap of Dunlow. The morning was perfectly beautiful, the sun shining, mountains clear

and purple, and here and there silver rolls of white clouds clearing off from the highest points, and flitting across particularly like the shades of one's ancestors. I always think it is so natural that people who live in mountainous countries, among mists, clouds, and echoes, should be superstitious. Took a last look at the lovely Innisfallen, and at the sort of dent in the trees which marks the stream of the O'Sullivan's cascade.

By the bye, saw a sign, "The Liberator," with a huge picture of O'Connell: Derrynane, his place, is about thirty miles from hence. Met lots of little children going to school—to the National School near the Catholic chapel. The men said both parties took kindly to the National School. I was glad to hear it, for I was afraid the Protestants set their faces against them.

The Gap is the most wild and desolate thing imaginable! Two great stones seem to serve as portals. There are little lakes all the way up, quite full of trout, which were jumping to such a degree that the water looked as if a heavy shower was beginning. So I believed in the trout; but they are mightily given to humbugging one, and tried to persuade us that we had seen an eagle sitting on a rock against the horizon. *Did* see four poor little goats which had got on a ledge of rock for pasture, which they could leap down to but cannot leap up from. Three were starved to death there not long ago, and these will be if their owners do not find them, and let some one down to put ropes round them to pull them up. At least all this they told us, but it is an uncomfortable feeling that one cannot trust to anything they utter. On the left was the purple mountain, on the right the beautiful Reeks of Macgillicuddy, whose varied forms and ridges delighted us all the way we descended. We bounded down the mountain pretty rapidly, we flattered ourselves, for old folks. At the bottom of the mountain we came to a bit of a boggy stream to be crossed. Our old Moriarty seemed greatly distressed at missing a tree which was usually thrown across. Up stepped a beastly dirty wretch who had met us a little way before, who whipped off his shoes and stockings, and proposed himself to carry "the mistress" across. This, I resolved, should not happen, and I proposed

whipping off my shoes and stockings (bare feet being no strange sight to them) and wading through myself, when Moriarty found the bit of a tree (which had evidently been removed by the very man who wanted to carry me, in the hopes of a shilling), and so I passed over dry and safe on the tree.

After luncheon we took boat and rowed along the very pretty Upper Lake, completely ensconced in mountains, our bugleman playing most sweetly, and among other airs "The Vale of Avoca," the echoes answering most clearly! As we passed a point under the Eagles' Nest, a longing desire came over me to have one more scramble, and I persuaded them to land me; and off we set, Frederick and I, like a pair of noodles, and, disdaining all guidance, we plunged into the most impassable of places, and at the imminent risk of our lives, at the expense of our clothes, and at the loss of my glass and gold chain, we clung, climbed, and swarmed up rocks which we tremble to think of. They hollaed us to come back, and our bugle man came to us by a safer path, and down we returned; but I repent me of my folly, though I did enjoy the scramble to my heart's core. We took one row along the passage leading to the Turk Lake, and returning to the Upper Lake, landed, got into a jaunting-car that we might see some of the Kenmare Road, of which we had heard so much. Most beautiful it is, and different from all the other beauties we had seen; nothing strikes more than the variety of the scenery here. We saw the Turk Cascade, and Fred and I went to a high point from whence we took a last lingering look at the Turk and Lower Lakes, returned to our jaunting-car, and to our hotel. Quite sorry to part with our dear bugleman, whose attentions to Mama won my heart, and who was full of intelligence on all subjects, and into the bargain full of Latin.

Thursday.—Returned to Castle Martyr in a down-pour of rain the whole way, so that we saw nothing, and bore it patiently till we arrived, just as they were going to dinner.

Saturday.—We were to have gone, all of us, to see the *Bellerophon* and *Vanguard* in Cork harbour. The

day so bad it was given up, and the gentlemen went without us. The day got better. Lady Boyle and I thought we might as well drive to Rostellan in the jaunting-car, and look at the sea and the beautiful ships riding in the harbour. Off we set; the day got lovelier and lovelier. When we got to the shore we could see the *Emerald* not yet arrived at the ships. The sea became calmer every moment. A longing desire came over us to follow after them. A most obliging groom of Lord Thomond's proposed making signals to them to return. We said "No," we would not spoil their sport, "though we would fain have some of our own." He then proposed to one of the gardeners: "Pat Sullivan, you can row, can't you? and Mike too?" "No, no," cried we, "we don't venture on a boisterous sea without our husbands, with gardeners for boatmen; but there must be boats on the shore," and off we went in the britska which had brought the gentlemen, with the charming coachman for a chaperon and guardian, to Whitegate. The active groom of Lord Thomond's, having sprung on a horse, darted like an arrow out of a bow, galloping, plunging across the country, and secured us an excellent whaler with four oars before we could get to Whitegate, four miles off. Into our whaler we jumped, and away we rowed for the *Bellerophon*, Lady Boyle taking care to explain to the boatman that we were going to our husbands!! Just as we approached the *Bellerophon* the gentlemen left it; we saw their boat making for the *Emerald*. We changed our course, we screamed, we shouted, we tied handkerchiefs to the end of parasols, one gentleman got out of their boat into the *Emerald*, and we thought they would be off without us, when we reached them just in time. Then they returned with us on board the *Bellerophon*, and I was struck and amazed with the awful magnitude and the astonishing order of the whole thing! I never felt so much respect for human creatures and their performances. Captain Johnson took us over the three decks—heaven preserve me from ever seeing a sea-fight—630 men on board, all so neat and so tidy—no crowd, no confusion! We returned to the *Emerald*, and Sir Charles took us back to Rostellan, where we parted, and I hope he forgave us for having arrived in this independent manner, instead of waiting at home

and trusting to his arrangements for Sunday. He had planned it all for us, but luckily for me we did as we did, for Sunday I was in bed all day long with headache. Monday we left Castle Martyr with the greatest possible regret. I never enjoyed a fortnight more.

Tuesday.—Dromana is quite beautiful! The house is built on a rock overhanging the Blackwater—you might drop a stone out of the drawing-room windows through the trees into the water. The opposite bank all wood; the Comeragh Mountains, with most bold and varied outlines, filling up the end of the glen. The park is beautiful, the views lovely in every direction. The house is (like all things in Ireland) full of contrasts—such a grand drawing-room, such tumble-down offices, sixteen lamps in the chandelier, and pack-thread for bell-ropes; a beautiful gold paper, and no curtains to the six windows; an eagle before the windows, a stuffed seal in the hall, some great elk horns over the staircase, lots of family pictures, an old theatre turned into a workshop, the remains of what must have been very fine hanging gardens, connected by stone steps, down to the river, a lovely new garden from whence are extensive and rich romantic views. Nothing could be more hospitable than Mr. Villiers Stuart, nothing more Irish than the spirit of himself and his place! We found Mr. Petre, Sir William Honan, Mr. Bakewell (a geologist in search of a mine), Dr. Foran (the Catholic Dean of Dungarvan), and Mr. Fogerty (his curate); Tom and Lord Boyle met us there. We went to see a Convent of Trappists, five miles from Cappoquin. The post-boy got dead drunk, let his horses loose, and lay on the grass, and Mr. Stuart had the horses caught, and upon them he mounted his own postillion, and off he went. It is impossible to say how beautiful the drive to Cappoquin was, how the stormy clouds and the bright gleams shifted and varied, and set off everything to the utmost advantage. As we approached the convent, the country grew bare and desolate. The mountains over the convent are bold, bare, and heathy, the road to it almost impassable, especially a pass over a bridge at the bottom of a ravine, which bridge was stopped up by a great piece

of timber, trying to get to the convent, but which was too big to be moved. The building is an immense one: a Church 190 feet long, a Dormitory equally long for eighty monks, and another to contain forty, a Chapter House, Refectory, apartments for visitors, etc. The land around cultivated like an oasis in the desert. The abbot told us that three years ago he began this immense undertaking with only eighteen pence. Whence come the funds is to me a mystery, in these days, in this country! it is incomprehensible. I wished very much to have seen more of the monks, but I only felt sure that three of the workmen I saw were Trappists; the rest were either hired labourers or people who gave their services voluntarily, thereby, I suppose, feeling that they were making their *salut*: one mason in particular devoted himself for a year, but he has his board and clothing, so his devotion is not so very great. The Abbot himself is a fat, merry, gay-looking man, with whom we were rather shy and silent at first, but we soon became intimate, cracked many jokes, and had a great deal of fun. He may well be happy, for he has all the talk to himself! Those whom we recognised as Trappists, and especially the porter, had a placid but most mortified expression of countenance. The Abbot, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Ryan, told us it was absolutely necessary that Trappists should be of a gay and lively disposition, and not, as I imagined, men who had met with some heavy misfortune (I did not say who had committed some heinous sin, which in my heart I thought was the only motive which could induce people to live such a life of penance); if after two years' noviciate they proved to have a gloomy disposition, they were not admitted, as if there were any predisposition to melancholy their intellects could not stand it, and they became lunatics. We asked if that ever occurred; he said sometimes, in which case they were sent home to their friends! He said that two brothers lived fourteen years together in the convent in France where he was, prayed together, chanted, and laboured, without ever speaking. He told us what surprised us much, that there are Trappist nuns—a nunnery of them in Dorsetshire. I would not have thought it practicable for women, and many of them French women into the bargain! The abbot gave

us the best bread and butter and the worst wine imaginable. We put 5s. apiece into the little box "for the chapel," and departed full of wonder. There are sixty-six brethren there at present, and thirty more somewhere else in Kerry.

Wednesday.—Left this most strange, ramshackle, magnificent, very Irish place, after much waiting, much delay, and many difficulties. The post-horses to-day have exceeded all that Miss Edgeworth ever described! We have accomplished fifty-one miles in nine hours and a half, and here we are in the very best inn at Kilkenny that ever was seen. Such a dinner never was eat; and now we are off to beds, which look as if they will be excellent. As usual nothing but contrasts in Ireland! We were in a state of horror at the filth and the beggars and the whole appearance of Clonmel, and now we are charmed with Kilkenny. However, we have as yet seen nothing except the inn.

DUBLIN, *Thursday 29th.*—We thought Kilkenny such a nice town, cleaner and more thriving than any we had seen, except Waterford, which Mama and I attribute to the humanising effects of theatricals many years since. The houses, fields, hedges, etc., seemed better, and Mama and I were struck, in our several carriages, by the very unusual sight of linen hanging to dry on hedges, from whence we drew the inference that the inhabitants of these cottages had a change of linen!

A droll sample of Irish ways and Irish lies occurred yesterday. As we were coming down a hill, out rushed a lanky post-boy from a ramshackle sort of a place, "Will yer honour want six horses?" he shouted. We said "Yes; there are six horses ordered at the next post-house." "Ah, yer honour, but they have got but four, had I not better come along wid yer honour?" We said "Yes," when up sprang the boy on one horse, and another ragged wretch on the other, and down they galloped, haphazard, helter-skelter. When we arrived the post-master hollaed out, "What brings you here, you blackguard? Off wid you, ye scoundrel!" "His honour told me to come, for he wants six horses." "Arrah, and haven't we got six iligant horses, ordered and ready; come away wid you!" We inquired whether there really were six

horses, and on the post-master assuring us he had them ready, Frederick offered the man a shilling, and told him to go back again, gently adding, "You should not have told us there were but four." "They have but four, yer honour," doggedly answered the man, and stood his ground firmly. The post-master then rated him more furiously than ever, swore at him, and we thought every moment they would come to blows, and I flattered myself I should at length see a real Irish row. Suddenly the turmoil subsided, and the next thing I saw was the very pair of horses in question in the act of being put into Mama's carriage. We inquired hastily into the cause of this, when the post-master answered, "Och, we would not disappoint the young fellow; he counted on putting the horses into yer honour's carriage." And we found the whole quarrel ended in smoke, and was, we firmly believed, an amicable arrangement between the parties, merely for the pleasure of lying. Arrived in Dublin and much struck with the broken windows, and the size of the town, and the comfort of Mrs. R. Leeson's house, in which we were most luxuriously accommodated. Mr. and Mrs. William Leeson there to receive us, from their own house at Kingstown, to which they returned in the evening.

Friday.—Went to the Lodge in the Phoenix Park to dinner. Mama and I in a great fuss to be sure and behave ourselves properly in the Vice-regal presence: it ended by my not knowing which were Lord and Lady Mulgrave, and not behaving myself at all properly. However, I was the first to start up when Lord Mulgrave came out of the dining-room, and I hope I thereby redeemed my character. Both Lord and Lady Lieutenant enact their regal part with the greatest possible success. The William Leesons, Charles Greys, and some others we knew were there, so that the party was agreeable. The dinner and the whole mode of reception, the band, etc., very grand and magnificent. When their Excellencies retired (for till then nobody ventured to move) we went with the William Leesons to Lord Morpeths. He received us most cordially, and Lady Morgan put us *au courant* of all that was going on—told me who was who and what was what.

Saturday.—Pamela¹ came to us early. Enchanted to see her and three of her children. Then called on Lady Milltown, and then repaired to the railway to go in the Vice-regal train to Kingstown, and then on board the *Madagascar*.

The first approach of one of the machines, which came boiling, smoking, and rumbling towards us, and under the covered place from which we start, was the most appalling thing I ever saw or heard. This dreadful monster then withdrew backwards, sided into another line, returned to us more awful than ever. At length Lord and Lady Mulgrave arrived; we did not back quite under the horrid engines, but I think etiquette, even vice-regal etiquette, ought to be dispensed with when within the atmosphere of a steam engine. At three o'clock we started! Away we glided—the motion nothing, but the noise deafening. The banks flew by us, we had not time to bid any one turn to look, for we were far beyond an object before any head could turn. In ten minutes we cleared five miles and a quarter, and then we got into a Commissioner's boat, went on board this frigate, where, after *congées* to the Mulgraves, we followed in their wake all over the decks, into the armoury, the midshipmen's berths, every hole and corner. After many pros and cons, we departed (before their Excellencies) to Mrs. William Leeson's, whose luncheon had been prepared two hours, and fortunate it was we broke through the etiquette, for there came on so furious and sudden a squall that the Mulgraves were completely ducked, and the stern of the boat swamped as it was driven on shore. The next boat that was to leave the ship was detained by the captain, who said that the company might swim on shore if they pleased, but that he would not risk the lives of his sailors. Lord Morpeth and many others were kept on board till ten o'clock. We returned to Dublin by the railroad, the Charles Greys and Campbells with us. Very pleasant, and a very great delight to talk over old times with Pamela.

Monday.—Went with Pamela to the school, which is the model of the other National Schools. The only

¹ [Daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and "Pamela," and wife of Sir Guy Campbell, Bart.]

thing to be remarked in the younger classes was the very happy, animated expression on the boys' countenances, and that they were very quick at Geography. Among the girls I saw nothing beyond other schools, but the first class of boys certainly did know a great deal upon a great many subjects. The mode of mutual questioning, which they call "chances," certainly animates and excites and awakens the intellect. Whether it may do any permanent good, or whether it may be productive of any future mischief, or whether in the long run it may do nothing at all, I cannot pretend to say. I do not see the advantage of mere labourers knowing about Chemistry and Geology, and how many miles Lima is from Vienna, or Tobolsk from Calcutta, but it makes the boys all alive. They were questioned in Scripture history, and most assuredly it is a scandal to say they are not instructed in Scripture history, though it was mostly to the Old Testament that the questions were confined. One boy asked when St. Teresa was born. He was instantly stopped: "You will not find that in the Scriptures." Protestants and Catholics were mixed, of course the greater number Catholics. Dr. McArthur's manner very intelligent and quick, and very good-natured. We then went to Reynolds's, and there bought seven poplins within the half-hour, which we thought a wondrous feat. Proceeded to Lord Morpeth's to luncheon; we there found Mr. Wortley; we all walked about the very pretty garden and grounds; called on Lady Morgan, and returned home. Frederick and I then walked forth in the bitterest wind ever felt, just to look at the Bank, the Post Office, and the Custom House, and returned to dress for Lord Cloncurry's at Maretimo. We were too late, as they dine at six. We were shocked. A pleasant dinner enough—Lord Fingall, Lord Plunket, Mr. Douglas, etc. In the evening some people came—the Dublin beauty, Mrs. Williams, Lady Morgan, and the Misses Clarke. The two young ladies sang most beautifully.

Tuesday, 4th.—Mama and Lord Dacre went to the Model School while I packed. We then went with the Charles Greys to luncheon with Pamela. Saw all her most lovely children—all with such eyes! She was her own self, which is saying all that can be said

of charm and agreeableness. We then went to Carton, a delightful place, uniting magnificence and prettiness; nobody there but themselves, but we were charmed with them. Such kindness and hospitality must please, and the goodness and benevolence of the good Duke's heart is apparent in his countenance and manner, and in every word he utters. We should have enjoyed it much had not Lord Dacre been peculiarly unwell.

Wednesday, 5th.—The Duke and Duchess took us in an enormous two-horse jaunting-car to the cottage grounds, which are extremely pretty, as all the banks of the river must be when the water is full; but he is enlarging the stream, and it is not now in beauty. We left Carton with great regret; I should have liked to have been one of the Sunday scrambling party. On that day, when the Duke is at leisure, the Duchess told us they generally took a scrambling walk with the children along the opposite rocky bank, to the Giant's Cave. All they said gave me the idea of the most domestic, happy, virtuous family. The Duke told Mama he had felt mortified that the returns from his neighbourhood, where he had lived so constantly, and did his utmost to improve the condition of the people, should be no better than those from the neighbourhood of absentees. The Duchess told me their labourers in constant work were as ragged, as wretched, and as improvident as others. Very disheartening! But they think it their duty to live there, do their best conscientiously, and hope in time that some good may accrue. Returned to Dublin. Mama and I drove to the Phoenix Park, for Mama to call on Mrs. Drummond; we then packed, dined, and went to bed.

Thursday, 6th.—Got up at half-past four, off at half-past six, arrived at the William Leeson's at a quarter-past seven. Thought they must all be in their first sleep; but we found Mr. Leeson up, and Mrs. Leeson soon made her appearance, and gave us a very good breakfast. We took leave of them, and were on board by nine o'clock. The day was most beautiful, the Bay of Dublin most beautiful, mountains beautiful, sea beautiful; the shores all dotted with white buildings; the Wicklow Mountains bold and fine, ending in an

abrupt headland to the south. Looked at poor Ireland as long as possible, and thought what a pity that a country so favoured by nature with beauty and fertility, so formed for agriculture and for commerce, with rich soil and rich mines, and surrounded by harbours, should, either from misgovernment or from some inherent perversity in the very nature of the inhabitants, be peopled by a race so idle, so unimprovable. Landed at Holyhead. It was dark before we arrived at the Menai Bridge, but we made out we were approaching it by the lights at the two ends, which we saw from a great distance. We could make out enough to be edified, and, as we came to Bangor, to perceive it must all be very beautiful. The skies spangled with stars, both sides of the Menai Straits spangled with lights in cottages, and the clear water reflecting both. An excellent inn in Bangor, where we established ourselves comfortably, and resolved to stay two nights.

Friday.—Our eyes were greeted with beautiful views from our bedroom windows. From mine the Straits opening towards the sea, covered with small vessels and crafts. The shore of Anglesey wooded and cottaged, the Welsh shore rising into lovely mountains, which were most lovely from Mama's window. She was like a wild thing with delight. After breakfast we went to the top of a highish knoll, from which we could see the gorge, through which we are to go tomorrow, to the south-east, and the road to Conway more to the north, and Penrhyn Castle nearer; then the open sea. . . . We now think all former sights are eclipsed by to-day's. And how fortunate we have been in the weather—on all occasions when the weather being fine was absolutely indispensable!

Saturday, October 8.—Left Bangor. Just at the entrance of the Capel Curig Gorge we went to Mr. Dawkins Pennant's great slate quarries of Tyn y Maes. The scene was like some great Assyrian, Egyptian, or Babylonian work: like the Tower of Babel, or Nineveh, or a gigantic amphitheatre, I do not exactly know which. Nearly 1,900 workmen are employed, some of whom earn £2 or £3 per week, and none less than 12s. There are thirteen different tiers of works

up the sides of the mountain, each with its railroad, etc.: one enormous block standing in the midst of the quarry. The blasting of the rock is almost incessant; they holloa violently to prepare people for it, and every one takes shelter behind some bit of rock. Lives are often lost, and we saw people whose eyes and fingers had been destroyed by the blasting. There is a fund to which the labourers subscribe to provide for those who are disabled, or for their families. Arrived at Capel Curig. A longing came over Frederick and me to go to the top of Snowdon. Lord Dacre most kindly proposed to stay; we were nothing loath. We got some food hastily, I changed my gown with all my might, and in spite of showers which seemed to threaten us with a wet evening, we trusted to our good fortune, and went in a hack chaise to the foot of the steep part of the mountain four miles off, Mama accompanying us, and resolving to wait at a little inn while we accomplished the ascent. We left her and began our journey—so steep, so difficult, that I very nearly gave in at the end of twenty minutes. However, I rallied, and turned the first ridge, from which we saw a lake high up the side of the mountain, the mountain rising more than perpendicularly, almost concavely, out of the lake up to a point—a pinnacle. Not a tree, a shrub, a cottage, a human being, or a vestige of habitation to be seen—bare, rocky mountains hurled in confusion in every direction. The path no path at all, but stepping from stone to stone, or creeping along slippery, steep paths, with this lake exactly under us. Several times I thought I must have turned back; still we were not half-way. A drop of whisky and water revived me, and on I went. Not very far from the top we came to the shaft of a copper mine. The ascent from here was less difficult, although very fatiguing. When we turned this last ridge, from the dark, black side of the mountain to the bright, sunny side, looking down on the Llanberis lakes, on the tops of many mountains, on the Menai Straits, etc., the bright, fleecy clouds flitting this way and that below us, the scene was enchanting. The clouds cleared off the top of Snowdon, where they had hovered all the time before, and we saw the very pinnacle. As we mounted the ridge we peeped over into the copper lake fathoms below us, and felt awed

and frightened. I now regret not having mounted the Rigi, as I suppose that is still more sublime ; but Snowdon is enough to satisfy a moderate mortal. We reached the very top, on which a mound of stones has been raised to support a flagstaff ; and there is only room to creep round this mound about five yards in diameter, and all below is precipice. Snowdon put on its white nightcap again while we were there, and we stood with nothing but white mist below us in all directions, as if we were the last people in the deluge. We picked up some bits of spar for the children, and our guide hurried us down. He was afraid the daylight would not last. We descended much more rapidly ; but, as I looked from the top, it appeared to me absolutely impossible to get to the bottom. Before I did so I slipped many times ; my shoes were cut to pieces—they had been wet from the beginning. I was wet to my knees with the boggy places which I had stepped into, and so tired I could hardly crawl. Still, on we were obliged to go, for it was nearly dark. Down we plunged, and down I slipped every moment. We knew Mama would be frightened at our lateness. A little whisky and water at the inn enabled me to get home, but I never was so tired.

Sunday.—Left Capel Curig in a pour of rain. I returned to the open carriage before we got to Llangollen, and very pretty and very lovely it is—not grand, but lovely. Looked out for the house of the poor old ladies of Llangollen, but it is not to be seen from the road. The ruins of an old castle on the top of a hill in the middle of the valley—of course, Owen Glendower's ! for everything old in these parts *was* Owen Glendower's and everything new *is* Sir Watkin's. After we left Llangollen there was an end of Welsh scenery ; indeed, after about six miles, we entered Shropshire.

Monday.—Left Oswestry at nine. Just before Birmingham the air cleared ; the country became nice and comfortable again. Birmingham appears to be enormous.

Tuesday.—The inn at Birmingham proved horrid ; everything Brumaggem except the wind, which was most real, driving across us from Brumaggem doors

and windows. Went to visit Mr. Collis's shop. All sorts of beautiful things, which, as they only pretended to be Brumaggen, were very perfect in their way. We left Birmingham at twelve, and were so impatient to get home that we pushed on nearly two stages after dark, and reached Stony Stratford.

Wednesday.—Were not bitten by fleas. Looked at the horses Lord Lynedoch still keeps there. At Dunstable Granny got into the open carriage with us, that she might stop at the Vicarage and take a look at the children. And now good night, chicks: there is an end of my peregrinations and of my journal. The former have been very entertaining to me; and though I fear the latter may not prove so to you, it shows, at least, that you and your parting injunction have not been out of my head.

CHAPTER VI

Letters to Lady Dacre from Miss Mitford, Joanna Baillie, Sydney Smith, and Joanna Baillie—Mrs. F. Sullivan to Brand Sullivan on the Coronation—"Frogs and Bulls"—Joanna Baillie and Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre—Brand Sullivan to his mother—Verses by Lady Dacre.

[THE following letters are almost entirely concerned with current literary interests and anecdotes.]

Miss Mitford to Lady Dacre

THREE MILE CROSS,
1837 (?)

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I am going to ask of you another favour. At the eleventh hour it has pleased Mr. Tilt of Fleet Street, the great ornamental (?) publisher to come to me to superintend the second volume of "Findon's Tableaux," the most beautiful of last year's annuals, and my petition is that you will allow me to inscribe it to you. I am to do all the prose, except one tale which my friend, Henry Chorley (the biographer of Mrs. Hemans, and a person quite unmatched among the literary youth of this age, so far as I have known them, for elegance of mind and charm of character), has volunteered to write for me. I am to do all the prose, and our poetry will, I think, by the help of dear Miss Barrett and other unhackneyed writers, as well as the *élite* of the usual poets—Mrs. Procter and so forth—be above the common run of such publications. So that, aided by our splendid engravings and magnificent getting-up, we shall do our best to deserve our Patroness, for you have been so very, very kind to me that I will not anticipate your refusal.

I applied to dear Mrs. Joanna for her aid, and received an answer so kind and so gracious that, although she could not comply with my request after refusing so many applications, her letter was in the highest degree gratifying and characteristic. What a glorious creature she is! So true and simple-hearted and unspoilt as a woman! such an honour to her sex as a poetess! Once again, dearest Lady Dacre, I look back to all that I owe you in her acquaintance. She speaks with great pleasure of a visit from your ladyship and Lady Becher—another glorious person in another way—how one always longs to turn her into Miss O'Neill again!

I have called a seedling geranium after Mrs. Joanna, and shall raise a cutting of it for your ladyship in the autumn, with another ambitiously named flower—whose title you may guess. . . .

Ever, dearest Lady Dacre,
Most gratefully yours,
M. R. MITFORD.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
Friday, May 28, 1837.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I thank you very much for your three-foot stool, which is clever and applicable, and most happily illustrated by "The Toadstool" and "The Goose." It is a droll, light, and amusing thing, yet I cannot say that I prefer it to "The Glow-worm," where the satire is as sharp, while there is beautiful imagery and elegance along with it. But there is no necessity to settle the respective merits of the two fables, I think myself much favoured in possessing them both. . . .

I begrudge that we have not been to one of your Monday evenings, but this has not been in our power, though we are much pleased with the permission to join so agreeable a party. . . . I have been busy with the second volume of Sir Walter Scott's *Life* all the week, and the recent death of poor Mrs. Lockhart has made it doubly melancholy. In a note from

Mrs. Thomas Scott, who was with her at the last, which I received a few days ago, are these words :

"I have known our dear Sophia since she was two months old, and thought myself aware of the sweet gentleness of her natural disposition ; but to behold such patience, resignation, and gratitude for every aid or service rendered her, under the pressure of such severe suffering, really did astonish me, and melted the heart of every person round her—to you it would have recalled her beloved father."

Her death seems to have extinguished the brightest spark he left behind him, for she resembled him more than his other children. Hoping that fine weather will tempt you to drive up the hill soon, your granddaughter perhaps by your side—no unpleasant sight to look upon.

I remain, my dear Lady Dacre,
Affectionately yours,
J. BAILLIE.

*The Rev. Sydney Smith (Canon of St. Paul's) to
Lady Dacre*

33, CHARLES STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE,
1837.

Many thanks, dear Lady Dacre, for your beautiful translations in your beautiful book.

I read forthwith several beautiful sonnets upon Love, which paint with great fidelity some of the worst symptoms of that terrible disorder, than which none destroys more completely the happiness of common existence, and substitutes, for the activity which Life demands, a long and sickly dream with moments of pleasure and days of intolerable pain. The Poets are full of false views : they make mankind believe that happiness consists in falling in love, and living in the country—I say : live in London ; like many people, fall in love with nobody. To these rules of life I add : read Lady Dacre's Translations, and attend her Monday evening parties.

Ever yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
December 23, 1837.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

Nothing has given me more pleasure for many a day than learning that my book has interested you and roused your attention, and in some degree enlivened your thoughts at this season of the year, when those who have been long in the world look back upon what has been, what has been most precious, and can be no more. All other cheering I have received from other quarters is not to be compared to this. . . . I am pleased that my "bugaboo" ballads have an effect upon you that would better have suited your Granddaughter, for it says that you will continue to have fancy and youth about you to the end of your days. I am glad, too, that my Scotch songs and family verses have found favour; and above all I am gratified that you approve of the Hymns and serious pieces. . . .

I will now answer your question regarding the tragedy of "Dacre"¹ as well as I can, for it is some weeks since I read it. I have no time at present to read it again, so I must just speak from such impressions of it as remain. There is great cleverness and animation in the different dialogues at the beginning of the Play, characteristic of the times, but the character of Dacre himself did not interest me as it ought to have done. He is heroic in taking the crimes of his friend upon himself, but somehow or other, in the complexity of small incidents, you lose sight of him; and it is only at the end of that scene between him and the Lieutenant of the Tower, when he requests that when the countryman from his country and his old servant should pass round his body to behold it after the execution, they should be permitted and not thrust back like the other crowd. It is only then, according to my own feelings, that you truly love and pity him. The ladies' characters seem to me better drawn than his, and delicately and finely distinguished from each other. There is in it much

¹ [By Mrs. Gore.]

good writing, and very well-imagined scenery and pageantry for stage effect, and the whole does great credit to the author. Have you ever read a dramatic poem or masque, written by Mrs. Gore many years ago, called "The Bond"? I thought that very striking and admired it much. It is founded on a German story of a nobleman who sold himself to the Devil, who was to bestow upon him everything that he desired, and in return was to have the nobleman's eldest son given up to him soon after he should be born. The son is born, the mother doats upon it, and the father is gloomy and sad. . . . But he must fulfil the bond, and goes to a dark lake where the child is to be received: two immense black arms appear rising from the water, and the baby is about to be delivered up, when the mother, who had followed close behind, snatches it from him in despair, and the black arms seize upon the father. It is finely worked up, and beautifully written.

I believe I have a copy of it in the house, and if it is not known to you, I will make a thorough search for it among my bookshelves, and send it to Chesterfield Street: it will be read with interest I am sure. I think you said some time ago, when I recommended Sir Francis Doyle's poem of "The Doncaster Races," that you would order the book. Have you done so? and having done so, how does your ladyship, so conversant on such subjects, like it? It appeared to me very descriptive and animated. There are other good poems in the book besides, but "The Doncaster Races" have carried away my memory and fancy from them entirely. My sister has not been well lately, and forbid to go out, but she is now nearly as well as usual, and has braved the cold this morning, wrapped in a thick tartan cloak, for about a quarter of an hour, and does not seem the worse for it. She unites with me in sending all the good wishes of the season to the mansion of the Hoo, for its Lord and Lady, and all its dear Christmas party.

Yours, my dear friend,

Affectionately and gratefully,

J. BAILLIE.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
February 12, 1837.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

What do you take me for? Do you think it is possible for me to hear of my kind and generous friends rejoicing in the success of my dramas, and not partake of their feelings? I do feel very much elated, and if I were a cock I would flap my wings, and crow in the midst of all my feathered companions. No, no! Let those who have always been successful be callous to general approbation, I need not be so philosophical; therefore I honestly say that I am very proud and very triumphant. I am *praised*; this is a great thing in the estimation of the soundest mind, and I have friends who love to have me praised, and this is better still. Ay, far better! . . . Yes, friend Harness is happy, for he has done me a very friendly service; he has praised me heart and soul in *Fraser's Magazine*, and even praised my Comedies, the very kindest thing he could do. To Milman, I understand, I am indebted for the very favourable review in the *Quarterly*. And you do well, my dear Lady Dacre, to put me in mind of our warm and very generous friend, poor Sotheby. His kind heart *would* have glowed on this occasion, none would have felt it more; but he was my brother in blood, as well as in affection, and, though not poetical, had a true feeling of nature, and on this ground encouraged my dramatic attempts from the first. . . . Let me assure your ladyship that you do my library some injustice. We have three book-cases in our eating parlour, whose shelves contain many good books, both old and new; it is not want of books, but wanting to know how to use them, that has made me appear so ignorant. Those who have a bad memory often pass for being more original than they really are, because they know not how or where they get their acquired ideas, and cannot, if they would, clothe them in such a garb as would make them recognisable. As to the other reproach of mending my stockings, I must plead guilty as far as black silk stockings are concerned, but that, I believe, must soon be done away; for not long since I did by mistake what poor Don Quixote did from necessity, mended my black stockings with green

sewing silk: not blue—that might have had a meaning in it.

We shall be very glad to see you coming up the hill, dowager fashion, though we shall miss the pleasure of seeing you mount your horse, which was always a sight well worth looking at. I am very glad to hear from Mrs. Sullivan that you are really mending both in body and mind, for she says you are becoming prudent. I have not seen Miss Faucit,¹ but if "Separation" should be brought out, we must be satisfied, though she should fall short of your gifted and clever Fanny.²

My sister begs to offer her best regards,
Your affectionate and grateful friend,
J. BAILLIE.

Miss Baillie's Dramas in three volumes were published in 1836.

[In June 1838 Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Barbarina Sullivan went to London to see Queen Victoria's coronation, and Mrs. Sullivan writes the following description of the ceremony to her son Brand, then at Eton.]

Mrs. Frederick Sullivan to Brand Sullivan

Friday Evening, July 1, 1838.

DEAREST BAM,—

Here we are returned from our Coronation, and before I go to bed I will begin my account of it to you. On Wednesday we set off early for London, were in Chesterfield Street by twelve; went to the Greys, where I saw Georgiana and Lord and Lady Grey, and where Georgiana promised us a third ticket for the Abbey; so we quite settled to take Barbarina. Granny and I then proceeded in search of flowers, gloves, etc., etc., and all things necessary to make us decent on the grand occasion.

We dined at the Codringtons, and Barbarina also came there to sleep that she might be ready for the next morning. We got up at three, at five Emily Hale

¹ [Miss Faucit made her debut in "The Hunchback," 1836.]

² [Miss Fanny Kemble.]

and Miss Field called for us, and we four went in a chariot to the Abbey, where we arrived long before six. We had places behind the Peers: I will draw you a plan. Opposite to us were the Peeresses, and it was very pretty to see them come in one by one, so that we could see each. Their dress splendid, and most graceful with the long, long crimson train, and the rich white satin petticoat, and the blaze of jewels, their coronets in their hands till the Queen was crowned, when every coronet was put on at once. In the front row were the Duchesses. The Duchesses of Montrose, Richmond, Roxburgh, Leinster, young or youngish, and beautiful, and none otherwise, except the old Duchess of Richmond. Lady Salisbury, who looked quite handsome, and Lady Lothian, who was tall, graceful, and very pretty, made up the front row. As the sun shone through the different windows, and the Peeresses moved, it was a constant sparkling and gleaming of brilliancy from the diamonds, that amazed and delighted us during the hours of waiting.

At eleven, the Foreign Ambassadors began to arrive, and they came from the west end, were ushered past the Peeresses, before whom they stopped and to whom they spoke, and then went up a winding stair to their box. Prince Esterhazy, a mass of pearls, with feathers of diamonds. Marshall Soult received with great and marked attention and respect. When the Queen first entered, coming all up the aisle from the west end, she sat on the Recognition chair, marked No. 12, and she stood where I have made a x, while the Archbishop asked the four quarters of the Abbey if they would take her for their Queen, she, turning to each side, as he repeated the words—and the people shouted and acclaimed. Then the Bishop of London preached a sermon upon her duties as queen, and ours as subjects; and then the anointing and the crowning we could not see, for it all took place in St. Edward's chair. But we saw the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets at the moment. Then she came again to the Recognition chair, and from thence was supported by Bishops and Archbishops up the steps to the throne, and then we saw her very well, with her crown on her head, and her train of gold which she could scarcely lift.

Then all the Peers paid their homage, by going up the

steps to the throne, touching her crown, then kneeling and kissing her hand. When the Duke of Wellington paid his homage, there was a burst of applause; when Lord Anglesea, there was another moderate applause; when Lord Grey did, one greater, but not equal to the Duke's (just as it should be); for Lord Hill (a veteran of the Peninsula War), a handsome notice, inferior to the others; and for Lord Melbourne, considerable applause, with one or two Tory hisses, but very gratifying that any notice should be taken of one who is not a veteran, either military, or political, but in full power with all his foes in full evidence: he stood the whole time with the sword of state by the Queen's right hand; he looked very old, especially with his coronet on his head, which made all the Peers look as if they had their nightcaps on. One very old Peer, Lord Rolle, who was supported to the steps, tumbled down, and there was a rush to help him. The Queen got up from her throne and darted to the top step to save his mounting. The old fellow persevered, and did his homage, and there was a heartfelt burst for the dear Queen, who always combines youthful, feminine, girlish gentleness, and consideration for others, with the most perfect royal dignity and discretion. I cannot say how young, innocent, simple, and meek she looked as she stood by the Recognition chair, when the Archbishop presented her to us at first as the "Undoubted Sovereign of these Realms" to be recognised by us. I began to cry, and could cry over her at any moment of the twenty-four hours.

After the homage she goes to the altar, takes off her crown, and receives the Sacrament. I read all the service, and I think it is very beautiful, all of it. This we did not see, of course, as it was out of our view. I have marked what we could see. In fact, no one could see the altar part, except those in the seats marked 1 and 2, 9 and 10, and some of the House of Commons perhaps, if they were not too high, and those above the organ at an immense distance. The Queen once more mounted the throne, once more withdrew, and at last passed along out of the Abbey, when we all began to go at about half-past four or five. I walked once about the Abbey, went to the altar, and up to the throne and looked

about me, and most beautiful and brilliant was the whole. Emily Hale saw everything from her box, and Emma Codrington heard the Queen take her oaths; heard her say "I am willing" distinctly, and as if she really would keep the laws. Papa went before we did to see the procession; but we got away—I and my three young girls—without any man, or any difficulty, so well was everything arranged. We got in time to run (all in my finery) to Aunt Charlotte's in Grosvenor Place, and to see the procession return. Very grand and very pretty, and then I went home to the Codringtons, and to bed with a headache which, however, had kindly kept off till all was over. I had a bad night of it, but everybody else walked about the town and parks all night to see the fireworks, and Papa says he did not see a drunken man, or hear an oath, or hear an angry word in the immense dense mass of human beings crammed together. Nothing but good humour, hilarity, and good order.

Soult was cheered in the streets several times. The Duke of Wellington gave a grand ball at night, at which he was; altogether everybody was charming, and full of good feeling, and tact—to emulate our lovely Queen, I believe. Granny is going again to the Queen's ball, although she has never yet been at Court, more shame for her! I hope she will present her book on Monday morning. Yesterday, coming out of town, we met the Queen driving in an open carriage; and I saw her so well; in a white chip bonnet, very pretty and neat, smiling and looking pleased and happy. She was quite a pretty girl, with a peculiar sweet and intelligent countenance. I think it is quite a mercy, and one for which we cannot be too grateful, that at this moment, when Reform has gone far enough, when one feared Liberal, or even Republican notions might be gaining too much ground, that so very amiable a creature should come to the throne, who attaches all good people by her virtues, and by her being a young innocent woman must enlist on her side every chivalrous feeling that may survive in this unchivalrous age. There, I think, I have told you all. I saw Lady Francis yesterday morning; indeed I was kept there two hours by a storm, and could do nothing else.

And now, good-bye, dearest Bam; keep this letter

and plan, for I shall like to refresh my own memory about a scene which has given me so much pleasure. How much I should have liked to have had you with me! How I wish you could have seen it—but it was impossible, bless you.

Your loving mum,
A. J. SULLIVAN.

[The play of "Frogs and Bulls" had been written by Lady Dacre, and acted at the Hoo in 1834 by a party of children. The cast was as follows :

Lady Stately . . . Miss B. C. Sullivan, afterwards
Hon. Lady Grey.

Mrs. Mudlands . . Miss Julia Whitbread, after-
wards Countess of Leicester.

Mabel Miss G. Sullivan.

Sally Miss G. Whitbread, afterwards
Mrs. C. Mills.

Farmer Mudlands . B. F. Sullivan.

Fifty copies were printed in 1838, and sold at the bazaar for the Ophthalmic Hospital.]

Miss Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
August 9, 1838.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

Many thanks for your kind gift. The dialogue of the "Frogs and Bulls" is very clever and natural, though the story which conveys your lesson may be somewhat *outré*. However I ought not to say so, for I know one real anecdote quite as absurd as anything of the kind can be. "When are you going to get your new bonnet?" said a Hamilton woman of the lowest order to her neighbour, a girl of the same rank. "I dinna ken," said the other; "I'll just wait till the Duchess comes down fra Lunnon, and see what kind o' bonnet she has. I'll ha' mine like hers." . . .

Your refusing my pound for the bazaar has put me in condition to subscribe for a work to be published

by subscription, a "History of the Caliphat of Bagdad" by a Mr. Picquot, who has published some other works for young people, and so will probably do it well. Being very ignorant of the caliphate, I shall gain some instruction by it for myself, and then I shall present it to our Circulating Library here, which is so poor that the committee can afford to buy very few books, and thus I shall make my mite serve a double purpose and go far. This same Library is a very good institution, though it is poorly supported. It is intended for the middling and lower ranks, and it receives subscriptions by the quarter from sixpence to half a crown. I believe it helps to keep some of the tradespeople away from the alehouse in the evening, and some of the schoolboys from clogging their stomachs with tarts. All works of theology are excluded, and all novels, with the exception of Miss Edgeworth's and Sir Walter Scott's. However, at the last committee meeting, it was found that these works were so much more read than all the others—history, travels, biography—and it would be necessary to allow some more novels to be taken if we either hope to encrease or even keep up our funds. It was, therefore, decreed that some unexceptional novels should be added to the stock, and we are now in possession of Mrs. Brunton's "Self-control and Discipline," Miss Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs," to be added to when the funds will permit.

We are very cold on the top of this hill, expecting warm weather from day to day which never comes. We wish for a fire every morning, but remembering that in the calendar we are in the dog days, we prudently put shawls on our shoulders and wait for the noon heat, which does now and then comparatively comfort us.

I am engaged now with a book which I ought to have known better, Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, or rather a selection from them. How I admire the richness of the writer's fancy in illustration, and his ingenuity in applying his metaphors and imageries, and likewise his great insight into human character! Yet he is a preacher not much fitted, I should think, to make useful impressions upon his audience. It would be necessary to rouse up one's wits to follow him, and

I fear that, after following him distinctly for any length of time, one would get conceited of one's wits—a frame of mind which he would find out a hundred and fifty well-arranged reasons for condemning.

There are, indeed, many noble passages throughout, which I should like to retain upon my memory, if I had a memory that could retain anything.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Sullivan, and again let me thank you, my dear Lady Dacre,

Your truly obliged and affectionate,

J. BAILLIE.

On April 2, 1838, Mr. Bobus Smith writes from Cheam, to Lady Dacre :

I am glad you have the grace to allow that other people may be grandmamas as well as you. It is a character that I have sustained, I flatter myself with credit, for some years; indeed, it has helped me to solve a riddle which I could never make out before I took to it: *videlicet*, to what end I was put into this odd world—I begin to see now very clearly.

The next letter of Mr. Smith's which has been kept refers to the anxiety respecting Mrs. Sullivan's health.

I shall hold to your promise of letting me know how you get on, for I have a great regard for her (Mrs. Sullivan), abundantly due to her worth, her talents, and her kindness to myself—of that same self I have very little to say. I have pelted away gout with Colchicum as often as it advanced its grim visage, and am pretty well for one “*qui s'achemine vers la maudite chenue vieillesse, qui est le pire de tous les maux de ce monde,*” etc. Indolence and the love of being where I am, and dear procrastination—the most bewitching of human infirmities—kept me at Cheam, where I am gardener and nurseryman, having two nice little brats who, in the absence of their parents, depend upon me for all improper indulgences.

Miss Fox, not content with her flight to Frankfort, is just now on the wing with her nephew for Florence, where she means to pass the winter: never was anything so well and young—she has even bestowed her

superfluous energy upon learning German, in which I dread her succeeding, for if she does, I don't know how I can avoid beginning. I don't like to be overcrowded by nobody! Lord Dacre would chuckle if he caught me at *sauerkraut* in my old age.

Brand Sullivan to his mother

ETON COLLEGE,

March 8, 1838.

. . . I went up to the Terrace on Sunday to see the young Queen, who looked much prettier than I expected her to look: I was quite surprised. She looked so good-natured, so quiet, she seemed the sort of person with whom one would find oneself quite at home in no time. Susan and Tom¹ were walking with her, but soon left her, which, when I observed, I went and paid them a visit. Susan was in, but Tom had gone to see after the horses. They went off to Brighton, four in an open carriage: the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, Susan, Lady Something—I forget what—a Lady of the Bedchamber. I went again on Tuesday and saw Tom: that time Susan had to go to receive the Princess Augusta. I am so much obliged for your long letters, and only hope you will write again, as I am sure I deserve it. How considerate it was of you to send me the toothbrush, because I should have felt the loss of a shilling greatly. By the bye, I miss not being able to buy the new "Pickwick Papers," but I suppose I shall be able to get them in good time.

About this time he was confined to the house, having hurt his knee at some game, and his grandmother sent him the following letter:

DEAR BAM,—

Since nonsense can avail

To ease you of your pain,

'Tis I can furnish it wholesale,

I've "cut and come again."

Now Grandpapa, who little knows,

Or has perhaps forgot,

The queer materials that compose

Boys—and girls too, I wot—

¹[Thomas Brand, afterwards 21st Lord Dacre.]

May fancy Cicero, perhaps,
With his "Officiis,"
Homer and Virgil and such chaps,
Can doctor broken knees ;

That in old Euclid's crabbed works
(A book I never saw),
'Mong minuses and pluses lurks
The balm "di Fierabras!"

If Dr. Wright has no such balm,
Don't call your Granny liar,
Oh! most discourteous knight be calm!
Ask your quixotic Squire—

He'll tell you that this wondrous cure
Can sever'd limbs refit,
But, thanks to Dr. Wright, I'm sure
You have no need of it.

Mais revenons à nos moutons,
As the French people say,
This rambling style's too much the ton
With poets of the day.

There's balm, too, in Hexameters,
Pentameters also,
On Dactyls and in Spondees, sirs,
And Prosody, I trow :

So Wiseacres and big Whigs say,
But they us young ones trick ;
We'll fling such classic stuff away
And send it to Old Nick.

Nonsense to me is beef and ale,
Time's malice it prevents,
For since from age my senses fail,
What need have I of sense ?

But hark ! who whispers in my ear
Nay, look at home ! you use
In these same doggrel rhymes, my dear,
The things you so abuse.

Things nowadays called *feet* by us,
E'en here you mix and mingle,
And would be else quite in a fuss
To find your rhymes not jingle.

I use them, /? What in this place—
 My doggrels to compose?
Sans m'en douter, as was the case
 With Monsieur Jourdain's prose—

You don't say so? you're in fun?
 You can't think me like *him*!
 But if 'tis so, what I have done
 Is sure the crime of "skim!"

The crime, i.e. of *léze-folie*
 (Not of *léze Majesté*),
 So I had best have done, I see,
 Or take care what I say.

For if my deeds disproved my rule
 While I my rule down laid,
 'Tis clear one can't e'en play the fool
 Without some classic aid.

Then sap away, till you are strong,
 And can both walk and run,
 For *l'appétit vient en mangeant*,
 And study will grow fun.

E'en nonsense, if too much, may cloy
 And fools tire one another,
 So I'll subscribe myself, dear boy,
 Your ever fond

GRANDMOTHER.

SOLILOQUY BEFORE MY GLASS ON WEDNESDAY MORNING,
 JUNE 12

By Lady Dacre

It can't be my Glass, that each day in this place,
 Has said such home plain-spoken things to my face,
 And to which the French maxim I never made clear,
 "Que toute verité n'est pas bonne à dire!"
 Sure, I'm mightily freshen'd by last night's long nap—
 For I would not attribute the *whole* to my cap!

Upon my word—joking apart—to be calm—
 Younger faces to *that* might surrender the palm!

The person must surely be but ill to please
Who, at what I see yonder reflected, could sneeze !
I thought my charms gone without leaving a scrap,
But like giants refreshed, they revive in the cap !

'Tis now half a century since a soft thing
Has been felt on my tympanum's surface to sing ;
That may be the reason I'm deaf, for observe
The things out of use lose their power to serve.
But now, without Gulliver's flappers to flap,
I shall catch what's but whispered to me in my cap.

Yes, thus armed for conquest, I never can fail,
Triumphant to lead in my chains all that's male.
You now may go whistle, young girls, for a beau,
For here is another Ninon de l' Enclos !
And dandies will struggle, like mice in a trap,
Entangled within the thread-net of my cap.

A fig for insipid slim chits of sixteen,
There are swarms of such things everywhere to be
seen ;
The charms that assert themselves after three-score
Are charms one can trust to hold out some years more ;
Then at Time and his scythe I my fingers may snap,
While dear Cousin Mary will furnish a cap.

CHAPTER VII

Death of Mrs. Sullivan—Letters to Lady Dacre from Joanna Baillie and Miss Mitford—Letter to Lord and Lady Dacre from Mr. Bobus Smith—Lady Grey's notes to her nieces—Letters from Lady Burghersh, Mr. Bobus Smith, Lord Dacre—Imitation from Clarendon's "History of his own Times"—Fables by Lady Dacre—Death of Brand Sullivan—Letters from Mr. Bobus Smith—Mr. Sullivan's second marriage—Letters from Fanny Kemble to Barbarina Sullivan—From Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre—Lady Grey's notes—Lady Dacre to her granddaughter—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to Lady Dacre.

ABOUT this time my mother's health began to fail, and my father took her to pay a visit at Howick, hoping the change would be of service. She came back, however, no better; consumption declared itself, and she died on January 27, 1839. My poor Granny was broken-hearted at the loss of her only child, who had hardly been separated from her even by marriage—Kimpton Vicarage being only two miles from the Hoo, and the village half-way between the two, so the intercourse was at least daily. Her only consolation was in devoting herself to her grandchildren, and we were as constantly with her as possible without actually living with her.

Miss Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
January 1839.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

It was with deep concern that I yesterday learnt, by means of Mrs. Taylor, the heavy stroke, for so long a time apprehended, has at last fallen upon you. It

has pleased God to remove the dear object of your love, she who was justly the child of your affection, in whom the pride of a mother's heart was gratified, to a better world, and what words can I say that will be of any avail? Her death has broken many ties of domestic happiness, and the course of her virtuous and useful life has been terminated early; but length of days, we are told, is not to be reckoned by time, for a well-spent life is as the honours of grey hairs and old age to the righteous, and your daughter is not cut off in her existence, but promoted. She has left much in this world that heaven had blessed her with, but what she has gained by it, who shall say? But it is not presumption to be assured that the kind benevolence of her heart, with the good deeds springing from it, the uncommon talents she possessed, and of which she made such an excellent use, for His sake Who died for us all, has placed her among those who are exalted and happy beyond what we upon earth have power to imagine or comprehend. Be comforted then, my dear friend; the daughter you have lost is of more value than many living daughters.

In your last letter you say, "We have none of us long to live," and this comes forcibly and soothingly upon the mind when those we love are taken away. To us particularly, who are advanced in life, it seems such a short separation that the expression of farewell is scarcely applicable to it. God bless you and support you under your heavy affliction, and may He also support the bereft husband and your good lord, who will, I know, share deeply in your sorrow! My sister begs leave to offer her sympathy and condolence.

Before we left town (for we have been in Cavendish Square for better than a week and only returned home to-day), I was desired by Mrs. Taylor to say how deeply she regrets your loss, and sympathises in your sorrow. She had some intention of writing to you, but Mrs. Baillie dissuaded her from it, knowing that many letters in time of affliction are oppressive. Though I much long to know how you bear up under this trial, I do not expect, or even wish, to have a letter from you. There is, I am sure, some one at the Hoo who will, at your desire, write me a few lines; and if some mention is made in the note of Mrs. Taylor's sympathy and inquiries it will be well.

I need not say, my dear Lady Dacre, how much I have thought of you lately ; and since I heard of the sad event my heart has been with you entirely.

Always affectionately and gratefully yours,
J. BAILLIE.

Miss Mitford to Lady Dacre

THREE-MILE CROSS,
February 1, 1839.

Unavailing as all expressions of sympathy must be, I cannot, most dear and kind Lady Dacre, see the sorrowful announcement in to-day's paper without conveying to you the assurance of the sincere feeling with which my dear father and myself are thinking of your distress. Many will feel with you, for she whom you have lost was distinguished not only for talent of highest order, but for a truth in her pathos, and a soundness and excellence of purpose in all her writings, which formed a very rare and valuable exception to the general morbid and unhealthy tone of the prose fiction of the age. In short, there was a thorough right-mindedness to guide and direct all her efforts, whether for the rich or for the poor, and respect and esteem waited upon the works and their authoress in as full measure as praise and admiration. All this is but reminding you of what you have lost, but the time will come when the thought that she was appreciated will bear with it comfort as well as pain.

You will have heard, probably, from our dear friend, Mr. Harness, that I have experienced a severe trial, terminating most mercifully, in my dear father's tremendous illness and extraordinary recovery. It has pleased God to restore him to me in a manner almost unprecedented, when the nature of the disease and his age are taken into consideration.

Most earnestly do I hope that Lord Dacre and yourself, and the many still left to you, are as well as can be hoped after so grievous an affliction. You that have been so very, very good to me : how sad it is that I have only my poor but powerless sympathy and my sincere prayers for your consolation to offer to you ! May heaven be with you, dearest Lady Dacre !

Ever your obliged and grateful friend and servant,
M. R. MITFORD.

Mr. Bobus Smith writes to Lord Dacre, February 5, 1839:

MY DEAR DACRE,—

I thank you heartily for the relief your letter gives me. I have, indeed, felt for you all very deeply and anxiously, and have earnestly wished to write to you, but have been checked by the recollection how often I have myself felt the vanity—the importunity of all that could be said. I know full well the succession of feelings you so justly describe, and I know, too, the patience that may be called up and wrought into a habit of the mind by religious and moral reflection.

Give my affectionate regards to your wife. No one could be more alive than I am to the value of what she has lost—may I be allowed to say of what we have lost—for few persons have ever made so deep an impression upon me of worth and kindness and talent as her admirable daughter. God bless you all and sustain you.

Your old and affectionate friend,
R. S.

To Lady Dacre Mr. Smith writes, March 6:

I am very glad to see your handwriting again, my dear Lady, on all accounts, but chiefly because to resume old habits is a main step towards regaining as much of self-possession as can be regained after these terrible visitations. I should be very ungrateful and insensible to the qualities which have always commanded my regard through life, if I had not gone fast in making our new friendship into an old one. We had, you know, to help us on, a sponsor to whom we both gave implicit credit. For my part I am ready to own he did not pledge himself a bit too far, and if you can say as much the affair is settled for life. You are right, my dear friend—wisely and religiously right—in facing with a brave heart the duties which your loss has cast more directly upon you. This is the resolution which supports us in this harsh world. When all the illusions we call happiness have departed from us, there is still a stubborn patience to be had in the sense that we fill the place and do the will of those whom we loved. I feel for Mr. Sullivan sincerely. I saw

enough of his happiness to judge what his bereavement must be.

I will not fail to forward your letter to Miss Fox. She has with a very laudable energy, and hitherto with great success, accomplished an expedition which will fill her mind with pleasant remembrances for the rest of her life. One is apt to take old age too much for granted; there is a great deal of voluntary life at the bottom of the vessel, if we will but shake. . . .

June 14.—The small worries of the world which you loathe, and so do I, are nevertheless not without their efficacy in forming the callous—that imperfect healing, the only one that can be had. Do not put yourself out of the way of them, but suffer them to work their sure effect under the controul of that great principle, the only wisdom—submission to the will of Providence. “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,” comprise the whole of religion and philosophy. God bless you and give you strength to lay these beautiful words with all their deep meaning to your heart, and find the same support in them as I have found.

After my mother's death we had for a short time a Swiss governess, whom we liked, but she did not feel equal to the position, and would not stay. She was succeeded by one whom we did not like, but who felt herself equal to any position, and would gladly have stayed, I now believe, permanently. My father was still a young man, and I did not then understand why he used to sit in the porch with me evening after evening, but now can see that he was driven away by the lady's attentions.

She knew, I suppose, a fair amount of French, but she did not know Italian half as well as we did, and my sister and I took a mischievous pleasure in rattling through our Italian reading at a pace which fairly “floored” her, though she was ashamed to confess that she could not follow. She did not manage the two boys well, but was always making them unhappy, and she was a vulgar-minded woman. Some of the

jokes that she made, which I did not understand then, come back upon me now as incredible in their coarseness. I could not endure her, and was, I daresay, very insubordinate. At last we had a downright quarrel, which ended in her declaring that she would not be dictated to by "a chit of seventeen," whereupon followed my writing to my Grandmother to say that I could bear it no longer, and that my sister and I would go on with our own education, and teach the boys all that was necessary till they went to school, if only we might be released from such an odious thralldom.

We could hardly believe in our success when we found that she was to go. I believe my father was quite as well pleased as we were, and all went on capitally. I was rather young to be the ruler of the house and household, but we had no troubles, and my father never complained of bad dinners or bad management, while the lessons went on with the utmost regularity, and we taught ourselves and our brothers a great deal more than the obnoxious governess ever did.

The boys first went to school at Brighton, and then to the Charterhouse—Frank on the foundation, nominated by Lord Grey, Harry to Mr. Phillott as a boarder. Frank went to sea from the Charterhouse.

My mother's death was a heart-breaking blow to my Granny, whose devotion to her daughter had been that of her life, and she never got over it. To her grandchildren she gave the affection that she had given to her daughter, but they could not take her place. Lord Daerc used to speak of Kimpton as the "Happy Valley," but many sorrows now came one after the other, and he gave up the name.

This very interesting letter from Priscilla Lady

Burghersh, whose short Memoirs were published a few years ago, refers, I think, to a statue that Wyatt was to execute of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Dacre often visited the studios of the sculptors of those days, and was much consulted by them, especially with regard to equestrian statues. The allusion at the end of the letter is to the death of Mrs. Sullivan.

Sunday evening, February 23, 1840 (?).

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I saw the Duke this morning, and asked him the question about his ever having *written* on horseback. He said it was his constant practice in action, and particularly latterly, to write down the orders he sent by his aide-de-camps. Having found that verbal orders were either incorrectly delivered or not comprehended, he adopted the practice of carrying in his pocket loose sheets of *asses' skin* of the size of a large card (such as the invitations from Court are printed upon) and a Pencil, and when he had an order to send he wrote it with his Pencil on one of those sheets in his hand, the aide-de-camp standing at his horse's head the while. After the Battle these sheets were always brought back to him by the Officers to whom they had been sent. One of them in particular he mentioned to me, which he wrote on his horse during the Battle of Waterloo, giving directions for the defence of Hougoumont, and I think I could get that identical order for you to see, as I know the person to whom he afterwards gave it as a Relic, and who is not likely to have parted with it. I thought you would like to hear these details, coming fresh from his lips. He liked entering into them and recalling the facts.

I hope I shall see you again soon, for indeed my heart yearns towards you, though it aches the while. I have thought so much of you and grieved so deeply for you ever since I knew the happiness you so enjoyed had been taken from you. Excuse me for saying thus much, and

Believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

P. BURGHERSH.

Mr. Bobus Smith writes :

20, SAVILE ROW,
September 22, 1840.

Thanks, my dear Lady, hearty thanks for the pleasure your letter gave to me. First, when I found it on my return here on Monday ; second, when I read it over again just now. It is not everybody, I can tell you, that I read twice over ; but there is a briskness of courage in your tone which does me good, and above all a kindness which I should be very insensible and very ungrateful if I did not feel. You put your Queries so methodically that I must answer them in order.

First, how am I going on ? Why, I am going on much as an old fellow does (if going off can be called going on). I am endeavouring to conjure up a new set of illusions in place of those that are gone ; but it is poorish work.

Second, do I keep the devil¹ out ? Pretty well, pretty well ; he has not such a pleasant, wheedling way of getting in as he had forty or fifty years ago. He comes now in his own shape, grumbling and blaspheming against the course of nature, etc., etc. ; and as to that I am upon my guard, and buffet him with tolerable success. You know how.²

Third, have I enjoyed this delicious autumn ? Very heartily ; the enjoyment of fine weather has always been to me one of the most unalloyed satisfactions in life, and I do not find it lessen with age—rather, perhaps, increase.

Fourth, have I pleasant people to enjoy it with, or do I commune only with myself and my gardener ? I have with me my children and my grandchildren, than whom nobody can have better, and they are a very great blessing to me ; but the enjoyment of fine weather is to me an unsocial feeling : I like it best when alone. Lastly, I commune with my flowers ; never, if I can help it, with my gardener—not but my gardener is very well for an animal, but I prefer vegetables. Thus, my dear Lady, you have my uneventful history, and this sample would serve for many years past, and in all probability for the few which are to come. If I can find repose, it is all I look for.

¹ [Gout.]

² [Colchicum.]

Sydney is, I believe, as well as he can be in the country. I think, with you, that his state was not quite satisfactory last spring, and I am always afraid of his way of treating himself. He is *medecin malgré lui* to everybody but himself.

I have fired a note to my lord, on the strength of your letter, to come and dine with us gossipingly. I hope he will. Miss Fox, I think, is surprisingly well; she is at this moment doing duty with Lady Holland at Holland House—an experiment—and goes, I believe, with her from thence to Brighton.

September 30, 1840.

You are very good, my dear Lady, to let my fantastic humours pass off with such a gentle rebuke—your kindness makes me half ashamed of myself; nevertheless, I think you a good deal underrate the petty annoyances which beset an old fellow when he steps out of his roundabout and sleeps out of his own bed. Take them one by one they are trifling, but their cumulative force is great. The hop from England to India is nothing to the hop from thirty to seventy. It is that confounded hop that jars and strains and puts us out of breath for any further exertion. If I could wish myself among you, I should have sincere pleasure in seeing you engaged with your young ones in a task in which you have wisely and virtuously sought and found relief. I am, as you know, not without experience of the same effects from the same causes. You have everything to cheer you in the disposition of your grandchildren; of some of them I can speak now as old acquaintances.

I am sure Sydney will be very glad to see Mr. Sullivan and Barbarina if anything takes them into his neighbourhood.

Mr. Smith writes, November 13, 1840, after the death of Lord Holland:

I am very much gratified by your letter, my dear Lady, and heartily thank you for it. Never let a man persuade you—not even your husband, although he is one of the best of us—to say “no” to your woman’s heart, when it yearns to express compassion. To you, and not to us, belong comforting and soothing. I have lost one of the few friends of my whole life—a man

whom I need not say I valued and loved, because everybody who knew him did so, just in the degree in which they knew him. He was a very rare union of everything that creates and continues attachment in minds of any worth. I have seen less of him lately, from my own, perhaps, bad habit of shrinking from the trammels of Society, without which one cannot have the very small part one desires to have of it; but I do not the less feel that the world without him is not what it was to me or any of his friends. His poor sister, I have, of course, seen frequently; she bears up wonderfully at present, sustained partly by the notion of performing duties towards him, but I fear after a while the privation will fall heavily on her spirits—it can hardly be otherwise. I delivered your kind message to her, and she begged me to thank you cordially for it. She has gone for the present to Westhill, with Lady H. They were to have gone to Brocket, but it was found the house, which had been little inhabited, was not in a condition to receive them immediately—it is preparing, and they may possibly go there; but I think it more probable Lady Holland will find her resources to be, where in fact they are, in London. Everybody has shown the strongest disposition to do what is kind. God bless you, my dear Lady; at our time of life we hold on from day to day—indeed, at what time of life do we not? I grasp as firmly as I can my faith in the wisdom and beneficence of the Power that placed us here, and in that I find such rest as can be had on the truckle-bed of old age.

Give my love to my Lord, and believe me, the sincere and affectionate friend of you both.

R. S.

I wrote the following sonnet to Lord Dacre, and sent it to him at the New Year:

TO LORD DACRE, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1841

To thee, so kind, so gen'rous, so benign,
Honoured and loved by all, nor least by me,
I dedicate my verse. Grandsire, to thee,
My Ward—for I will not that name resign.
I would that I could here with skill combine

The powers of all the bards to wish thee free
 From all infirmities, whate'er they be,
 Which make thee at the loss of youth repine.
 But heart-felt wishes must the place supply
 Of pleasing numbers, and of lofty lay.
 Oh, may thy strength th' effects of age defy,
 And may'st thou still on many a New Year's Day
 Gladden the smile, and chase away the sigh
 E'en as the sun cheers all beneath his ray!

B. C. SULLIVAN.

To which he replied :

Saturday, December 19, 1841.

MY DEAR, DEAR GUARDI,—

I never, but once, was so gratified and touched by any suffrage as by your very pretty Sonnet, and that once, by a similar effusion of your beloved and blessed mother, written too about the same period of life! Hers was a character in imitation of Clarendon, and very beautiful and very powerful it was—indicative of her great genius—and to this instant, evidence of performance which her more mature genius amply testified. I believe it is still in existence, but I have it not; I wish I had.

May you advance to the same degree of excellence, of which you give fair promise by moving on the same path! I love you dearly; I cannot wish you more or better in this state of being.

Your Sonnet is in itself of all prettiness and correctness. Your poor dear Granny cried torrents of pleasure in reading it, and big round drops, rolling down her poor sleeve, were of a most soothing and tender nature. God bless you, dearest Guardi.

Your affectionate

DACRE.

The following is the imitation of Clarendon, alluded to by Lord Dacre :

The Lord Derwent was a gentleman of so excellent a judgment, such undoubted patriotism, and such perfect honour, that although his name may not so frequently appear in the public transactions of these troublesome times as that of several busy and meddling persons of slender capacity whom I have before

mentioned, yet had it more influence on the minds of most members of either House than that of almost any other single man whom I can call to mind. In early life, perhaps, his opinions savoured too much of Republicanism, but in maturer age this enthusiasm subsided into an enlightened, sober, but ardent desire of lawful and reasonable Liberty. The clearness of his judgment, the justice and liberality of his character, deserved and received such universal respect, that he was not unfrequently made umpire in private disputes between persons wholly unknown to him; and his philanthropy was of so extensive a nature that, although peculiarly averse to litigation, he never could refuse himself to any possible manner of benefiting his fellow creatures. In truth, the sensitive tenderness of his feelings was tempered by so rare a measure of discretion that it would be impossible to imagine a person more fitted to conciliate the minds of contending parties.

His manners were gentle, his voice melodious, his countenance thoughtful even to melancholy, but if roused by what he considered presumption or impertinence, they could suddenly become expressive of all the pride and dignity which formed no inconsiderable part of his character. He had studied most branches of useful science, he was well acquainted with the business and sports of a country life, he had seen much of the Continent, and he had lived among the principal personages of his own country, so that on whatever subject a discourse might chance to turn, it appeared as if that subject had principally occupied his thoughts and attention. Indeed, I have not known any one possessed of such universal knowledge, or who by the strength and clearness of his own intellect, and by the perspicuity of his language, could so distinctly convey what he himself understood (and his mind was of so comprehensive a nature that nothing seemed too vast for its powers) to the understanding of the person with whom he conversed.

He was warm in his affections, constant in his nature, slow to anger; but if there could be found any shadow to obscure so bright a picture, it might be said that, if once offended, he did not sufficiently practise the difficult maxim of forgetting as well as forgiving an injury. Perhaps, also, the acuteness of

his feelings might sometimes degenerate into irritability, so that a well-intentioned person, not endowed with that quickness of perception termed by our French neighbours tact, might often offend the delicacy of his temperament. His stature was above the middle size, his visage was well formed, his complexion pale, his health indifferent, his spirits habitually depressed, but occasionally rising to hilarity when he exerted himself for the recreation of young persons, towards whom, indeed, he always evinced a surprising kindness.

In truth, my Lord Derwent was a rare mixture of pride and dignity with urbanity and gentleness, of a strong and cultivated understanding with simplicity of manner. He was a man to be respected by all who knew his public character, and to be loved by all who were admitted to his privacy.

(Clarendon's "History of His Own Times," vol. i. p. 293.)

The following fables were written by Lady Dacre during 1842 :

THE KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON

A Dramatic Fable

A Knife and a Fork at the Hoo in a tray,
Side by side as old chums and companions once lay.
Says the Fork to the Knife: "You queer, old-fashioned
tool,

Do get out of my way, that I here may be cool.

You jostle and cramp me. Begone, I entreat,

You are put on the shelf, my good friend, obsolete—

And no longer of service when folks sit at meat."

The Knife bristled up very sharp and cried, "Sir!

Do you know who you speak to? D—— me if I stir.

Who are you, sir, I ask? such a dust here to kick up,

What can *you* do I wonder? excepting to pick up

The morsels I cut and on saucy prongs stick up!"

"Good Knife, you're quite vulgar in your objurgations,

You're really low-bred, so are all your relations,

Spade, mattock, and ploughshare, and all their rude
kind,

Rudely fashioned, by rude hands to rude labour
confined.

In the Dark Ages, *passé*, but times, good Knife, vary!
 And you're *d'une ignorance* in the art culinary.
 I really pity you." "Pity me, sir!" cries Knife,
 "Get out of the tray if you value your life!
 My steel for your silver is more than a match,
 If under my edge your soft metal I catch!"
 "You creature of low birth from mine European,"
 Quoth Fork, "I contend not with things so plebeian,
 While I to the New World my ancestry trace,
 And thanks to Columbus the Old World now grace."
 A good-humoured Spoon, finding words run so high,
 To keep the peace now interposed, and cried, "Fie!
 Keep your tempers, good folks; what will Holloway¹
 say

If he finds you at logger-heads thus in the tray!
 We all serve one lord—we are none of us free—
 No distinction but merit can Spoon of sense see.
 I am indifferent honest myself, I may say
 With Prince Hamlet in Shakespeare's fine play,
 And my character, sirs, stands as high as a Spoon
 As if I had been dug out of the moon.
 But to business. Ours, *ici bas*, is with food.
 Leave the soup, friends, to me. You, Knife, may do
 good
 With *joints à l'Anglaise* (i.e. tough as wood),
 And you, my compatriot Fork, may discuss
 The viands refined in dinners *à la Russe*—
 In consommés plunge all your prongs. *Nota bene*,
 Have an eye to his Lordship throughout the whole
diner,
 Who best serves his master will be esteemed most.
 Hark! the dinner-bell sounds; let us each to his
 post."

B. D.

THE BIRD AND THE FISH

A Fable addressed to a very young lady

A little fish lived in a stream,
 As fishes sometimes do;
 This fish could speak, as it should seem,
 Much plainer, miss, than you.

¹ [The butler.]

One day he popped his busy snout
Out of the water's sheen,
To see what others were about
Upon the margin green.

And there he saw a beauteous bird
Upon a bough alight,
His sweetly warbled carol heard,
And marked his plumage bright.

"Oh my! oh gracious goodness! oh!"
Exclaimed th' enraptured fish,
"Just so I'd sing! I'd look just so
If I could have my wish.

"What ample wings out-spreading wide!
I wonder for what sins
I'm doomed to wear, stuck to my side,
These littly fubsy fins?

"How hard 'tis, too, to have but gills
Dabbed on to my short neck,
While happy birds are blessed with bills
That can both sing and peck.

"What could old Nature be about,
With feathers of all hues
Her petted bird thus to stick out
And be so ill to use?

"I dare say I like him could sing,
And I like him could look,
Could I but make a fin a wing,
And leave this poky brook."

And now, by desperation stung,
Resolved to fly or die,
Himself he floundering, floushing, flung
Upon the bank hard by.

A man who'd angling been all day
And not a bite could brag,
Pounced on this godsend of a prey
And popped it in his bag.

E'en there our poor loquacious fish
His mind in anguish spoke,
And prescient of the fatal dish
On which he soon would smoke,

He gasping, struggling, heaving, spent,
 His gills with effort plying
 To seek the watery element,
 Cried out as he was dying :

“ Oh, had I unambitious been,
 Contented with my lot,
 The frying-pan I ne’er had seen
 Or bubbled in the pot ! ”

1842.

B. D.

My eldest brother, Brand, went away in 1842 with Mr. George Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, and his tutor, and this was thought a most delightful piece of good fortune—my mother’s friend Harriet Lady Ellesmere, having chosen Brand for her sake. But at Athens he got fever, and died on board Admiral Houston Stewart’s ship, the *Benbow*. The kindness of Admiral and Mrs. Stewart was unbounded, and when I knew them afterwards, I saw that it was of a piece with their whole conduct through life.

Mr. Bobus Smith wrote from Cheam, April 1, 1842 :

Indeed, my dear Lady, you do me no more than justice in believing that you have been often in my thoughts. To write to you I could not find it in my heart, for what consolation had I to suggest that is not to be found in the few words that you quote, and which I well remember to have pressed upon you as having myself felt their efficacy—in truth, neither philosophy nor religion can carry us any further ; in whatever courses we travel over the subject, our reason and our feelings return to the sense of an over-ruling power, and agree in convincing us that resignation is the only magnanimity and wisdom. But alas ! it is not easy to be magnanimous and wise : honest nature, as you truly say, will break out and have her turn ; and, God help her, why should she not ? For whatever end we have been burthened, as we are, with grief and care, there can be no duty in an overstrained stoicism that would blot out the remem-

brance of what has been best and most praiseworthy in our lives. This you feel as strongly as I do, my dear Lady, and your natural and touching expression of it gives me great satisfaction. We have but a short way to go, and I can say for myself at least that every year indicates the journey's end more plainly. The thought of this is a powerful assertative, and is put in the best of all prayers by the side of the great precept of resignation.

I beg you to convey the expression of my strong regard and sympathy to Mr. Sullivan, and remember me very affectionately to my old friend, in whom I believe imagination (apt to be torpid in old men) is powerfully alive on the subject of ill-health. God bless you and sustain you, or rather help you, as He appears to do, in sustaining yourself; and when you have an idle half-hour, let me have the pleasure of hearing that you continue in the same worthy and truly pious command over yourself as you have done hitherto.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

SAVILE ROW,
May 20, 1842.

I have been Whitsuntiding among my flowers, which, like their master, are always promising to be in perfection next week; but then come colds and blights and storms and droughts and reptiles: and so we go on till we go off. The most noxious invader of my growing virtues is, I think, the Slug Indolence: whole crops of good resolutions disappear before it in a day. In spite of all the visits I make and all the letters I write every to-morrow in the week I am no forwarder on the Saturday. There is so little encouragement to resolving that I must leave it off, and wrap myself up snugly once for all in my evil habits; and what an office do you assign to an old fellow so desperately determined to talk sense to a young lady of eighteen, till she finds out that she likes a young fellow's nonsense better! Why, my dear Lady, my functions would not be worth a week's purchase, and if I were honest, I should tell her so from my own experience. Let coxcombs have their run; it is a bad plan to attempt staving them off: they will come sooner or later. I

verily believe the way to be wise when you are old is to be moderately foolish while you are young. What a fool is an old man, or an old woman, who has never been foolish! They make no allowances, and ten to one but they require some before they have done. You see, I have no notion of my aptitude for a teacher of wisdom; but if you want a singing master, for instance, I am ready to do my best at your service. Barbarina will remember I gave her one lesson. At all events, I shall be glad to see her and you too, and will not only go to you, but hope you will come to me, which you know is only a little worse than being alone; and it will do you good to change even from nobody to nobody. The fashion of this world passeth away, but while it holds, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
R. S.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

CHEAM,
September 20, 1842.

I devote to you the first work of my right hand—before the receipt of your letter and ever since enthralled by the gout. You poets have nimble fancies; you sketch out gardens of Epicurus, and people them with Platos and Pythagorases at will. Alack for the reality! First as to the garden. A glorious summer, I admit, for trees and shrubs, who laid in a great store of sap in a very wet spring, and have made a noble use of it; but for flowers, the fierce heat and long drought has absolutely prevented their existence: hardly an annual of all my thousands has made its appearance. So much for the “sniffing” half of the occupation you assign to me; for the philosophising I have, perhaps, done a little better. I comfort myself in thinking I do make some progress in the art of enduring the crosses I cannot help; a grand art—as necessary in the small as in the great concerns of life, and the practice in either strengthens the hand in both. The subjects I have had to work upon have not been merely negative; I am recovering from the sharpest attack I have had these five years.

I am, you will easily believe, highly flattered with my conquest of Barbarina. The natural effect was to

make me look about with a little jealousy, and knowing the subsisting engagements between her and Grevy,¹ I ventured to ask him the other day if he was still in the mind to marry her. After a little pause to consider, he said, "Think if she were a little younger I would." Pray tell her, with my best regards; for the moral may be useful for all very old people.

As to visits, I think I have before opened my mind to you without reserve. The infirmities I have, and which not only every year, but every day, I may except to increase, make going from home a sore evil to me. It is one, however, which I would have a thousand times rather endure than seem to reject any kindness sincerely pressed upon me by an old friend, to whom I am not sure of making the reasons of my reluctance fully understood. This, and feelings like this, have made me undertake a distant pilgrimage this year, as soon as I shall be strong enough to perform it—no less than to Durham. I will tell you more about it another time than I can now for the weariness of my fingers. If, all things considered, you wish me to pay you a visit after I return, I will, with the certainty of feeling great pleasure in the social part of it; but still, I must honestly say, with the uneasiness and apprehension of not being at home, where, in most serious truth, I am only fit to be. God bless you, my dear friend; I will not advert to painful topics, but I feel with great admiration your courage and wisdom.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

SAVILE ROW,
December 16, 1842.

A thousand thanks for your kindness, my dear Lady; I cannot feel it more sensibly than when it is shown to my grandchildren. Fitz¹ would, I am sure, have joyfully accepted your invitation, if he had been at home, but the 20th is the very day he comes from Durham, and the rules will not allow of any anticipation.

I cannot give you a very good account of myself; I am continually molested by my enemy, so that I cannot count upon forty-eight hours of my own. No great

¹ [His youngest grandson.]

² [His eldest grandson, then at Durham College.]

pain or any decided illness, but lameness and inability, shifting from one limb to another, I know not why, and interfering with my everyday's routine very uncomfortably. I try to be as patient as I can, but trying it is more perhaps than greater evils. Miss Fox is at Bowood, where I was to have joined her about Christmas, but it is ten to one that I am intercepted. She felt Lady Callcott's death, though it is impossible not to regard it as a release—to whom is it not a release for one reason or other at our fag end of life, when it has really become a day “nubile, oscuro, freddo e pien di noia?” However, I will not whine, but hold fast by my past and abide.

We all move to Cheam to-morrow, if I should be movable, which is uncertain. The weather is like May. God bless you and all yours.

Your very sincere friend,
R. S.

My father married Miss Emily Ames in 1842. This was by no means a sorrow, for we were all very fond of her, and my Granny welcomed her as kindly as any one; but her health was not strong, and in 1843 she was most alarmingly ill. At that time, too, my sister Gertrude had begun to give great anxiety as to her health, and the two invalids had to be taken to London for advice. My stepmother recovered, but was never really strong afterwards.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Miss B. C. Sullivan

March 19, 1843.

Many thanks, dear Barbarina, for your kind and early compliance with my request, which you mainly brought upon yourself by your beautiful recital. The verses to which you did so much justice are remarkably good. The thought which runs through them is not, and could not be, new, since the first reflection of any enlightened human being upon human life; but it is very finely carried out to the religious moral at the end. The rhythm is somewhat rough: it is a fault better suited to the gravity of the subject than if it were too

smooth, but it is a fault still. Give my love to Granny, or as much of it as she will have, and if there is not enough left for you, I will send you some more, being well stocked with that commodity for you all.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

This note refers to the lines by Fanny Kemble, "Life is before you," which I had repeated and then copied out at his request. Mrs. Kemble returned to Philadelphia this spring. In those days the journey took much longer, and the distance seemed much greater than it does now. The following two letters were written after her arrival in Philadelphia :

*Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble) to Barbarina
Sullivan*

PHILADELPHIA,

May 23, 1843.

DEAR CHICK,—

I had just finished my letter to dear Granny by the side of Halifax pier, and was sitting with my head on my arms and my face covered with tears, when the kind voice and bright countenance of Mr. Cunard (the original proposer of this line of Atlantic steamboats) roused me from my sad contemplations. I had met and known him in London, and not being aware that Halifax was his native place and usual residence, was most agreeably surprised at his appearance on board the boat. She was to rest for a few hours before pursuing her route to Boston, and the worthy man, in spite of my disconsolate refusals to stir, succeeded in leading me off the ship to his own house in Halifax, where I breathed fresh air again, and looked upon the sea without feeling it rock under me, with sensations of inexpressible relief. On our way to his house, we passed a tall, slight, gentlemanly looking man, who was greeted by Mr. Cunard with "How d'ye do, Major Sullivan?" We passed on, and I thought no more about the matter; but, when within half an hour of the ship's sailing again, I was standing on deck looking my last of land subject to dear England, Mr. Cunard came to me again and said: "Major Sullivan says his

people in England know you very well." Then, my dear, I became aware that he must be your uncle Willie, and, with inarticulate exclamations of delight and most eager gestures, made known my intense desire to look upon him again; and he came and reminded me of your father, and spoke of all of you—of dear Granny, of you, of home, of the Vicarage, of the Hoo, and we confounded ourselves in wishes and recollections, and hopes and desires; and I felt, as he and Mr. Cunard waved their last farewells to me as we steamed away, that I had left friends even on the beach at Halifax, whose most unexpected greetings had made me feel less far from all I love in my own land. They gave me a bunch of sweet flowers that might have done honour to the Vicarage, and the dear and familiar names of you and yours, my darling, rang in my ears till I touched the American coast.

We landed at Boston on the morning of the 19th—Friday last—after a passage of fifteen days! Oh, my dear, what blessed things steamships are! to be but a fortnight on that nauseous sea, and to be but a fortnight off from England, 'tis a marvellous and an unspeakable blessing. . . . I was horribly ill the whole time, with a high fever the first ten days: it would neither let me eat, sleep, or be sick, which I believe would have relieved me greatly. The consequence of this miserable condition is, that I am thin and exhausted, and do not expect to recover either flesh or strength for some weeks to come. The children bore the passage very well; were dead sick one half-hour, and devouringly hungry the next. At Boston I met some of my dear Sedgwicks, and one of them, my most intimate and particular friend, came on with me here. I have already received visits from almost all my old friends and acquaintance. Sarah is in a state of unspeakable ecstacy at being once more upon her own soil and among her little cousins. . . .

Before I close my letter, my darling Barbarina, let me say one word in answer to that most loving and welcome note with which you blessed my sea sorrows: thank you, my dear, dear child, for your love for me—it is *very* precious to me, and I thank God for it among my blessings. But, dearest Barbarina, when you speak of having derived benefit from my intercourse, you do but illustrate a most favourite theory, and, moreover,

firm conviction of mine, that people find in everything that which they bring to it—and, moreover, nothing else; and if, indeed, my companionship was useful to you, it was simply because it brought into activity the qualities and virtues of your own mind and disposition. Is not this, indeed, the meaning of the sentence that to those who have more shall be given? Our moral and mental faculties, in proportion to their activity and energy, seek and find in all things that which is congenial to them, and which assimilates with them; and to be good is good, because it is the way to become more good: and so with wisdom, is it not?

You brought to our happy and charming intercourse, dearest Barbarina, qualities which, while they enchanted me and won my highest esteem, were getting strength even by the very activity with which they were brought during our very pleasant intercourse. But I think you are mistaken, dearest, in supposing you owe me anything more than you will equally owe to all things, for to you all things will be good, though I do not mean to say that all things will be as pleasant to you as our fellowship, and I am very sure you will not think many things so, as I shall not. God bless you, my dear child, your bright image lives most lovelily in my recollection, and will be one of my pleasantest visions for a long time to come. Give my dearest love to Granny and to my Lord, my kindest remembrances to Mr. Sullivan, and

Believe me, ever far or near,

Your most sincerely attached,

FANNY BUTLER.

Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble) to Barbarina Sullivan

PHILADELPHIA,

Sunday, October 22, 1843.

MY DEAREST BARBARINA,—

I am greatly amused at Mrs. Hale's distress about your admiration for *old gentlemen of good abilities*; at the same time I incline to think that Mr. Bobus Smith would carry the day with a sensible woman of any age over most young men of the present day in England. But the fact is that a man like Mr. Smith cannot by any possibility be a *young man*, for learning, knowledge of men and of things, wisdom, experience

benevolence, forbearance, patience—all these, or indeed any of them, can very scarcely have grown to much perfection in youth; and if a man be good and nice enough to have preserved the best qualities of the heart, which are certainly those of youth, to such time as he shall have gathered in the full harvest of life, of observation, and experience, he must necessarily be better worth talking to and listening to than any younger man whatever. Age may retain some of the gifts of youth, but youth cannot by any possibility forestall the results of age, and yet it is only in proportion as the one [illegible] of life can unite to its own the [illegible] of the other that young people and old avoid being intolerable. It is very well, and a wise, selfish policy, moreover, in the old to cherish, if possible, all preservable remains of the warm-heartedness, generosity, and enthusiasm of youth; for wisdom, experience, and prudence are also by no means always in themselves lovely and attractive, whereas it has pleased God to make the very infirmities of youth winning. Its rashness, its credulity, its ignorance, excite compassion and win a pitying forbearance, and I think old people should endeavour by all means to be amiable, that the young may profit by them, and the young should strive equally to be amiable, that the old may take pleasure in them. The influence of the two periods of life upon each other does not appear to me to be half what it ought to, or what it might be, and this, I think, is chiefly the fault of the older portion of the community, because, as I said before, it is much more possible for them to retain the virtues of youth than for youth (still young) to attain the virtues of age. Nevertheless, and though Mr. Bobus Smith is in my humble judgment a most illustrious instance of attractive and amiable *Eld*, I think Mrs. Hale may make herself easy, for though I hold you to be an equally illustrious example of the most near approach possible to that monstrous perfection—a grey head upon green shoulders, I have very little doubt myself of your marrying in due time a man *not much older* than Lord Dacre, with all the proper follies and engaging absurdities belonging to his time of life; for you see, my dear, as poor Mary Stuart said in commenting upon some of her great Queen-cousin's rather derogatory predilections, "Dans ces sortes de

choses-là la plus sage de nous toutes n'est qu'un peu moins sotte que les autres !”

I have nothing to tell you, dear, whatever ; my life is monotonous and uneventful in the extreme, so much so that I might very possibly have recourse to my day's sermon for epistolatory matter—and it was a remarkably fine one—but for my inviolable respect for your orthodoxy ; but the mere idea of such matter for a letter bespeaks a remarkable dearth of all the topics of correspondence.

I have not been very well for some little time past. I want exercise of the sort I am accustomed to, and in the absence of all the pleasurable stimulants of life, horse-exercise, and congenial society, and those beautiful influences to body and soul with which a country life abounds, my spirits suffer very much ; nevertheless there is nothing the matter with me. I wish I could say the same of poor little Fan, who is just recovering from a sharp feverish attack which has made her very weak. Her constitution is good for nothing. . . . I have an incessant feeling of insecurity about that child's life, which has so far grown into a habit of mind with me that were anything to happen to her it would but be a realisation of the thought that rises in my heart whenever my eyes light upon her—she is not mine.

Sarah is in fine health and looks vigorous and strong, and is growing handsome. They are both good, amiable children, and Miss Hall manages them with great efficiency and judgment. I am going to leave off writing, dear Barbarina. God bless you, dear chick ; give my affectionate remembrances to all at the Vicarage and the Hoo, and believe me,

Ever your very loving old Hen,

FANNY.

On July 25, 1843, Mr. Bobus Smith writes to Lady Dacre from Savile Row :

MY DEAR LADY,—

The adjective,¹ my namesake, is a real personage, and has had a place in Lilly's *Accidence* time out of

¹ [*Ambo*, adjective, plural, both.]

mind—before you or I were born. I got acquainted with him some sixty-five years since, and though I met him at first with distaste, we have rubbed on pretty well together. He has an advantage over me in being plural. I am singular (in more ways than one, perhaps you will say); I cannot therefore, as he might, be in your garden and my own at once. By the way, there is another circumstance: he has a female, as your little grandson will tell you, *Ambobus*, whether sister or wife I do not know. Now, as *ambobus* is cut down to Bobus, and that into Bob, so may *ambabus*, by a process of the same kind, be reduced to Bab, which I take to be by established practice the ultimate abbreviation of Barbara and Barbarina; so, you see, my dear Lady, you and I may call cousins through the old gentleman and his lady.

I wish very much, and fully intend, to pay you a visit. *When* is the only difficulty, for my nothing-to-do life is so full of things to do I don't know which way to turn, and fiddle-faddle is more difficult to arrange than serious business. I should like to second your designs upon the Hibberts, about whom, you in anticipation and my lord in experience, are quite right. I owe them a visit, and when I pay it, would negotiate if you like it. Pray tell me how your time to come lies.

How can you go about to persuade your grand-daughters to like old fellows better than young ones? You may depend upon it they will find you out, and it will come to nothing. God bless you. Love to my Lord.

Yours sincerely while I

AMBObUS.

Mrs. Hibbert was the younger daughter of Sydney Smith, married to Nathaniel Hibbert, of Munden House, near Watford. Mr. Smith made the two houses, the Hoo and Munden, acquainted in the first instance, and from this grew a fast friendship which lasted till one by one passed out of life. Mrs. Charles Buxton and I are the only survivors of those happy days.

*Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre*CHEAM,
August 15, 1843.

MY DEAR LADY,—

I have so far progressed, as people have said in these few years past, in my negotiation as to be certain that Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert will have great pleasure in paying you and my lord a visit; but a treaty of peace, a treaty of marriage, a treaty for settling the Scotch Church, are all of them more easily brought to a conclusion than a visiting treaty. Your letter, I am sorry to say, does not relieve the difficulty of the when; for the last week of August, to which you confine me, is so taken up by their engagements and mine—for even mine come in very perversely—that the last day is the only one that is free for us. I am afraid, therefore, some postponement is unavoidable; but Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert will be at home, they tell me, till towards the latter end of October, and within those limits any time will suit them. But then there is me: how am I to be managed? I am bound to pay a visit first to Farming Woods,¹ next to my excellent old crony the Bishop of Durham; both these were intercepted last year by the gout, and may again this year. But putting that out of the question, the first, as you will easily understand, is sacred; the last has been so urgently pressed, so often promised, and so never yet paid, that I could not, without giving and feeling pain, put anything in the way of it. Then on your side I think I see obstacles—pheasants coming after partridges, etc., and a strong covey of etceteras. If you have to disentangle all this I have not, and it makes me giddy to think of it. The only thing I see for it is that you should let me know as far beforehand as you can whether there is likely to be any gap in your shootings, and then I will do everything I can to bend my times to yours; for I sincerely desire to effect the parley, and will bestir myself about it when I see an opening, as if I was not the most inactive of mankind. . . . I go with you in all the feelings you express so naturally, and be assured I think of your fortitude with admiration—with much more admiration than if it took the aspect of stoical obduracy. God bless you, and strengthen you through the very short remnant of this weary way that we have yet to pass.

¹ [Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith's residence.]

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

CHEAM,

August 31, 1843.

Daylight begins to peep through the maze, my dear Lady—an unapt metaphor for me however, for I am more than half blind—but in words unfigurative, the 19th September will, it should seem, suit all parties very well. The 18th is the last day of young Hibbert's holidays, and, of course, the day of all the holidays which belongs most exclusively to him. On Tuesday, the 19th, therefore, I look forward to our all meeting at the Hoo. You will probably write one of your kind and gracious notes to my niece (of whom, *par parenthèse*, I am very fond), that she and her husband may have more direct authority than my assurances of their welcome. I will abide with you till Friday the 22nd, if you can put up with me for so long. They will answer for themselves on that point; their direction is Munden, Watford.

I am here in the midst of green trees and grandchildren—an old, stag-headed stump, lame and blind, and beginning to be forgetful, and, to say the truth, less and less fit to be anywhere but at home, or with anybody than my old crony Bobus, with whom I have fits of peevishness; but on the whole we understand each other, and run on tolerably well in a give-and-take sort of way—books and the garden are the mediators whenever we fall out. *À-propos* of this, give my love to my lord, and tell him to have a better opinion of my old friend Brand,¹ and to place more confidence in him, for there is not in my firm belief a worthier man living, or one who more deserves his good opinion.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

CHEAM,

November 19, 1843.

You know of old, my dear Lady, what a truant I am at letter writing, and the feebleness of my sight of late has not given me much encouragement to correct that failing: write I can, but, if it is more than a very little, I suffer for it. However, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure, or you the justice of telling you, that I met Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert on Friday for the first time

¹ [Lord Dacre himself, i.e. Thomas Brand.]



Lady Macre
at the age of seventy five

since the Hoo, and that you are in no danger of throwing away another thirty years (if you had them to spare) in hopeless love. Your passion is abundantly returned by husband and wife, and they spoke of you all in a good long talking over—my Lord, your Ladyship, and both your young ones—in a way that gave me great pleasure, as I have, you know, a sneaking kindness of the same sort. I hope you will continue to like each other as I know on both sides you ought. Pray write to me and don't expect answers—that is to my mind the perfection of correspondence. I am here in my denuded garden, and have heard nothing except what the worthy curate took three quarters of an hour to tell me about Cornelius the centurion, which would no doubt have edified me more if I could have kept continually awake.

I beg pardon; I have just heard further that my sow has calved—mother and daughter doing well—but what care you? Remember me to all that we do both care for, and who will care for being so remembered, and, believe me, dating from the close of my thirty years' cruelty, ever most sincerely yours,

R. S.

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

Bowood,
January 5, 1844.

I must not be so lazy as your kindness has given me leave to be, my dear Lady. I hope the permission alone would have gone some way towards reforming me, by taking off the zest so peculiar to all things prohibited; but I am further quickened by a real desire to hear from yourself how you are. I passed two days last week with the Hibberts, and on their return from Lady Salisbury's ball on the morning I left them, they reported that you had not been at all well during your visit to Holkham (or Holcombe, which is it?). You were expecting to return on that same day, they said, to the Hoo; I hope you did so, and that a few days' rest and the feeling of home, which, after all, is medicinal come from where one will, has quite set you up again. We talked of you all at Munden, as you all deserved to be talked of, and I can most conscientiously say that no particle of your liking for them is lost.

I am, as you will see by my date, at Bowood,¹ a place endeared to me by recollections which go back almost to my boyish days, and are connected with all the happiest passages of my life, and still further made pleasant by the greatest kindness from the present owner. The exhortation in your last letter, which you with a modest irony call wisdom, is very truly so, and follows immediately from the philosophy which I have endeavoured to practise as well as to preach on the occasions, not a few, which I have had to call it in aid. I submit to what is inevitable, not merely because it is so, but because I see reason to believe it is of a providential character and comes through the medium of a wisdom infinitely greater than ours. This, and the consciousness that I draw sensibly towards the end of life, are my consolations under what is to me a severe privation. I can write as you see, *tant bien que mal*, and I can read by daylight, but not as I was wont—and but little by candlelight. I must throw myself, as you counsel, more on the living, and be thankful that I have many . . . [The end is missing.]

Mr. Bobus Smith to Lady Dacre

FARMING WOODS,
September 15, 1844.

With lively satisfaction, my dear Lady, I heard from Barbarina a good account of you, under your own hand. I know enough of such attacks to know that their consequences do not always cease with them, but what is of more consequence to know, and never to forget, is that they are of all attacks those which most require to be taken in time, and that life frequently depends upon it. Now, your life is still, I hope, of some value even to yourself, for you have with the help of Time, the grand assuager, and the wise and brave exertions of your own spirit, re-assumed an interest in it which is worth preserving; but, looking to those about you who are most dear

¹ [Mr. Smith married a niece of Lord Holland. In Lady Holland's "Memoirs of Sydney Smith," we find that one of his first professional duties was the marriage of his brother. He writes to his mother: "The marriage took place in the library at Bowood, and all I can tell you of it is, that he cried, she cried, and I cried." Lady Holland adds: "The only tears, I believe, this marriage ever produced, save those we shed on her grave."]

to you, is it not true, without the least romancing, that upon your life depends the comfort and welfare of them all? How entirely you are the life and soul of my old friend you must be well aware; and independently of their very great affection for you, you cannot but know how valuable to your granddaughters are your guidance and countenance—to what does all this tend, quoth you? Why, madam, to no less than reproaching you for risking all this under a false notion of fortitude rather than give an alarm—possibly premature, but at all events comparatively small—in a case where timely precaution may be of such infinite consequence. Think what would be your own feelings, and what would be theirs, if at any time, for want of such an alarm, one of these attacks were to take an ill turn, as I can assure you it is very possible that at any time they may.

Away then, I beseech you, with this theatrical heroism of bearing pain, and call out aloud, as your *duty* is, on the first intimation of it, even though you wake your husband from his first sleep—that disturbance may save him many sleepless nights. Thus have I vented my indignation, not perhaps so vehemently as I should if I had eyes to see at greater length. I know you will take it in good part, for it is your habit of kindness to me to do so; it is, I believe, the first time I ever preached cowardice to you—but such cowardice is courage and generosity when its object is to preserve a blessing to others.

My visit to you all gave me great pleasure, and so did the sequel at Munden. I enjoyed the drive with Barbarina very much, and we felt as little anxiety as can be felt by persons eloping: only one alarm—a cartload of persons from Kimpton village—but they let us go by as if there was nothing in it.

God bless you, my dear friend, and preserve you long to those who bear you a hearty affection, and be not wanting to His providence by neglecting yourself. Remember me cordially to Dacre, and continue to number among the above described, your affectionate

R. S.

This, which I am sorry to say is the last letter in my possession, refers to a visit to Munden, which is

about fifteen miles from the Hoo and to which Mr. Smith took me in his carriage with him ; this was always called our elopement. I well remember the drive, how kind he was, talking to me on all subjects, and repeating to me Shirley's beautiful lines, "The glories of our birth and state," etc. I can hear now the solemn ring of the last lines, and they have been associated with him in my mind ever since :

All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

This was little more than six months before his death, which followed close upon that of his brother Sydney. I cannot forbear quoting from Lady Holland's life of her father :

Nothing can be more affecting than to see these two brothers thus parting on the brink of the grave ; for my dear uncle only left my father's deathbed to lie down on his own, literally fulfilling the petition my father so touchingly made to him in one of his early letters, on hearing of his illness, "to take care of himself and wait for him," and before the end of a fortnight had followed him to the grave.

The letter referred to is dated Hestington, 1813.

DEAR BOBUS,—

Pray take care of yourself. We shall both be a brown infragant powder in thirty or forty years. Let us contrive to last out for the same or nearly the same time ; weary will the latter part of my pilgrimage be, if you leave me in the lurch.

Ever your affectionate brother,
SYDNEY SMITH.

Bobus was the elder brother of Sydney Smith (his son, Vernon Smith, was afterwards Lord

Lyveden), and had passed a great deal of his early life in India as a lawyer. He was a friend of Lord Dacre's, and I have always understood that when he had shut himself completely away from the world, broken-hearted by the death of his wife and a very promising eldest son, nothing but the friendship between the two and the consequent friendship for my Grandmother, could have succeeded in bringing him out of his retirement. His health was not good either. Lord Dacre and others held that he was far superior in talent and power to his brother Sydney, as also in real wit ; but he had not the animal spirits and irresistible fun of the other, and there is no need to compare them.

Bobus was always extremely kind to me as a girl, and it was through him we made friends with his niece, Mrs. Hibbert, and her delightful husband, Nathaniel Hibbert. One of the greatest pleasures to myself and my sister, as long as she lived, was a visit to Munden. We went sometimes separately, and sometimes together, and enjoyed the place, the people we met, and the kindness of our host and hostess to the utmost. My friendship with Mrs. Hibbert continued till her death, though I did not see her so often latterly from various causes.

Mrs. Hibbert was Sydney Smith's youngest daughter (Saba, wife of the doctor, Sir Henry Holland, being the other). She was very clever, extremely cultivated, and well-read, and having passed her life with clever people at home and clever people in society, was a delightful companion. I say companion, as, though she was older than I was, we were on that footing. Mr. Hibbert was, I think, the most agreeable man I ever met, full of cleverness and knowledge, very original in his views, and with

that rare and valuable gift of making those he talked to feel as if they were clever too. He managed to make the stupidest people worth listening to, and brought out all that there was to be found in them. I was very fond of him, and he was the kindest of friends to me. The time I passed with those two at Munden, in the early days when all went well and the children were young and happy, is perhaps the brightest I can remember. Clever people were there too: Sydney Smith himself, overflowing with drollery, so that we used to come in to breakfast feeling quite weak with laughing after wandering round the garden with him. Mrs. Marcet I remember being there with him, and the fun he made about her scientific books, which she enjoyed as much as any one.

Sydney Smith christened me from one of the shrubs in the garden "*Berberis dulcis*," and another name for me was *Minerva*, as a companion to Emily Holland (Mrs. Charles Buxton), who was very pretty, and who, as the daughter of Sir Henry Holland, he called the "*Venus de Medecis*." This is mentioned in Lady Holland's life of her father, but my name is not given.

Lady Dacre to her granddaughter, Barbarina Sullivan

Sunday, September 1844.

MY PRECIOUS BARB,—

Gert has written, I find, and sent men and horses in all directions, (on a Sunday, wicked child!) and *piétons* that are to wear out all their shoes, and "file their souls" into the bargain on my account. I shall be ashamed to face them all, as I am my two doctors after all their fuss made with me, while so many poor folks "be so bad o' their stomicks" and nothing done for them. I have had a little broth, and am to pick a bit of chicken at dinner, and think of it with a sort of eagerness, when the very mention of food yesterday was resented as an insult. Dr. Hawkins said: "Get all the sleep you can, and don't touch anything unless you

wish for it," and most implicitly did I obey—taking a few saline draughts, as ordered, and a few sips of barley water till about ten o'clock this morning I meekly consented to a cup of tea. They don't let me alone though, and are going to give me more nasty things—for the look of the thing, I believe. Upon my word, my love, if you had stayed here on my account I should have gone wild. I never could have got well under such a trial to my temper, which should be at this moment accommodated with a straight waistcoat. I only feel sorely bruised and beaten within and without, and *du reste* am a healthy old woman. Of course I cannot have much to tell you. Gertrude Seymour has been all kindness, and her George pleasantness personified. My own Gert so good a nurse that if I had had you too, I should have had an *embarras de richesse*. Tell my dear old friend how sorry I was not to see him yesterday morning.

There is above the letter from Bobus Smith, "The dear old friend," written on September 15, alluding to what was called our elopement to Munden to which my Granny refers.

Lady Dacre to her granddaughter, Barbarina Sullivan

1844.

. . . about Shakespeare and Lamb's book: he is very right for himself and for all enthusiasts and literary persons, and persons of strong imagination, highly cultivated taste, and deep feeling. Such minds can by their own fireside supply all the accessories much better than the Kemble perfection of costume and Stanfield's pencil. But all dramatic compositions are addressed to the *many*, and how many such are among the audience? Half a dozen perhaps, and shall not the many have their highest delight. Your Sandpaper¹ among the rest, who delighted in her day in all the accessories as much as a lamplighter sucking his orange in the first gallery. His nature and truth and dramatic merit are as wonderful in their way as his

¹ I used to say my Granny was the sandpaper on which I sharpened my wits, or something to that effect.

high poetic beauties, and shall they be lost? Why not read him and read him as long as one has an eye in one's head, and see him into the bargain, and hear him, too, done justice to by a Siddons? Will anybody dare to tell me that Lady Macbeth and Coriolanus's mother's characters would ever have been thoroughly understood and relished, if they had never been "realised" by her? Many of the poetical beauties even have derived additional, or rather developed, beauty from Kemble! No, I do not think that any one can know the full meaning of "Be thy tears wet?" who has not seen and heard John Kemble. Nor do I believe the high tone of wit and comedy in Queen Mab's pranks could be thoroughly estimated had not Charles Kemble given it as he did. So I say "Act away, my boys, and read away too." By both you get all the beauties of opposite natures, and do not prevent the imagination from going its own lengths into the bargain. I speak as a lover of the art perhaps, but I *could* so lend myself to the representation when young, and these "learned Thebans" of yours perhaps could not. Acting is certainly a natural impulse. Children begin impersonating things the moment they can play at all. How positively one feels oneself the personage one is acting. I was Nurse Hushem (in my old age too) to my heart's core. How does one enter into the person's skin that is acting before one *pour peu* that he or she does it well! That it seems sacrilegious to act Shakespeare abominably and to mutilate his glorious works, I agree, but there they are! It does not hurt them, and one need not go, as I would not *now*, if I had a hundred ears; but I confess I have received, in my youth, more lively pleasure in seeing him acted by the Kembles and Young than even in reading him alone. Fanny, when acting Juliet, was in the midst of all the pasteboard and scene-shifters, and everything most destructive to illusion, with Romeos who turned her stomach—no wonder with her imagination and all the etceteras stated, that she felt disgust and, poor thing! flew to Butler for refuge—into what a *fire*, out of such a trifle of a frying pan! Ye powers!

I'll read your Lamb, however, if I can lay my hand on him—I cannot get any one thing I want from Rolandi or Ridgeway. Panizzi promised "Arnoldo di Brescia," but has never sent it.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to Lady Dacre

BRIGHTON,

November 27, 1844.

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I was just about to send off my letter to Lord Dacre, when yours reached me with some others from Knebworth. My steward, whose charge it was to direct on my letters, had gone to town—to be married! (may heaven not visit him too roughly in that affliction!) and therefore, in his calamity, I suffered myself.

I am very much flattered that you should have thought my presumptuous fault-finding worth so much attention. Unfortunately I have not here your volume to compare the lines therein with those you kindly sent me, but of one thing I am sure, that the most scrupulous word-weigher could not find anything unpoetical in the line, “Little by little, although playful wise.”

The antique and Spenserian turn of the verse removes all prosaicism from “Little by little,” if indeed that phrase is in itself prosaic, which I doubt. My own theory about poetic diction (on which, by the way, I could write a volume), is that no words that belong to the native genius of the language are unpoetic, and that most words borrowed from the Latin, and many from the Greek, are essentially so. I should like to see bold attempts made to restore old poetic words, which are lost to us now, and for which we have substitutes we cannot use in poetry. I take two which I think have been noticed by D’Israeli, the *Elder*. Suppose, in the drama, we want to use a word in the sense of “vagabond,” which we really often do, the nice ear would be shocked by the [illegible] and Latinised prosaicism of the word, but how fine is the old English synonym “scatterling”! So again, “executioner” is a word always wanted in tragedy, and is insufferable; but how grim and dark is our own national word “doomsman”! To return to the phrase in question, “Little by little” is, I think, too genuinely English to be unpoetic, and too liquid to be harsh. “Little” is to my mind the proper word when you want to express the idea, and the Latin word “diminutive” would be atrocious! “Pretty” seems

by itself a hackneyed and almost vulgar word, yet in Shakespeare, who employs it often, how charming it is! Words depend upon the artist for their effect, and no natural word in good hands can ever be prosaic. I was very much struck with this in German, where, properly speaking, there is no poetic vocabulary. The homeliest words really German are always the most poetic; but when they borrow French, Greek, and English words, which they do frequently, the whole passage is spoilt, and the finest vulgarised. I cannot dismiss the passage which you have sent me without again playing the Zoilus! I am not sure that you cannot amend what seems to me almost tautology in the lines, "And in sportive guise, Little by little although playful wise." See what you bring on you when once opening the door to criticism. No! I did not see the bad grammar; in good poetry it is a fault that readily escapes one. In spite of its real vulgarity, and of its being specially pointed out to him, Byron never altered the sin against Priscian, "There let him lay," in his grand stanzas on the ocean in "Childe Harold," and after all, it hardly seems a blot—so great is our pleasure in the whole. The bad grammar of our learned Milton furnishes some of his most quoted passages, as "The fairest of her daughters, Eve." But I must come to a close. Adieu, my dear Lady Dacre, and believe me, your ladyship's most faithful servant,

E. B. LYTON.

Sonnet XIX. "Petrarch," Part II. Sonnet 47. I find that in the translations now printed "Little by little" does not appear, but Sir E. Bulwer Lytton seems to have overlooked the comma, which alters the sense, which he apparently attributed to the words, "Playful wise": "though playful, wise" is the right reading.

[Gertrude Sullivan's journal, which follows, gives an excellent account of the way the days passed at the Vicarage about this time.]

CHAPTER VIII

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN'S JOURNAL

January 10, 1844.—After making many resolutions never to keep a journal, here I am, having actually bought a copy-book for the very purpose, and I am determined to keep it for some little time just to see whether or not *le jeu vaut la chandelle*!

We dined at the Hoo to meet the Blakes,¹ who were very amusing and agreeable as usual. Miss Blake told me that when the first railroad was established in Russia, the poor, ignorant serfs were convinced that the English engineers had confined a devil inside the engine which drew the train, and made the various screams, pantings, puffings, groans, etc., which they heard. The coal and water they imagined to be its food.

I have not read a word to-day, which is too disgraceful; I must do better to-morrow.

16th.—Had breakfast at nine. Did the boys' lessons. We have made the boys begin German, which they will like, I think. After luncheon we went to the school; heard the first class read: Barbarina distinguished herself in questioning and explaining. Then we sat ages with Mrs. Adams talking over our cheap soup and stews. It is more difficult than I supposed to feed a family more cheaply than they do, especially as there being but one butcher's shop, all meat is dear for want of competition. Nevertheless, I do not give up my idea that less bread and more meat would be better. Mrs. Adams said they spent 6s. 6d. a week in flour, which gave them a quartern loaf a day, certainly not over much for themselves and six children. She is willing, however, to try, and likes our taking an

¹ [William Blake, Esq., of Danesbury, Welwyn, and his sister Fanny.]

interest in her affairs. We then proceeded, book in hand, to Mrs. Hilliard, to whom we gave 1 lb. of rice (3*d.*) to make into rice-milk, and recommended our book, which they said they should like to read, so we left it with them, with permission to Sarah Gray, who was there, to take it home and read it also. They all laughed immensely at our cooking propensities, particularly when we told them that we were going to have some soup made without meat of any sort for dinner: it was excellent, but gives a good deal of trouble. We afterwards gave Mrs. Ellingham 1 lb. of rice, and leaving "The Travels of Rolando" for Edward Crew to read, came home.

17*th.*—Had a headache, and was dying with cold all the morning; our fire would not burn, and the room was 12 degrees below temperate. We dined at the Hoo; stitched away at our work, but not so dolorous as I expected from Granny's account of Grandpapa's spirits.

18*th.*—Got up full of the best intentions, meaning to be a pattern of industry; but at breakfast came the announcement that Mr. Oakley's little dogs would meet at eleven o'clock; after all his good nature in letting us know, we could not refuse to go, so at half-past eleven we trudged off. The day was lovely, very warm, with a soft wind, and we stayed till one o'clock, enjoying it very much, only wishing for Harry!

The boys came home; they saw the Ojibbeway Indians yesterday, and seem much pleased with their trip.

25*th.*—Finished Napier's "Peninsula War," which on the whole I am not sorry for, though it has interested me very much and is well worth reading. I never knew anything like his admiration for Buonaparte; not only does he admire his talents, but his morality and his character, public and private. Soult he also praises highly; in short, he praises his adversaries nobly, and as a soldier should do. I re-read the four first books of Pope's "Iliad," which amused me so much that I think I shall read it all through. I do not think I have looked at it since the time we used to read our old nursery copy at breakfast, and made it our favourite book. After dinner I read a short play of Tiecks, "Der Abschied," which I rather like; part

of it is clever, I think, particularly where Louise and Ferdinand meet.

The new carriage is arrived, and is highly approved of by everybody.

26th.—We all four went for a walk before luncheon, having, for a wonder, found Papa at liberty. The day quite beautiful and with a feel like spring, though the wind was cold. After lunch we spent some time in routing out books for our bookcase upstairs; amongst others a number of Spanish books, poems, plays, dictionaries, and grammars, for we have quite determined upon learning Spanish.

February 3.—We read a bit more of our "Oberon," and have but two more cantos to read. I read a few pages, just before coming to bed, of Miss Martineau's "Life in a Sick Room." The dedication, I should think, might be meant for Lady Calcott, but I am not sure whether she wrote it before her death or not. It is only just published; and even if written a few years ago, she would hardly print it now if it was meant for her. I have not yet read enough to know what I think of the book, but I think I shall like it.

7th.—We received a most beautiful present from Uncle Willy—no less than all Alison's "History of Europe," with a note from him to say he had perceived a vacuum in our bookcase and he hoped this would fill it. Finished Miss Martineau's "Life in a Sick Room," which I like very much indeed, and should think very true. It makes me long to know her, and I admire it more than anything I have ever before read of hers. Read on Monday several articles of *The Edinburgh Review*. Michelet's "History of France" reviewed, which makes me wish to get the book; the articles on infant and female labour, which are dreadfully painful even to read; and that on Countess Hahn-Hahn's books, which must be very clever, very interesting, but exhibiting a state of society which does not speak well for the morals of Germany.

9th.—Spent the whole day in airing the many drawings and prints in our room, and then arranging

them in order. We could not get them done till half-past five o'clock, though we worked at it all day yesterday too. We found quantities of sketches by Cipriani which I knew nothing about or had quite forgotten. Granny came at two o'clock, and stayed some time. Frank went off to school about ten o'clock in the gig with Papa; they arrived at Biggleswade at one o'clock.

After dinner I read O'Connell's speech, which surprised me by its extreme moderation, and has quite redeemed him in my eyes from all charge of hypocrisy or evil intentions. I am all on his side now, and think Ireland should have a Parliament of its own. Anything, it seems to me, must be an improvement; any change of any sort. It is most wonderful the command O'Connell must have over the people to keep them so orderly and well-behaved when assembled in such bodies.

10th.—Began copying a most lovely sketch of Cipriani's for Lady Bouchier, as after her gift of the Indian ink it would not do to go to town without taking her something. Had a long comfortable talk with Papa while he was dressing for dinner at the Hoo. In looking over his account-book, found that we spent this last year about £112, which I do not think much for ourselves and the boys' linen. Last year (1842) it was £103; in 1841 it was £75.

14th.—Drew a good deal this morning. Emily and papa dined at the Hyde. We finished Corneille's "Horace," which is a thousand times finer than the Italian. The last act I did not like, but some of it is very fine. I finished the last of the two dozen handkerchiefs I undertook to hem and mark, and mended some satin shoes. Barbarina had an ill-written, regular schoolboy's epistle from Frank, apparently very happy and contented.

21st.—We two went to the Hyde last Thursday, and only came home yesterday. While at the Hyde I read Paget's new book, "The Pageant," a bigoted, narrow-minded book, consisting merely of a stupid story to act as a peg whereon to hang some extracts from the Commissioner's reports concerning the poor milliners,

whom I pity from my soul, but I cannot see the use of uttering all sorts of maledictions and curses on the fine ladies and the nation at large, when the fault lies principally with the employers. It (the book) also mentions the new Poor Law as an institution for which England deserves, and, as he says, will surely receive a heavy punishment.

I also read Kohl's "Ireland," which I like, particularly as it appears to give an intelligent, impartial account of the present state of the country. The state of misery far beyond what I had imagined, but one feels, nevertheless, that the Irish have so many noble qualities that they must some day improve. He gives one a grand idea of Father Matthew and of the good he has done, but raises doubts as to its continuance should he die soon; surely, however, such disinterested efforts to do good to his countrymen cannot but have beneficial results. I have also finished the article on "Ireland" in *The Edinburgh Review*, and O'Connell's speech (as I mentioned before), Lord John Russell's standing up for him, Lord Stanley's on the Government side, consisting chiefly of an attack on the Whigs, Macaulay's, which I like much, and Lord Howick's, which I like still better, as he boldly says, without flinching from the truth, what he thinks the only thing to be done: to give them all they have a right to, not as a favour but *as* their right, and to restore to the Roman Catholic Church what the Protestants have robbed her of, that a population of which more than two-thirds are Catholics may have every opportunity of learning their religion. I cannot understand their delaying to make Catholics in every way stand on an equality with the Protestants; they are Christians, and why refuse to them, more than to the Scotch Presbyterians, or our Dissenters, the privileges which belong to all British subjects?

I am so full of poor Ireland that I should go on forever, and probably write heaps of nonsense, if it had not long struck twelve, so I must get to bed.

23rd.—Came to town.¹ The day cold and wretched. Wrote to the boys in the evening, made myself an account book, arranged my books, clothes, etc. Papa

¹ [To her Grandmother's, 2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.]

gave me £12, and I am determined to keep my money separate this year.

24th.—The carriage not being ready, we got a fly and went off to Belgravia, where we called on a great many folk, who were not at home, and a great many who were, amongst others Lady Mildmay, who seemed in very low spirits about her son's health, though he is by way of being better. We went on to the Bouchiers,¹ who have a small house in Chapel Street, the smallest thing ever seen, but most comfortable, fitted up with wedding presents, and foreign things brought home by Sir Thomas. For instance, their skreens are Chinese banners, and Chinese idols are stuck about, and many of their books have been half over the world. Next we went to Lady Howick's, who has been ill, and is still weak. She was most cordial and affectionate, lively and agreeable as usual, and very proud of Lord Howick's last speech on Irish affairs.

25th.—Mr. Whitbread called and said they all had been in town a few days, but should go away Thursday, so they are to dine here to-morrow. Began reading Liebig's "Letters on Chemistry," which amuse and interest me much.

26th.—A most prosperous day: we accomplished more than can be told. Called on numbers of people, many of whom were not at home, and were let in at most of those we wished to see, except by Mrs. Sartoris, the Bruces, Sydney Smiths, and Hollands, where we went upon hearing the Hibberts were staying there until Thursday.

Ordered a pianoforte, and then proceeded to Eaton Square, where we found Maria Codrington² and the Admiral, who was so delighted to see us that he kissed Granny and then me with great affection. Maria very agreeable, full of Miss Edgeworth's charms; we are to call on her to-day. We also called

¹ [Captain Sir Thomas Bouchier, R.N., K.C.B.; married Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., K.S.L., etc. Admiral of the Red, distinguished at Navarino.]

² [Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., and his daughter Maria.]

on Lady Morley, whom we did not expect to find in town, but there she was, and we could not tear ourselves away from her. She was so very, very dear, affectionate, everything that was darling, that I could have cried if she had not made me laugh all the time. She says she will come to the Hoo at Easter, dine here every day and all day if we like; if to see us alone, all the better, nothing can be nicer; if to meet friends, what so charming? if to meet strangers, she particularly likes strangers; if they are rich, how delightful! if poor, it does not matter, they are our friends; so her heart is open, "she loves them already and would willingly embrace them; will go to the play with them—anything in the whole world!"

She told us a story of Lady Holland which beats anything I ever heard. She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her), and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs, and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought to her. When she went up to the drawing-room again, she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I like that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it, it is a very nice one—pray whose is it?" Did any one ever hear such a thing? I cannot imagine why people should bear her impertinence. Our visit to Lady Morley put us in such spirits that we both laughed about nothing all the way home. We caught a glimpse of Lady Farquhar in the street and exchanged a few words. Whitbreads¹ dined here in the evening: Aunt Julia quite charming but rather quiet; Gert very agreeable, and looking extremely pretty. We had a snug comfortable evening together in my room, while Granny and Aunt Julia had theirs in the other.

¹ [Samuel Whitbread Esq. of Cardington; married Lord Dacre's sister Julia.]

27th.—Went to Waterloo House, and got through some shopping, and called on our poor Bobus, who has had the influenza very severely, and is much weakened by it. He is very blind, more so than when at the Hoo, I am afraid, but spoke of it with the greatest patience, saying that he was very fond of the saying of one of his old Greek friends: "The gods have given us stern endurance to meet inevitable evils." This he repeated with great fire and energy two or three times, as if he felt it more and more each time. He said it was a consoling thought that whatever evils might befall him, he knew it was not for long, which was the greatest comfort old age afforded, and a great one it must be, I should think. He no longer tries to look at the person he speaks to, but his eyes wander up and down, from the ceiling to the floor, apparently without taking in any objects.

We also went to look at Chantrey's statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square, which Granny admired very much for the perfect ease and grace of the horse and man: without knowing anything about the horse, I thought it beautiful. We both flew into a rage with Nelson's Monument: a colossal statue of a thing in a cocked hat, with one empty sleeve, stuck up on the point of a pin, is all one can make out. I wish it had been on a platform only a little higher than the statues at the four corners of the square.

Before we came in we called on Lady Grey,¹ and had a long chat with her. She is now obliged to devote her whole time to the General, from the time he gets up till he is in bed, so that she says she has not touched a pencil for five months! She has left off sitting up with him as her health would not stand it, and she says she has quite got back the power of sleeping. She gets out before nine or ten o'clock a little, and I believe now, during Lent, attends at eight the morning service at the new church in Wilton Crescent (St. Paul's). Some say this church is very *Pusey*, but Lady Grey says not the least; the clergyman, I know, insists much on daily service, but

¹ [Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart.; married the Hon. Sir Harry Grey, G.C.B., brother of the 2nd Earl Grey.]

whether he is a Puseyite in more important matters I do not know.

28th. The Talbots and Miss Talbot, W. Codrington, Sir C. Ogle,¹ and Aunt Talbot² to dine. I sat by Mr. Talbot (Pompey), and we remained for some time perfectly silent, till I, knowing his literary propensities, made an observation on books, whereupon we launched forth, and never ceased chattering till the end of dessert. He was so amusing I could not help liking him. We talked a great deal about Grant and his Nestorians. Mr. Talbot said, after reading Grant's book, he firmly believed it all, but that he had since seen one by a Mr. Kinsworth (I think) showing Grant's facts to be at best doubtful. The Afghans, it seems, are quite as likely to be the lost tribes; they call themselves the children of Israel, and have amongst them the tombs of many of the patriarchs—Lamech among the rest. Mr. Talbot, however, did not believe this a bit more than the Nestorians. We then talked much about Schiller and Germans in general; then of Ireland and its old MSS., the language and character in which they were written, and their probable age. A book, it seems, has been lately written attempting to read the tables found in Etruria. The author takes it for granted that the Irish language is monosyllabic, which is by no means certain, and the aim of his work is to prove that these tables are Phœnician, that they are in the Irish language (which is therefore Phœnician), and that they give an account of the first visit made by these people to Ireland, with numerous sailing directions. It appears to be an ingenious book, but not very probable, being *grounded* on *grounds* not well proved.

Just as the Talbots took their departure, in came the Hollands,³ Hibberts,⁴ and Lady Morley fresh from Bobus's—Lady Morley bursting with droll anecdotes, her fun running over. Mr. Hibbert talked to Grand-

¹ [Sir Charles Ogle, Admiral of the Fleet, Lady Dacre's eldest brother.]

² [Arabella, his sister; married first to Hon. Edward Bouverie, and secondly to Hon. Richard Talbot, who died in 1843.]

³ [Henry Holland, afterwards created a baronet, and his wife Saba, daughter of Sydney Smith.]

⁴ [Nathaniel Hibbert, Esq., of Munden House, Herts, and his wife.]

papa. I had a comfortable coze with Mrs. Hibbert and a good look at Miss Holland, who is lovely¹—such an innocent countenance. If I had been able to tear myself away from Mrs. Hibbert and Lady Morley, I should have set about making friends with Miss Holland. The Colbournes looked in for a moment only—very cordial as usual.

March 1. Went to see young Westmacott's figures for the Royal Exchange, which are quite beautiful. They are to be nearly 100 feet above the ground on the pediment of the building, and the shape is peculiarly awkward, as it becomes narrow at the ends; he has, however, managed it cleverly. In the midst stands a fine dignified figure of Commerce, in which he has carefully avoided giving her the dress, features, or character of any particular nation, but has merely made her a quiet, commanding figure receiving the tributes poured in by all nations. There is a Chinese, a Greek, an Armenian, Hindoo, Turk, Mahommedan, Persian, a scribe or factor, a sailor (English), and English citizens in their official robes, so as to avoid the modern English dress, while the natives of foreign countries are to a certain degree clothed according to their real costume. The different countenances seem to me well kept, and the attitudes graceful and easy, particularly those of the English sailor and the factor.

They are at present exhibited in his room, where they are well lighted and better seen than they will ever be when on the building; it really is grievous to think of their being placed so high as to be lost to every one but the people inhabiting the top rooms of the houses opposite. Westmacott gets but £3,000 for this splendid work, and provides the stone, labour, carriage, scaffolding, and runs all the risk of accidents in the removing, so that far from gaining anything he only does not lose; but he says he is young and unmarried, with no one to care about but himself, and he does it for fame. He is evidently enthusiastic to a degree about his art.

We also went to see Knight's two pictures of the Peninsula heroes assembled at Apsley House, which pleased Granny much from the exactness of the por-

¹ [Emily Holland, daughter of the above; married Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P., of Foxwarren, Surrey.]

traits. I knew none but poor Lord Lynedoch, who was painted last year, two months before his death. It is extremely like him, and gives to almost a painful degree the look of helplessness and infirmity.

2nd. Miss Edgeworth called with her sister, Mrs. Wilson, who fell to my share, while Granny talked to Miss Edgeworth, who was most agreeable. Seeing that one eye and one ear were intent on her sister's proceedings, Mrs. Wilson good-naturedly held her tongue. Miss Edgeworth is a very small, crumpled-up old woman, with a most pleasing countenance; she crept close to Granny, and in an audible voice talked on. She stayed a long time, and, after the ceremonies of meeting after thirty years were done, she was most amusing—full of anecdotes and clever remarks.

Granny reminded her of a ride which one of Miss E.'s sisters was to have taken with her, she (Miss E.) having begged Granny to take charge of her sister, upon which she said, "*Ah, je m'y connais*, so like my impudence!" She also mentioned a saying of Madame de Stael's, which has occasioned much dispute as to the wording of it. Speaking of a cousin she was much attached to, she said: "*Elle a tous les talents qu'on m'accorde, et toutes les vertues qu'on me refuse,*" or "*Elle a tous les talents qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertues qui me manquent,*" which last Miss Edgeworth likes best as having more finesse than the other. The whole conversation was so completely unlike any other two old ladies meeting on a morning visit that I should have liked to have noted down all they said.

We dined at the Codringtons¹ in the evening. I sat between Sir Thomas Bouchier and Sir Henry Bunbury, whom I perfectly delight in. We talked a great deal about geology and different theories, and all sorts of interesting subjects. He was once a great geologist; but now his son, who is secretary to the Geological Society, knows so much more that he says he does not dare to speak on the subject. This geological son Granny was introduced to, and instantly asked him for our tea on Thursday, and also Sir Frederick Nicholson, who came in for one minute.

¹ [Colonel, afterwards General Sir William Codrington, G.C.B., and his wife, who was Miss Mary Ames.]

15th. Went down to Ember Court with Uncle Willy. Aunt Jean¹ had a bad headache, and was unable to come down; the three girls, however, were very glad to see us. Edward² is grown a tall, very thin lad, and does not look at all strong.

I was particularly struck with the house and the comfort of the drawing-room, with its two bay windows, and hung round with good paintings. One of a Jewish rabbi by Rembrandt, which hangs over the chimney-piece, is beautiful. In the library hangs Sir J. Reynolds's celebrated portrait of Garrick, and in the dining-room is one of Teniers' best. There are several Guidos, Canaletti, Poussin, Caracci, one of Vandyke's, and many others by painters whose names I forget. I could only look at them in a great hurry, but if they wish me to go and stay there a day I shall examine them at my leisure. We stayed at Ember till three, when they walked with us to Esher, where we got on the railroad and were in town in half an hour.

16th. Bobus, Admiral Codrington and Maria, and Mr. Bunbury dined here. Bobus is grown infinitely more infirm, and his blindness increases very fast. He placed himself at the dinner-table as soon as he came, and did not attempt getting upstairs after dinner, so we returned to the dining-room. He and the Admiral talked much about the site of Navarino; it seems there has been a great dispute as to whether or not it is mentioned by the Greek historians, and under what name. Bobus quoted Greek authors, and the Admiral talked of his own experience, so they made it out very well together. Mr. Bunbury Grandpapa thought clever, and he would be agreeable if he had not such an odd, hesitating manner of speaking. We looked in for a minute at Mrs. Drummonds, but found every one going, so we went too. Westmacott was there; I like him better every time I see him. There is a report that he will marry Mrs. Drummond, but I do not think it likely. He is so clever that it would be a pity for him to abandon his profession.

¹ [Daughter of Robert Taylor, Esq.; married Sir Charles Sullivan, Bart., in 1818.]

² [Afterwards Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.]

18th.—Dined with Bunburys. The other people there were Lady de Dunstanville, whom Lady Morley calls an *à-propos* woman, H. Codrington, Wollaston Blake, and a few strange men. I sat between Mr. Bunbury and Mr. Blake, and we all three talked nineteen to the dozen. Mr. Bunbury is very unlike other young men, clever and very odd; whenever I meet him we invariably talk of books or something much more sensible than might be expected at a party. Lady Bunbury I like very much, she is so civil and so kind to me.

The Colbournes, Bouchiers, and some unknowns came in the evening, but we left early and went to a party at Mrs. Drummond's, which was very pleasant. Lady Morley was there and Miss Lister, to whom she introduced me; Westmacott, whom I do not think Mrs. Drummond, from her open praise of him, has an idea of marrying; the Sydney Smiths, Milmans, Mr. Babbage, Faraday, Professor Wheatstone, who is a little man—young, with spectacles—whom I should never have looked at had I not been told he was a lion. Faraday was there to look at the lamps, which are his own sort and consume their own smoke, and are twice as brilliant as any others. Mrs. Drummond's house is quite lovely. Sydney Smith's idea is perfect, that the drawing-room is the nearest thing to the Arabian Nights he ever saw. The walls are painted, the ceiling painted and gilt, the chairs white and gold, and looking-glasses in all directions. Mrs. Drummond was pleasant, as I think she generally is, and keeps her people well alive by always moving. Heard two sayings of Sydney Smith's: one that when some one having asked Westmacott why among his figures he had no American, he answered that the costume would be so like the English as to make no distinction. "Distinction!" said Sydney Smith, "make some one presenting the American with a bill, and him slinking away behind the barrels." Also his opinion of fashionable society, which is, that it is high table-land, very flat and cold.

22nd.—Went to Landseer's by appointment, who showed us all his paintings, finished and unfinished. His largest is an otter hunt with Lord Aberdeen's hounds: the huntsman, in red, stands in the midst hold-

ing the otter on the top of a long spear, and the dogs all looking up, barking and jumping at it. Some are wet and dirty, some, bit by the otter, whining with pain, others leaping on the man; in short, in every possible attitude. The picture is not yet finished. There is one of the Queen and Prince in one of the rooms at Windsor, with a view of the garden from the window, which, Landseer says, he has been obliged to copy exactly, as also the carpet, paper, curtains, etc. The Prince is seated on a sofa in his shooting jacket (sitting, that the Queen may not look too short) and the Queen standing near him, evidently listening with eagerness to his account of the day's sport. Two favourite dogs, a greyhound and spaniel, are at Prince Albert's feet, and rabbits, hares, and wild fowl are lying about, while the Princess Royal is playing with a dead duck. The picture is pretty, and wonderful, considering the difficulty of the subject. He has also just finished one of a Dutch lady seated in a chair with a spaniel asleep in her lap: she is very pensive, and another black and tan spaniel tries to attract her attention. This will not be exhibited, though the others all will.

Landseer is at this moment painting one of a red deer coming to the side of an American lake by moonlight, but it is in so unfinished a state that we could hardly judge of its effect. "Not so easily caught," is another of a wary old fox eyeing the bait, but too cautious to bite. The fox is actually alive: the coat is glossy, and its eyes seem ready to start out of its head. The last large picture was one of a fine brown dog surrounded by dead game of every sort, painted with a brilliancy and truth that quite startled one. These and a few sketches, amongst others one of the Queen in a black velvet riding habit with a Spanish hat and feather, and a little bit of fresco about two feet square that he had tried as an experiment. I had no idea fresco could be so bright, and admit of such finish, and the advantage of looking well in any point of view is immense. I have nearly forgotten one other large picture of a blacksmith shoeing a mare, which will be beautiful. Landseer was agreeable, courteous, and humble, as he always is, about himself.

23rd.—Did not go to the Palmerstons', as we had been out every day of the week, and Granny had not



A WOUNDED HORSE (BY LADY DACRE).

From the wax model in the possession of Mr. John Murray.

To face p. 210.

slept well. Went to Westmacott's with the Farquhars : he is making small alterations, which will do good, I think.

24th.—Panizzi and Wollaston Blake dined here and were very agreeable, but would have been ten times more so had they gone at half-past ten instead of half-past eleven. Panizzi is so warm-hearted and affectionate ; he talked much of the new dramatic poem “ Arnaldo di Brescia ” by Nicolini, which is creating such a sensation in Italy. With some difficulty, owing to the interdict, he has obtained two copies, one of which he will lend us. He speaks highly of it, and says it is full of such noble sentiments, and of praises of liberty, that he does not wonder at its being forbidden.

25th.—Papa and Uncle Will come to town for Aunt Balfour's funeral. They and Mr. Whitbread dined here, and very snug we were. Finished the “ Sorrows of Werther,” which amuse, interest, and bore me. The sentiment is too much.

26th.—Went to the opera with Papa and the Bourchiers, who were much pleased by my asking them to go with me. Carlotta Grisi delighted me more than ever : she is very decent, and dances with so much expression, you do not merely feel that you are looking at a wonderful feat, but at *spirit* overflowing with gaiety and joyousness. She moves her arms very gracefully ; in short, is always graceful all over, and as if she could not help it.

27th.—Called on Mrs. Sartoris, who seemed out of spirits. I was much struck by her likeness in voice and manner to our poor dear Fanny,¹ and also by a bust she has of Fanny, which is extremely like. Went to Lady Bunbury's in the evening. She lies under a mistake if she thinks about nine people in two large rooms make a pleasant party. I liked it however, for I had a long parley with Mr. Bunbury about languages—French, English, German, and Italian, and their different *geniuses* : the power all three, but our own, have of tutoyer-ing, etc., etc. ; ending with Petrarch

¹ [Fanny Kemble.]

and Granny's Translations, of which she has given Lady Bunbury a copy.

28th.—We went back to Lough's, where we saw two large groups in clay to compete for the prize in Westminster Hall. He showed us his Iago for Sir M. Ridley's Shakespeare Gallery, which is merely a fine-looking man with *rather* a sinister expression, in Roman drapery, with a mask in his hand, and therefore no more Iago than any one else in the world. It does strike me as the most foolish attempt to represent Shakespeare's characters in stone, where you have neither costume nor colouring, added to which it matters so little what they look like in comparison to what they think and say. Beauty of form has but little to say to the beauty of his Juliet, Portia, Queen Katherine, Hamlet, etc., or how could we bear to see them acted by ugly or commonplace-looking people, however well they might act? We looked at Lord Collingwood, Milo, etc., again, and at the Satan, which I admire more than ever. There is a grandeur, majestic haughtiness, and noble wickedness in it worthy of Milton's Satan: so much finer than the commonplace devils with horns and tails.

April 1.—Heard two new stories of Sydney Smith. One that when the Bishop of London and the clergyman of St. Paul's were debating as to how St. Paul's should be repaved, and objecting to wood pavement on account of some difficulties attending it, he said, "I do not know that there would be much difficulty if you two were to lay your heads together."

Then, when told that the clergyman who has been lately tried for maiming and killing his neighbour's cattle who strayed into his grounds, was not found guilty because the jury did not know what punishment to inflict, his opinion was that nothing was too severe—"Let him be torn in pieces by wild curates."

2nd.—Harry came up from Brighton at half-past eleven. A glorious day, notwithstanding which we longed too much to get home to enjoy our journey. Harry was as quiet as a mouse, which enabled me to carry down two of Barby's old models in safety. Found Frank looking well: just arrived at home. The

two boys have never left each other for a moment, and have ended with falling asleep in one bed, close together.

20th.—I have completely abandoned my journal for so long that I hardly know where to begin. I went to the Hoo from the 9th to the 12th to meet the Bouchiers, Hatty Marten, and Lady Morley, all in high force, and charming in their different ways; Lady Morley overflowing with drollery. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton dined there one night; he is ugly, and like Retsch's Mephistopheles. On the 12th Hatty went home to finish packing up, as, to our great grief, they have let Marshall's Wick for two years. On Saturday the Hoo races took place: very good. Wednesday, Frank went to school, and we returned to town. Went to a party at the Bunburys'—much pleasanter than usual, as the room was fuller—and a grand ball at Mrs. Grenfell's. Thursday, a ball at Mrs. Holland's, for which Barby came up with Mrs. Hibbert for one night: the merriest, nicest ball ever seen; knew a great many people, and danced every dance; I never enjoyed any ball half so much. Friday, went with Whitbreads and Leicesters to the play; they are only in town for a short time, and happily the very time I am here. They had the Duchess of Bedford's box at Drury Lane, but for some reason the theatre was shut up, so we went to the Haymarket, where we saw "Used Up," in which Matthews is excellent; "Grist to the Mill," in which Madame Vestris is also excellent; and a man and two sons perform wonderful feats, such as standing on each other's heads, feet, and hands, etc. To-day Papa takes Harry home, calling for Barbarina on his way. Granny and Grandpapa dined at the Whitbreads, but I had a headache and could not go, but stayed quietly at home reading "Arnaldo di Brescia," an Italian play, which has created a great sensation in Italy, partly on account of its being proscribed on account of the abuse of the Popes, and partly owing to the exhortations to the Italians to recover their liberty. I see that it is evidently only a vehicle for Nicolini—the author's—political opinions. It is difficult to get a copy, as every book is carefully concealed. Rolandi procured one, but it was not at home, so Panizzi has lent us his, which was sent to

him secretly. I also read a great deal of Madame de Stael's "Allemagne." I never read it before, which I wonder at, but rejoice at the same time, as I am the more able to enjoy it. It seems to me by far the cleverest work of hers I ever read, not only so cleverly thought, but so well expressed, the language so neat, so lively, and every word so happily placed that the least alteration would be for the worse. It is the most difficult book to lay down, one cannot tear oneself away from it, though it is not a book to *run* through, as there is much to think over every page. Her comparison between the German and French, their manners, language, customs, and conversational powers must be very true, I should think, and very impartial. Then the chapters upon education, and particularly on Pestalozzi's plan, are excellent. In her critiques upon German authors and their works, I was surprised to read that the "Sorrows of Werther" had occasioned a number of suicides. I do not understand why, for Werther found it most difficult and unpleasant killing himself, putting it off from day to day, and gives anything but an agreeable idea of such a way of ending one's days. All that is said of Oberon, Klopstock, Goethe's "Egmont," Joan of Arc, Mary Stuart, etc., is most amusing, and I must read "Allemagne" again when I have read "Don Carlos," "The Robbers," etc.

22nd.—Mr. Wilshire last night was full of plans to hinder Granny's model getting into the hands of people who would not appreciate it, and we hope to manage so as to keep the lottery among friends only. The Infirmary bazaar will not take place till August, so there is time to think about it. Lady Morley has given us some little things she wrote for our "Intellectual" stall; for Granny's, which we are to keep, is to be principally food for the mind, and, as Mrs. Wilshire proposes, should be opposite the refreshment stall, which should be headed "Food for the body." Went to see Julia Leicester¹ at twelve, and had a very comfortable coze with her, and then to the dentist, who did nothing to me, and then shopped. Granny bought me a bonnet, an acceptable

¹ [Julia, eldest daughter of Samuel Whitbread, of Cardington; married the Earl of Leicester in 1843.]

present just now, as I am determined to mourn no longer for Aunt Balfour! Drove in the open carriage round Regent's Park, which looks very pretty; if the trees were only twenty years older, it would look better still. Dined alone with Julia, but came away at nine, as she goes to bed then, and went to the Misses Berry, which turned out stupid, nothing but very old women whom I did not know; a very few old men, equally unknown. Miss W. Horton and I the only beings under fifty.

26th.—Again I have wonderfully neglected my poor journal. I find I cannot get up early, as I did when I first came to town.

Drove to Hampstead to see Joanna Baillic, who seemed well, but is grown very, very old. Rogers met us at her door, and talked some time to us.

27th. Lady Grey, Lady Caroline Barrington, the Bruces, Cousin Annie, and her father dined with us. Every one seemed happy, and the dinner was pleasant. Lady Morley looked in in the evening, as did the Woods, in the most cordial, friendly way, uninvited, so everything prospered. Lady Georgiana¹ and Lady Caroline much less reserved than usual, and very kind; Lady Georgiana told me at dinner she liked people to be very eager, not only in youth, but all their lives, and that the disadvantages of often saying and doing things one wished unsaid and undone the moment after, was nothing compared to the good proceeding from it. An opinion not unpleasant to me, who am always labouring in vain to be less eager, and continually scolded for my eagerness. Cousin Annie likewise asked me why I was so quiet at dinner, and why I did not talk more; not an unpleasant remark for me either! So I felt very comfortable all the evening in consequence.

We called to-day on poor Sir A. Callcott, whom I have not seen for two years, and am terribly struck with his sick and oldened look, though Granny, who has seen him lately, thought him better. He spoke much of the Prince, and praised him, saying he knew no man of his age who interested himself so much about his (Callcott's) art, and who knew so much

¹ [Lady Georgiana Grey, and her sister, Lady Caroline Barrington.]

about it, and that he heard every one—geologists, musicians, etc.—said the same; at the same time thinking himself ignorant and wishing to improve; he also has the power of listening to others, which Sir A. Callcott says is a rare and delightful talent in a royal personage.

Mr. Young² called early this morning, and was so delighted to see me that I thought he would have given me a paternal embrace, and kissed me on the forehead as he used in olden times, but he restrained himself, and only kissed my hand vehemently, dear old man! I was very glad to see him. He reminds me of old days, and is so fond of me, I should be ungrateful not to be fond of him.

30th.—Went with Mrs. Drummond to see Wheatstone's electrical telegraph, which is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It is perfect from the terminus of the Great Western as far as Slough, that is, eighteen miles; the wires being in some places underground in tubes, and in others high up in the air, which last, he says, is by far the best plan. We asked if the weather did not affect the wires, but he said not: a violent thunderstorm might ring a bell, but no more. We were taken into a small room (we being Mrs. Drummond, Miss Phillips, Harry Codrington, and myself, and afterwards the Milmans and Mr. Rich), where were several wooden cases, containing different sorts of telegraphs. In one sort every word was spelt, and as each letter was placed in turn in a particular position, the machinery caused the electric fluid to run down the line, where it made the letter show itself at Slough, by what machinery he could not undertake to explain. After each word came a sign from Slough, signifying "I understand," coming certainly in less than one second from the end of the word. Another one is worked by figures which mean whole sentences, there being a book of reference for the purpose. Another prints the messages it brings, so that if no one attended to the bell, which they all ring to call attention when they are at work, the message would not be lost. This is effected by the electrical fluid causing a little hammer to strike the letter which

¹ [The well-known actor.]

presents itself, the letter which is raised hits some manifold writing paper (a new invention, black paper, which, if pressed, leaves an indelible black mark), by which means the impression is left on white paper beneath. This was the most ingenious of all, and apparently Mr. Wheatstone's favourite; he was very good-natured in explaining, but understands it so well himself that he cannot feel how little we know about it, and goes too fast for such ignorant folk to follow him in everything. Mrs. Drummond told me he is wonderful for the rapidity with which he thinks and his power of invention; he invents so many things that he cannot put half his ideas into execution, but leaves them to be picked up and used by others, who get the credit of them.

May 2.—Came home. The country, the trees, the smells too lovely all the way down, and our rooms both quite perfect. It is impossible to say which is best, they are each so pretty in their different ways. Dawdled about all day enjoying the country air, and home. Granny showed me a translation she once made of Ugolino's account of his death, not in *terzarima*, but after Wright's fashion, beautifully done and very exact. We talked over Barby's translation of Petrarch's "Trionfo d'Amore," which she has sent to-day to Mrs. Hibbert, who set her the task. It is now polished up, and is wonderfully good I think.

I went to the school, and was pleased to find the girls much improved since I was last there in February—in writing, work, and readiness to speak and answer boldly. As usual, I am full of good resolutions, and *intend* to attend diligently to the school and village, besides my own occupations. I also intend to get up early, play on the pianoforte before breakfast, draw a great deal, read a great deal of English. (Amongst the books to be read: Alison, ten vols., Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and Hume; German and Italian, besides learning Spanish; and in addition to all this Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Petrarch, Alfieri, Spenser, more than ever.) N.B.—I will look back a month hence and see how I keep these good resolves and thousands of others floating about my mind, but not quite formed.

8th.—Drove with Emily to the Hyde. Began Sir C. Bell's "Anatomy of Expression" for my upstairs book, and Lockhart's "Life of Sir W. Scott" for my drawing-room one. Learned two Spanish verbs and a good deal of the grammar, read a little German, and drew a little, besides playing nearly an hour and a half before breakfast.

9th.—Drew, read a good deal of Lockhart, but somehow or other had no time for German or Spanish; dressed before nine, and played on the pianoforte. Sir. W. Scott's Life is very interesting, pleasantly written, and showing one how curiously his mind always, from his earliest childhood, turned to the subjects he wrote upon, and how his principal characters were generally taken from life.

June 5.—Papa took Frank to the Charterhouse, dined with Barby, and got home at half past eleven. Frank went off in good spirits, and was put under the protection of a young Blomfield, whom he met on going there in the evening. Had a good read at Sir W. Scott (after an after-dinner stroll with Emily), which was most agreeable after stitching away so many days at Frank's wardrobe.

I have been reading some pamphlets on the state of education among the lower classes abroad, as compared to England; in Switzerland, Holland, Russia (though there followed up with odious military regulations), and Germany, particularly some of the smaller states: as Würtemberg, Bavaria, etc., and it seems to be admirable. The schoolmaster having received a far better, and infinitely more extensive education than ours in the same station, and moreover having been taught to teach. The system seems to work best where parents are not *forced* to send their children, but the whole thing is in the hands of government, and none can be schoolmasters but those who, having passed satisfactorily through the elementary, normal, and finishing schools, and having proved themselves capable of instructing others from practice under superiors, have received a license, and are always subject to the inspection of government. Much more care appears to be taken abroad to educate, and not only instruct, but open the child's mind, and teach

him things suited to his station in life. The schools also for the middle classes appear admirable; they learn modern languages, geometry, botany, farming, book-keeping, mathematics, besides history, geography, etc. Oh, that they would *do* something here instead of letting whole generations grow up in a frightful state of ignorance and wickedness, while it is talked over in Parliament from year to year, and no measures taken.

18th.—Waterloo anniversary, twenty-nine years ago. I have neglected my poor journal for a whole week, and hardly know how to fetch up my distance. We went to Munden on Wednesday, and found the Edens¹ with their two eldest children. Lena, alias Eleanor, and Willie, with a nice open countenance and pretty manners—he is about fourteen, Lena seventeen. Now, having despatched these two, I will proceed to their parents. Mrs. Eden I had met one day in London, so I knew her, but Mr. Eden I had never seen since he was at the Vicarage, twelve years ago; though but six then, I remember him perfectly, and could have picked him out among a dozen people. They were both most kind to me, and have asked me to go to Battersea next month or whenever I like.

We went on Friday to Mrs. Hibbert's school, where Mr. Eden examined the children; they were quite intelligent, I think, but the questions were very easy. I admired Mr. Eden's fluency and thorough knowledge of what he was about; it would be odd certainly if he did not, as he does little else, but still practice has made him perfect to a degree!

Now, to turn to the Hibberts themselves: they were more kind, more charming than ever; I was in one long rapture all the time I was there. Mrs. Hibbert has some thought of getting up "Bulls and Frogs."² The girls have learned a good deal of it by heart, and she asked me to do it a little with them one morning under the trees. I felt inclined to be shy at standing up so completely sans theatre and theatrical dress, but I was determined not to be a fool, and as "where there's a will there's a way," I did it as well as I could.

¹ [Hon. Robert Eden, Vicar of Battersea, afterwards 3rd Baron Auckland, and Bishop of Bath and Wells.]

² [See page 152.]

Lizzie¹ would do it beautifully—no shyness, no fear of speaking loud or slowly, no fear of over-acting—she would do it almost without teaching. Katie not quite so decided a turn for it, but saying (not acting) her part nicely too.

I admire Mrs. Hibbert more than before—I think she is certainly very handsome; and the variety of expression in Mr. Hibbert's countenance is quite wonderful. One minute you see him looking worn out with pain and illness, the next he brightens up and looks animated, happy, and handsome. When he is thinking he looks so thoughtful, when scolding the dogs, etc., so very fierce, when full of fun so very malicious and good-naturedly satirical, that it would puzzle a painter to find a fixed expression to copy. They are the only two people I ever saw *both* so agreeable, clever, well-informed, and ready to talk, yet drawing out everybody else, and making all their company seem clever and agreeable too. But I may as well stop or I shall fill my journal with their perfections, which is needless, as I shall not be likely to forget them.

We went home Saturday. Papa and Emily much pleased with their visit; found Mary and her chicks just arrived from King's Walden, where they had been most happy. Monday, I came here (King's Walden) early, with papa, who came over to play at cricket on the King's Walden side against Hitchin. We beat the Hitchin eleven in one innings hollow, but our great superiority made the game stupid.

August 16.—Came here (Cardington) last Friday, and found Julia, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Vivian, and Mrs. W. Ellice; now everybody but Lady Vivian is gone: she remains for ten days longer. She is very pretty, with an Irish accent, and strong love of Ireland, which I like.

Julia cannot get about much, so I have ample time to sit with her; she and Aunt Gertie are full of nurses, etc. She drove this afternoon, and I walked with Bessie to see the lace-makers. At twelve o'clock we all met in the schoolroom and read a chapter, and a bit of Paley. We are all very full of Paley's idea as to whether or no Sunday is the Jewish Sabbath. Bessie

¹ [Married Sir Henry Holland, 2nd Bart., now Lord Knutsford, and died in 1855.]

decidedly thinks it is, and that no dinner should be cooked, beds made, slops emptied, etc. I think it a separate affair altogether, not regularly instituted, but sanctioned by custom and the Apostles meeting together to worship and break bread. So far we should imitate them, but I doubt whether we are bound further to keep it holy like the Jewish Sabbath. The disciples apparently devoted it to God's service, and so should we; but we read nothing enjoining strictness of any sort on that day. It is true the fourth commandment is there with the nine others, as the moral law which is to hold good; but then the "sabbaths and new moons" of the Jewish converts are mentioned as alike unnecessary for Christians to keep.

20th.—Stayed at Cardington till to-day, when Granny brought me home again. My trip there answered thoroughly, for I saw a great deal of Julia and Aunt Julia, and made great friends with Lady Vivian. Drove one day to Southill with Julia; we did not go in, but drove about the grounds and round the lake. It is beautiful, and the green rides among the trees and fern made me long for Taffy.

Mr. Whitbread has made Cardington an excellent house *within*, though outside the new spacious red wings look absurd each side of the old original house; the offices and tail excellent. Found Barbarina and Frank just returned from Munden, and Harry for his week's holiday.

27th.—All dined at the Hoo but me. I am not at all well, and am nearly bullied to death by Houston's medicines to cure my indigestion.

October 9.—Read Alfieri's "Oreste and Tiniolcone" aloud. Dined last Friday at the Hyde; very merry. On Monday the McLeods went away. We have all taken a great fancy to Roma. I like what little I know of her better than Mary; she is very handsome, and thoroughly Scotch all over.

A new supply of books from Rolandi arrived yesterday, and we have to-day begun Guizot's "Civilisation de l'Europe." I have got from the Hoo Rollins's "Histoire de Rome," and have boldly begun abridging it, to keep up my French a little.

11th.—Read Guizot ; began Whately on the "Errors of Romanism."

13th.—I am now in the midst of the "Errors of Romanism," which, if possible, is still cleverer, more energetic, liberal, wise, and good-doing than the other volumes. The essay on superstition is quite excellent. He does not write to show up the Romanists, but to show how their errors are those into which men naturally fall (and which the Roman Church erred in *sanctioning*, not in *originating*), and that, therefore, it behoves us to watch that we do not fall into the same errors under new names and shapes, which he proves most clearly we often do, and are likely to do, the more from our feeling sure of avoiding them, considering them as belonging only to Rome.

16th.—Blakes dined with us ; Mr. Blake very agreeable. We fulfilled our long-projected excursion to St. Alban's Abbey with Mrs. Hibbert. Barby and I went in the four-wheeled cart with Sultan, and drove into the town just at two ; and as we had put up at the Pea Hen, we saw Mrs. Hibbert and the two girls coming up the hill. They drove straight to the Abbey, whither we followed, and flew into each other's arms, to the surprise of vergers, clerks, etc. They said there was to be a funeral almost immediately, so we were not to go in ; upon this, we set off to find the fountain which bubbled up when St. Alban was thirsty and his executioners would not give him any water. Just in the right place we found the remains of a little well, bricked half over ; but alas ! filled up, and containing nothing but rubbish.

Some ruins, not far off, we determined to be those of the nunnery of Sopwell, the abbess whereof, Lady Juliana Berners, wrote one of the first books that was printed in England, concerning field sports. We then proceeded to look at an old tower, which is now built round by shops, which looked like part of a church. A man selling oysters told us it had never been anything but a watch-tower, that it could be traced back 1,100 years, and that it contained a bell only, named Grabbles, but that the baker could tell us more. To the baker's we went, and bought a penny roll as a pretence for entering the shop. The baker was very

intelligent and communicative, and had gained his information from a little book called Newcome's "History of St. Albans," lent him by a neighbouring farmer. This book stated that a nun (from Sopwell, of course), was once lost in the forest, which then occupied the present site of St. Albans (this proving it to have been in the time of the ancient Verulam), in consequence of which this tower was built, and a light always kept burning in the night and the bell tolling to guide wanderers. The name of the bell turned out to be Gabrielle; of course, so named from the nun.

After this we went back to the Abbey and spent some time there. It is nearly the oldest in England, the latest alterations having been made before William the Conqueror, though repairs have constantly been required. Within the last few years £6,000 have been expended in restoring windows (fifty) which had been blocked up, and taking coats of whitewash from the carved wood and stone, which are beautiful. It is all most remarkable, as showing the rise and fall of Gothic architecture, no specimen of which may not be found there. The ceiling is painted in little compartments, containing the arms of different kings, etc. There are many brasses in the church, of which copies have been lately taken, particularly one very large one of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester in Henry VI.'s time, who is buried in a vault, down which we went.

The carving is so much admired that casts have been taken lately for the new Houses of Parliament. Mrs. Hibbert astonished us with her knowledge of architecture and the arms of the old kings. We carried a message to her, begging her to come to the Vicarage; but her father, I am sorry to say, is ill, and she daily expects to go to Combe Florey to him, so is obliged to put it off.

30th.—Dined all four at Danesbury; no one there but Mrs. Marcet, whom I had a great wish to see. She is a very ugly old woman, by no means clever-looking or brilliant, and so thoroughly unpretending no one could imagine her to be the clever, celebrated person she is.

31st.—Had a letter from Frank. I have just read the review of Arnold's Life in the *Quarterly Review*.

It is interesting, and makes me long the more for the book, which I have never yet found at liberty. Read the last *Edinburgh Review* while at the Hoo. There is an excellent attack on the Puseyites and Newman's "Lives of the Saints." There is also a life of the great Lord Chatham by Macaulay: most interesting. I had just before read a review of his written in 1825 on Milton, which is beautiful, and it was curious to see the change in his style—so much less ornamented and figurative, though quite as vigorous. I am not sure which I prefer; on the whole the later one, I think. It is wonderful what a memory he has, what a knowledge of history, and how he seems to have lived among and intimately known those of whom he writes. He attacks Charles I. boldly, and upholds the Puritans. I am afraid his reasoning is not to be gainsaid.

N.B.—I find I am becoming a Whig; not because those around me are so, but of "my own accord," and for some reasons, whether right or wrong.

November 2.—Granny and Grandpapa went to town.

6th.—Frolick still so lame that Emily lent me Taffy. Barbarina and I had a good scamper together over Gustard Wood Common, Nomansland, Harpenden, etc. Ground very soft, and horses charming. We have finished Guizot's "Civilisation de l'Europe" aloud, and Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." The first I like, but there is a good deal of repetition; one gets on like a corkscrew, going nearly all the way back to advance one step. The latter astonishes me, to think that such a clever man as Goethe should write such odd, homely twaddle! I wonder whether it is celebrated or not. I am getting on with Pascal's "Provinciales." They are very clever. The second volume rather hangs in hand, from one's naturally getting tired of being shown a thing over and over again, when one has made up one's mind long ago.

There was an interesting article on his life in the *North British Review*. I did not realise before how great a man he was—philosopher, mathematician, theologian, etc.—nor his connection with Port Royal.

9th.—Went to the Hoo. Mr. Wortley¹ and Mr. Martin there. Mr. Wortley went away again Monday morning, leaving us charmed with him; he sang for us in the evening. Mr. Martin left on Tuesday, having got quite into our black books.

Barby went to St. Albans to fetch Emily Holland, who is come for a few days.

13th.—We have been reading Spanish, all three, not one knowing anything of it. I am, in fact, the most advanced, having worked at it for three weeks while Barbarina was in London. We took up the "*Guerras Civiles di Grenada*," and in two and a half hours got through sixteen pages, having carefully studied the rules for the pronunciation and looked through a little grammar. Miss Holland seems a *very* nice girl, and knows a wonderful quantity more than we do, I am sure. Mr. Webster and three Ames men dined.

19th.—Hibberts came, bringing Parker with them. They stayed till Friday, when they carried off Emily Holland.

I wish I had kept up my journal, but now I can only say that we were in the seventh heaven while they were here. We were *very* sorry to lose Emily Holland, who had become quite domesticated amongst us, working away in our room at Spanish, etc. I hope we shall see a great deal of her. While the Hibberts were here we had some of the Hydes to dine, Mrs. Ames, Lionel and Captain Brownrigg, and William Blake. It did pretty well, but not so well as Granny's coming down to us the evening before with Mr. Bunbury, who is at the Hoo. She left all her company—Cavendishes and Farquhars—to dine with us, and a most agreeable dinner we had.

December 8.—Sunday evening. Having all come to bed early, and having begun fires in our bedrooms in the evening, I must fetch up my poor journal, which I have shamefully neglected.

After the Hibberts and Emily Holland left, I went to the Hoo for some days to see the Farquhars and Martens, after which B. took my place, and has remained there till now.

¹ [The Hon. James Archibald Stuart Wortley, afterwards Recorder of London.]

I like Barbarina Farquhar¹ much; Maria,² no doubt, is a worthy individual, but peculiarly unpleasing. She does "literary" all day, and what is to be done with a girl who walks out in December with two books! She is poetry mad among other things.

The Martens were very nice as usual; we had a little dancing one night while they were at the Hoo, being reinforced by a party from the Hyde, including Augusta Wilson, who is there. The Martens went on to the Hyde; we have constantly dined there, and had capital dancing—polking particularly. Captain Brownrigg and Augusta Wilson and her brother making up a good many couples with us.

Now, having mentioned all important facts, for the one thing which occupies our minds! Mr. Wortley consents to act, and we are to get up "Pique and Repique" at Christmas. It has been turned into a French instead of a Polish play for the sake of the costume. B. and Mr. Wortley, hero and heroine; Rose, Blanche; Mr. Blake, Gros Jean; and I, Marguerite. For the last two days I have been up to the Hoo early in the morning in spite of the outrageous cold, and remained there helping to copy parts, etc., as the whole play had to be written out clean, and every part, of course; all without delay. To-morrow I am to walk up to breakfast, and we hope to finish B.'s part, which is all that remains, before the corps dramatique (all but Mr. Wortley) assemble at twelve to have the play read to them.

While I am in a writing humour, I may as well say we have all been full of Miss Martineau's cure, and her letters on mesmerism, which must effectually disperse any belief which may have crept into people's minds (*vide* Mrs. Hibbert in some degree); and also that I have been reading Arnold's Life. I must say how I admire him, and agree with him on almost every point; his death is very fine, and so exactly as one could wish such a man to die. I am much struck with his despondency concerning England, our national sins of commission and omission, and how deeply they weighed him down in spite of his elasticity and vigour of mind. He and Whately were great friends, and

¹ [Daughter of Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, 2nd Bart.; married Mark Milbank, Esq.]

² [Her younger sister; married William Cosway, Esq.].

Dr. Hawkins, though there seems to have been no one with whom he completely agreed, except, perhaps, the Chevalier Bunsen, whom he esteemed and respected in every point of view.

I am reading some of his sermons on the Christian life, and though some are quite excellent, yet some disappoint me by an abruptness and unwillingness to go too deep into matters from want of space and time—a general vagueness, as if they were but introductions to something longer; in short, some do not come up to what I expected from him.

9th.—Dined at the Hyde by myself. Rose and William Blake came to the Hoo at twelve, heard the play, delighted, and carried off their parts. Coming home from the Hyde saw a most immense fire King's Walden way, which turned out to be Roberts's and Bates's barns, so no wonder it looked large. This is the fifth, or, counting both, the sixth fire we have had lately, and none accidental as it seems. The buildings are more attacked than the stacks, but those principally of farmers who give low wages.

10th.—Rose has given up her part; at Mrs. Ames's instigation I take it, so we have written to beg Fanny Blake to be the old woman.

12th.—Fanny Blake refuses; Granny determined to act herself. We did not approve at first, but she is not a bit nervous, does it so beautifully, and seems really to like it best, so that I am glad it is to be so.

13th.—William Blake came at twelve, and we had a grand rehearsal; Granny excellent; Mr. Blake ditto, his voice and bows capital; Barby good, but her part is so much more difficult and more important that it is not perfect yet. We both know it by heart quite well.

15th.—Oh horror, disappointment, and rage! Mr. Wortley cannot come Thursday on account of business, but, if possible, will come early enough on Saturday to rehearse, so that as the thing is to be done Monday, the time is short enough. Luckily, we call it only a dress rehearsal, so no one will expect much, and if it succeeds we are to do it again. The

Hibberts cannot come till Monday, and only stay one night—better than nothing certainly. Our dresses, which Emma has been hard at work at for the last few days, are perfect.

19th.—Came to the Hoo, nine precious souls! Rehearsed a great deal. I walked up, the first time I had been out for ten days, and made my cold worse thereby.

20th.—Mr. Blake came, rehearsed a little in the morning. Drew up a play bill, wrote five or six copies of it, and settled curtains, theatre decorations, etc. Barby wrote an epilogue for me in about two minutes, which is quite excellent, and very humourous and witty, as Grandpapa says. We have this evening rehearsed the whole play, with lamps, etc.: Frank as scene-shifter, and the Brands, Emily, and Grandpapa as audience; also Harry, who was asleep, stretched out on three chairs, half the time.

We were pronounced to get on very well! and highly praised on the whole, though when we first came on we spoke too fast from fright. Mr. Blake is inimitable as Gros Jean: his voice, his walk, all excellent. Granny, too, did her part well; of course, well as to acting, but pretty well as to finding her places in the paper she holds all the time. This is our first entire rehearsal, and it has been most useful, but very exhausting; we shall require an ample supper, at least, on Monday night. I half spoke, half read the new epilogue, which I consider an unheard-of pitch of resolution, as I had but one quarter of an hour before dinner to look at it. B. spoke the prologue beautifully.

21st.—Mr. Wortley arrived about five, when we instantly carried him off to see the theatre, of which he approved highly. At quarter-past nine we began to rehearse, admitting no one but Papa to prompt. B. spoke the prologue very well indeed, though naturally frightened. We then began in no small perturbation, but hearing one or two "Very wells" murmured, we took courage and went on prosperously enough, Mr. Wortley setting us right, suggesting improvements, teaching us to move in the most charming way both by precept and example. When he came

on, we were all anxiety to know what our Count would be like, and high as I had raised my expectations of his acting, he far surpassed them all. His voice is beautiful, the low tones particularly, his expression so varied, his emotion so touching, and so entirely knowing his business, and being at home on the stage; not that he knows his part yet: he has had business, and could not learn at all, so that he read the greater part. I do not suppose his part is difficult, but it would be impossible to do it better.

B. did her part better than I have ever seen her do it; mine but middling on the whole, at least very unequal. My cold is heavy, and, as my throat was sore and I was afraid of coughing every moment, I could not do my best; spoke poor B.'s epilogue badly, in a dead way. But I know it, and *can* do it, I am certain.

Altogether we have made great progress to-night, as we know each other's intentions, and Mr. Wortley has introduced much movement and variety, and helped us beyond measure; his good nature and eagerness are delightful. We did not get done till half-past twelve, when we found everybody gone to bed; and here I am now scribbling, having yet to prepare for Christmas Day. I forgot to say we shall not do it till Thursday, and that Miss Morritt has sent my cap, which is lovely!

22nd.—Did not go to church; my cold still bad.

23rd.—Hibberts and Cavendishes (Codicote) came. We rehearsed from eleven in the morning till half-past six that we might give the Hibberts a dress rehearsal, as they cannot stay till Thursday. We worked really hard all the time, and advanced much. Immediately after dinner we dispersed to dress, and came down rather in a fuss as to the effect of our dresses, and as to whether they suited with each other. Luckily they all belonged to the same period, and were highly approved of. Mr. Wortley's is very handsome: a black velvet coat with slashed sleeves, ornamented with blue, tight high boots, and a drab beaver hat with a black plume and long curls; Mr. Blake in a black square-cut coat, long red stockings above his knees, red rosettes and buckles on his shoes, a white wig, white eyebrows

and moustache, and innumerable wrinkles—in short, so changed as to be unrecognisable.

B. spoke the prologue beautifully; we all acted our very best, required hardly any prompting, and were not frightened. The epilogue I spoke to B.'s entire satisfaction, and Granny's, the play having excited me to the proper pitch.

24th.—Rehearsed the first two acts between half-past four and dressing-time, repeating the doubtful parts till we knew them thoroughly, though we got into a regular foolish laughing fit, with which Mr. Wortley at last became inoculated, though he tried long to be solemn. Finished the third after dinner: two hours at it. Many new lights suggested themselves, which were practised and approved of by Papa and all of us. We were all solemnity this evening to make up for our morning folly. We have made Granny rehearse without her paper, and I am sure she will do it much better; her dress also will be improved—a red petticoat, a blue and white calico gown, drawn through the placket holes and open in front, a high cap, shortish sleeves and mittens, and a white handkerchief folded in front.

Our stage has been much altered; a frame has been made whereon are stretched blue curtains, and then old pictures hung upon the walls, which, with old-fashioned red damask chairs—gilt—looks perfect.

25th (*Christmas Day*).—Went to morning church and made my cold worse. Had a very merry Christmas-like dinner. Read Dickens's "Chimes," which I do not like. All he writes has talent shown somewhere, but it is so exaggerated, and calculated to do mischief, I think.

26th.—The play! we rehearsed all the morning, and improved very much. The Ames, Blakes, Reids, Mr. F. Drake, Mr. Hardy, and his children came. The Codringtons were at the Hyde, and came of course; the Frederick Cavendishes here. We acted our very best, not a bit frightened, never out in our parts, and, in short, did it so incomparably better than ever before that we are in high spirits. Prologue and epilogue spoken to the satisfaction of the respective authoresses.

Mr. Wortley introduced a French ballad when putting on his cloak to breathe the air on the ramparts, which had an excellent effect. We ended with a jolly supper, and went to bed fully satisfied with ourselves and our audience.

27th.—Brands and Cavendishes went away; Mr. Wortley changed his mind and stays until to-morrow. We have had a most charming evening, and he sang after Papa and Emily were off to bed.

28th.—Mr. Wortley stays on till Monday, as Lora and Lady Wharnccliffe, whom he was to go to town to see, are not there. The day fine without fog, for the first time for weeks. I went out. Another most pleasant evening; more singing. Hektor and Andromache is quite beautiful. Oh, how *very, very* much the most pleasing, agreeable man I ever saw Mr. Wortley is. Such ease of manner, such frankness and openness, so affectionate to Granny, and so far from any idea of foolish compliments, while he pays the greatest of all, talking of subjects of real interest. We began to talk of "Vasari"; so Barbarina got it out, and it led to all sorts of topics, on all of which he conversed with eagerness and animation. It is a pity he must go on Monday!

29th.—Did not go to church. . . . I have forgotten to say there has been a great deal lately in the papers about the Bishop of Exeter, and his charges to his clergy to wear surplices, etc., pressing obedience on clergy and laity. This he has been forced to retract, so he is in a dignified position on the whole! There is a capital comment in *The Athenæum* on Miss Martineau's "Mesmeric Letters," clearly disproving her reasoning, and showing that if it (mesmerism) is true, she is no proof of it.

30th.—Mr. Wortley went early, to our great grief. Our theatre is dismantled, and all our theatricals and fun are over. We go home to-day, and shall devote ourselves to the boys.

31st.—Did a good deal of French with them. They are reading "Madame de la Rochejacqueline," which is the very thing. Harry is much improved in French.

He rode with Buckle. The last day of the old year! A disagreeable reflection, on the whole, when one remembers how few of one's resolutions made last New Year's Eve have been put into execution.

1845. *January 1 (New Year's Day).*—I hope it may be a happy new year to us all. Boys did their lessons and are gone out riding with B. to King's Walden. I have been reading several of Macaulay's "Essays" which Aunt Anna gave us, Machiavelli, Burleigh—which I like very much—and Hallam's "Constitutional History of England." How he does hate Charles I. ! and I am afraid with reason. I am reluctantly obliged to give him up, and consider him an obstinate, bigoted tyrant, and a hypocrite, I fear. I quite agree with his admiration for Cromwell. He was a great man, and made England great, feared, and respected by all her neighbours, and at peace at home.

February 18.—I have been very ill. A rheumatic attack (not rheumatic fever, but something like a touch of it) in all my joints, and my cough very bad. Doctor Hawkins has been attending me ; and what with lying in bed, mustard poultices, physic, and a blister, I was so weak on Tuesday as to nearly faint after sitting up to have my bed made. However, I get strong very fast, as I have been up to-day since eleven and mean to stay up till ten, and have been able to employ myself all the time without being too tired ; not that I can read anything difficult or that requires too much attention, but B. has given me Moore's poems in ten volumes, delightfully got up, and "Lalla Rookh" just suits me. I have never seen it since Granny read it to me during the scarlet fever four years ago, and to my astonishment I remember nearly every page. . . .

LONDON, *March 22.*—All this time I have been ill, and have kept no journal, both to avoid details of illness and the fatigue of sitting up to write. Poor Emily's illness has been most severe ; for days and days—weeks I may say—she was in the greatest danger, and is now only so far recovered as to be part of the day on the sofa. As for me, I will only say my cough turns out to be stomach, and that I cannot leave town because it (stomach) has not yet learnt to do its duty, so that I dare not leave the doctor.

We came to town on February 17, and Barbarina followed the 8th of this month to take care of me, and is lodged in Lady Grey's house, she being on a visit to her brother, Colonel Des Vœux. People have been kinder than can be told, in the way of inquiring and calling, lending books, etc.—the Wortleys very much so in the latter respect—and Mary calls continually—she is so much improved. Lady Howick has called very often, the Farquhars unremitting in their attentions, and Emily Holland has been my devoted slave, coming to see me nearly every day, hail, rain, or snow (anything more pleasant has been out of the question till to-day), reading to me, lending me books, *Punch*, etc.

Since I have been here, poor Sydney Smith, his brother Bobus, and the old friend of the latter, Miss Fox, have all died within a fortnight. Two most satisfactory articles appeared in *The Morning Chronicle* on the two brothers, which I hope we shall be able to get. Poor Bobus! for his own sake he could not be lamented, lame and blind as he was; nor could Sydney, ill as he was; but they have left a void in private and public life which can never be filled. . . .

I have been reading some very amusing books during my illness, amongst others "Eothen, or, Travels in the East," by a wild sort of enthusiastic man who goes determined never to write what he *ought* to have felt on such and such a spot, but what he did feel; consequently his account is wholly unlike most books on Palestine. He says it is impossible to retain any of the orthodox feelings when you have stayed long enough to become "a man about town in Jerusalem."

La Motte Fouque's "Sintram" is a wild German story: not so good as "Undine," but interesting. The life of Miss Edgeworth's father, begun by himself and finished by her, is very interesting. I did not know before how completely they were partners in all their works, nor how many of her most striking incidents were supplied from her father's own life and actions.

Miss Rigby's "Letters from the Baltic" are amusing also; and these, with some novels, are, I think, pretty nearly all I have read, except nearly three quarters of Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," "The Inferno," and part of "The Purgatorio" of Dante, and half the first and all the second volume of the "Conquista di

Mexico." All these wider studies, at least the German and Spanish, have lately come to a standstill, as I have been too ill to attend to them.

June 9.—Since this was written I have been flitting about, most happy to escape incommoding them in Chesterfield Street. About Whitsuntide I went to Munden, and, of course, enjoyed it beyond everything in spite of pains and aches. Then I passed a fortnight at Dr. Holland's in Brook Street, where they were all kindness, and he doctored me in no small degree. Last Tuesday country air was again recommended, and here I am at Ember Court, which seems to agree very well with me. . . .

My sister died in August 1845 at the same age (nineteen) as Brand. Her death was a great loss to me; we had done everything together, and now that the two boys, Frank and Harry, were gone to school, and my father did not need me as he had done formerly, I felt very forlorn. However, this did not last very long, as my Granny made a great effort on my behalf, and tore herself away from the Hoo and Lord Dacre in order to give me complete change of thought and interest, taking me on a tour of visits to Wortley, Worsley, Lambton, Kirkley, Howick, of which visit the result was my marriage next summer, though we did not at the time foresee it.

CHAPTER IX

Notes by Lady Grey, with Accounts of her Marriage—Life at Howick Grange—Queen's Visit to Howick—Lady Dacre to Mrs. Grey—Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin, Miss Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre—Lady Dacre to Mrs. Grey—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to Lady Dacre—Lady Dacre to Mrs. Grey—Death of Lord Dacre—Lady Dacre to her Grandson Frank and to Mrs. Grey.

AFTER my marriage on July 20, 1846, we went to live in Northumberland. My husband, Frederick William Grey, the third son of the 2nd Earl Grey, had served his time as Post-Captain in the Navy, and there being nothing particular to be done professionally, he undertook the management of his brother's property, devoted himself to the study of farming, made acquaintance with the working of coal-pits, and with the duties of a magistrate and country gentleman.

We had a delightful little house, Howick Grange, close to Howick, and there we lived very happily for some years, going to Hertfordshire and London, and visiting about in the neighbourhood, with occasional trips to Scotland, where we had many friends. Lord Grey was Secretary for the Colonies from 1846 to 1852, so that my husband had the local and general management of affairs in his own hands. He liked the work much; he also got some shooting and hunting, and we took great delight in our garden. My Granny paid us a visit, which was a great pleasure, as did my father and Emily Sullivan. My brothers were

with us for their winter holidays, and, when Lord Grey was at Howick, we saw many people of note as well as relations.

My husband and I did everything together. We had our classes at the Sunday school, and I went about among the people in the very small village, all the houses in which belonged to Lord Grey. His father had been one of the first landlords to improve his cottages, and his brother carried on the work over the property generally, so that one became very familiar with discussions respecting farm-buildings and cottages. A good deal of draining was undertaken too, and I think my husband's time was thoroughly well spent. Whatever he did he did with his might, so that he became quite an authority on all agricultural matters—deep ploughing, mowing machines, artificial manures, fattening cattle. One heard much on all these points, and I was interested in them and familiar with all such topics.

One of the farms at Chevington was in Lord Grey's own hands, and had to be very closely looked after. A very large one at Learmouth was also unlet for some time, and we enjoyed immensely living in the farmhouse in order to look after the farm. Things had not become so serious then as they were afterwards, and an unlet farm was scarcely more than an amusing incident.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

THE HOO,

Thursday evening, 9 o'clock, 1846.

. . . Susan on her return (from Tewin, I fancy) brought me at seven o'clock your letter, my darlint (of Monday). I understand and approve all your little transmogrifications of the furniture, and hope Pup and Emily were struck all of a heap with the drawing-

room. I die for their impressions—shall get them Sunday, and must *suer sang et eau* till then. It was such an agreeable surprise, this same letter, that I am rather drunk with it. I am come out of the dining-room, leaving Grandpapa with Honeywood, who it seems was not invited, and is without Tom, like Phyllis without Susan.¹ I set forth as soon as the rain ceased to village; took a long breath and entered the school—ye powers! the closeness and the smell!—pretended to hear the reading, and gave a few directions concerning commas and other stops on account (pretence) of my ears. Examined work with spectacles on nose, and a critical air thrown over my whole person; then the writing in every copybook, and every line of every copy; had a large sum in addition done (imagine my fright lest I should have to cast it up); heard two psalms recited over and over again by a number of girls; and with honest and well-deserved eulogiums sailed out with an air, smiling and nodding right and left. That best of creatures, Sarah Tomline, followed me into the lane with tears in her eyes and bivering² muscles about the mouth, and said very touching things about you and Pup, and dear good Emily's having taken to the school lately, etc., etc., etc.; and I felt fully repaid for my non-hearance and strong smellance.

Their work is super-excellent, their writing ditto, their summing more than ditto—being so much above my cut—and their reading about as good as most clergymen's! Hurried, monotonous, without emphasis, and wholly inaudible to ears like mine. Being worked up to good deeds, I repaired to Mrs. Chauncey's, where these same poor ears were fairly torn off my head, and are left on her floor for aught I know to the contrary.

¹ My grandmother had paid us her first visit at Howick Grange, and my father and Mrs. Sullivan (Emily) were with us when this letter was written. Susan is Mrs. Brand, afterwards Lady Dacre. Mr. Honeywood was a great friend of Tom's (Mr. Brand) and hers, a very quiet, gentle clergyman, devoted to Tom, as was the favourite dog Phyllis to Mrs. Brand (Susan). Mrs. Chauncey was the wife of the curate, an excellent woman with an excruciating voice, who had lately lost a very handsome daughter from consumption. My grandmother had become very deaf. Dawson was the head gardener at the Hoo.

² My mother's word.

She gave me what ought to have been a most touching account of her sorrows ever since Harriet's death, but it touched me no more than the screeching which takes place as you enter the tunnels of the railroad till long after I got home, and had time to *démêler* the sorrows from the tissue of sounds in which they were enveloped.

I then went to the garden and gave "Williams's Family Sermons," with a few words of good wishes, etc., on the title page, to Dawson for Tom Dawson, as a thing likely to give him a lift in his outset at Pan-shanger. And now, good-bye, for here are my two men; nothing more to-night. . . .

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

THE HOO,
Monday, 1846.

What a happy old woman I am! Four such delicious letters from you all—Pup, Emily, Lady Grey, and you! A day, too, that one always considers a blank—all four as welcome and as different, though the same, as possible. I have discovered that 300 miles is the precise distance to put between oneself and those one loves best; and then, again, one's intercourse on paper is free from hey-ing and what-ing! A great gain! And so one gets more said, replied to, and rejoindered to than one gets through side by side. My own Fred's is so comfortable, Emily's is so gratifying, Lady Grey's so pleasant and affectionate, my Barb's—I say nothing—but this I will say, so darling! What heaps of Greys at Howick! its walls, capacious as they are, must bulge out. I am very glad about your piece of news,¹ but will hold my tongue till it is officially promulgated. I can't write answers to all my four letters, but having no secrets this must be common property.

Tom and Susan off to Glynde before daybreak. Now I must scold you. Do not work like a horse at your garden; Emily assures me that you have taken to a wheel-barrow: that will give you cold. Pray be reasonable, and neither dig like a nigger nor sit in a wheel-barrow till your blood is *figé* in your veins. Moreover, wear me some of your pretty trousseau clothes for these fine people at Howick. Tell Emily to write me

¹ [The engagement between Lord Elgin and Lady Mary Lambton.]

word how you dress and look, for you won't do that yourself. Lady Grey is charming about her ceiling. How I should like to pop in amongst you all! but I would hasten back for my letters. Very glad the soldier's wife looks so pretty over your head; you have no idea how improved the French room is by the cleaning and varnishing and new arrangement of the pictures. We live in the library.

Tell Frederick his young clergyman gained great credit yesterday; he is writing a book (who is not?) and Grandpapa offered him the use of his library. We mean to ask a detachment of Ameses soon, and him to meet them. To-morrow se'nnight our Hibs—for two nights only, alas! Emily's Sarah has just been in to beg "to leave," because she and the other girl have been ordered to help wash the china, the scullery girl being nearly dead with hard work, while the three ladies in the house have three beds to make, and if a fourth is used are amply paid for it! I burst out laughing in her face, and told her she might go to-morrow morning. She changed her note, and said if I pleased she would "try and do it," as if I had asked her to plough a field with her own nails. I would not hear another word, but told her if she came to her senses in the course of the day, she might stay and "try," and sent her back to Hall to settle with her. I had rather she would leave, for I should like to take one of my own girls.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
Thursday, 1846.

I am very much obliged to you for having married Frederick, for nobody knows how much *I* profit by it, and one is all for self in this world. What a nice darling letter has been wandering in search of me for ages! but here it is safe and sound, and yours hiding its diminished head. By the bye I want to humble you, for I owe you a grudge. Says my lord, two or three days ago, when he was over head and ears in Poor Law quagmires: "I wish Barby was here; *she* would help me." Says I humbly: "Can't I be of any use?" "Oh no," rejoined he, "she would write all these out clearly for me." "I can write legibly, if I try," quoth I.

"But she would understand what I mean when I am unintelligible," rejoined he. "Let me try at least," says I, half proud of the just estimate of your powers, and half mortified at his equally just estimate of the decay of mine. He consented, and I *have* done it, and *understood* it, and took here and there a liberty with his wording, and am upon my great horse this morning, and 'who but I?'"

Poor dear man, he is better than he was, and hoping to get to a Railway Committee by and bye, though he has had a very bad night. He walks up with your slippers on, fitting beautifully, easy and comfortable in the extreme, and lovely to behold. He bids me tell you all this. . . .

Lady Dufferin to Lady Dacre

Friday, June 9, 1848 (?)

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I am ashamed for having made you ask so many times for *anything*! and more especially for something so little worth your trouble. I have had so many "letters on business" to write lately, that my head was too addled to remember these lines correctly, and I have mislaid the copy my boy left me. They were written to him on his twenty-first birthday (nearly a year ago), to chaperon a pretty silver lamp with the words "Fiat lux" engraved on it. That is their history and here they are:

How shall I bless thee? Human love
Is all too poor in passionate words;
The heart aches with the sense above
All language that the lip affords:
Therefore a symbol should express
My love—a thing not rare or strange;
But yet—eternal, measureless—
Knowing no shadow and no change—
Light! which of all the lovely shows
To our poor world of shadows given,
The fervent prophet-voices chose
Alone as attribute of Heaven!

At a most solemn pause we stand;
From this day forth, for evermore,

The weak but loving human hand
 Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
 Then, as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
 And earthly beacons dimly shine,
 "Let there be light" upon thy way,
 And holier guidance far than mine!
 "Let there be light" in thy clear soul,
 When passion tempts and doubts assail;
 When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
 "Let there be light" that shall not fail!

So, angel-guarded, may'st thou tread
 The narrow path which few may find,
 And at the end look back, nor dread
 To count the vanished years behind!
 And pray that she, whose hand doth trace
 This heart-warm prayer—when life is past—
 May see and know thy blessed face
 In God's own glorious light at last!

Yours affectionately,
 H. DUFFERIN.¹

Lady Dufferin to Lady Dacre

CLANDEBOYE, HOLYWOOD,
 October 18, 1848.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

My heart is (as Mrs. Fry calls it) tendered and humbled by your doing my verses so much honour! I feel that they are so unworthy of all that your kind partiality prompts you to say in their favour. Pray give them to anybody you like, and believe that I am only too proud and happy in thinking that they give pleasure to any friend of yours.

I wish much to know more of Mrs. Hibbert; I loved and admired her father so much, and have a great affection for her sister, Mrs. Holland. Your letter followed me to Ireland (as you see), where we have got a large family party staying. My mother, Georgy Seymour, her husband and five children, not to mention divers cousins; and my Aunt Graham of

¹ [Given in Lord Dufferin's arrangement of her "Songs, Poems, and Verses."]

Netherby, and all *her* belongings are to join us very soon.

We had intended to give a long-projected dinner to the tenantry, but my poor boy, in his anxiety to prepare himself for discussions on *the* question of the day—"Tenant-right"—has over-worked himself, and given me much anxiety lately by a severe attack of illness. However, Sir Philip Crampton, whom I sent for, assures me that rest and amusement will soon set him all right again; so we mean to dance instead of studying Adam Smith and McCulloch!

You say nothing about your own health or Lord Dacre's, which we take rather unkindly, but we are placable enough to hope that "no news is good news"! My mother desires to be most affectionately remembered to you, and I beg you to believe me,

Most *gratefully* and affectionately yours,

HELEN DUFFERIN.

Lord Dufferin to Lady Dacre

1848 (?).

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

Many thanks for your kind letter, which was as wise as it is kind. I am glad you like the verses, and, as well as I can, I will follow your advice. I do, indeed, hope that what I may do to increase my own happiness may also be an addition to my mother's comfort, and I think I can conscientiously say that suitableness to her is one of the qualities I always first look out for.

But it is a matter, I fear, of great chance, or rather, if it be not wrong to say so, more under God's providence than one's own control. I think, however, that I have passed through the most dangerous epoch; that is to say, I have learnt to look at pretty faces without immediately tumbling in love with them.

Believe me, dear lady,

Yours very truly,

DUFFERIN.

P.S.—I must ask you to send me back the verses when you have quite done with them, as they are in my mother's own handwriting, and I keep all her letters and verses.

Miss Joanna Baillie to Lady Dacre

HAMPSTEAD,
July 14, 1847.

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—

You have been very indulgent to us indeed. Lady Dufferin's verses to her son, with the lamp, are beautiful and tender, and raise the mind above this world, as a good mother would desire her son to direct his thoughts. Many, many thanks for permitting me to take one copy of them for ourselves! But that I will not do, lest in some moment of stupid forgetfulness I should infringe the conditions. Had Dr. Channing—that excellent, pure and refined being, been still among the dwellers in this lower world—I should have begged leave to take a copy for him, and should have sent it to America: he would have prized it much. As it is, I dare not possess it, and though I have a wretched memory, I shall not forget the thoughts, though I may forget the exact words that express them.

I hope to see Lady Byron soon, and she will be very happy to hear that her son-in-law has made a favourable impression on Lord Dacre. Such an acquaintance or friend may be of great use to Lord L.,¹ who, I believe, is most heartily disposed to do everything that is reasonable and useful in the situation in which Providence has placed him. My sister sends her kind regards and thanks; we are both better for the thunder having cleared the air last night. I hope that the warm drive to Hampstead did your ladyship no harm.

Always affectionately yours,
J. BAILLIE.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre

BOWOOD PARK,
January 12, 1848.

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I was sincerely pleased to get your kind letter about Lord Dufferin, and I have taken the liberty of sending it on to the young landlord himself, to encourage him in well doing. I think and believe my sister has every reason to be proud of him, and

¹ [William King Noel, created Earl of Lovelace in 1838.]

he adds to his long list of merits that of being a very devoted son. He is not in Parliament, but it is as well, perhaps, just now, that some of the Irish landlords should be spectators, not actors in that arena.

My eldest son (about whom you so kindly inquire) is gone as attaché to Sir H. Seymour at Lisbon. His health required a warmer climate than this, and I consider myself fortunate in combining that much desired change with employment in a profession. I have every expectation that the Seymours will be kind to him from what I remember of them *both*, and I have no regret, except the very natural one of parting from the gentlest-hearted creature that ever made a mother happy. I do not think I ever saw anger or unkindness in his eye, much less exchanged a hard word with him in his life! The other boy, Brinsley, is with me here, greatly excited by the actually living presence of the author of "Lays of Rome"! I think that if Macaulay wished an estate bought for him by *schoolboy* subscription, he would stand a better chance than Mr. Duncombe did for success.

I do not recollect if I gave you a book, I certainly *intended* to send, on the subject of the Infant Custody Bill, and the letters that passed between Mr. Norton and me, before I appealed to the Chancellor about these boys of mine, which were printed for the appeal? They might have some interest for you, for the general cause of motherhood.

I hope Mrs. Butler¹ prospers; I hear she will be in London for a while. I never for an instant thought "Jane Eyre" likely to be hers, nor, except the power and talent shown in it, is there any apparent reason people should give it to her. It is a very remarkable book, whoever wrote it, and one which made a deep impression on me. So has Tennyson's new poem "The Princess," though I object to his being playful in that magnificent and magniloquent blank verse. "The Lament" of Psyche for Aglaia made my heart ache.

Adieu, dear Lady Dacre. I must ask you to forgive this very hurried note, as the outfitting and farewell which has occupied me lately in London have left a great arrear of letters to be answered, and

¹ [Fanny Kemble.]

business looked through! With kind remembrances to Lord Dacre,

Believe me, yours very truly,
CAROLINE NORTON.

You never saw a dearer, brighter, more intelligent child than Lord Lansdowne's little grandson, Lord Clanmaurice.¹ I looked at him among these intellectual people to-day, and travelled years on in my fancy to make him as celebrated as any amongst them. He really is a very remarkable baby (for he is but two and a half), and I hope he will not, as Byron says of Ianthe, "unbeseem the promise of his spring."

The Hon. Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre

Friday (1848).

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I meant the volume for *you*, as you were kind enough to interest yourself in its contents. My boys are passed the age when any interference could be possible, and have always spent their holidays by choice, the eldest has resided, with me—his health having given more than holidays this last two years. But I do not think, after Mr. Norton was obliged to succumb, that he had any inclination to interfere; it was to punish *me*, not to have them with *him*, that was his object. They never were with *him*; they lived with his sister, my mother-in-law, out of kindness to me and on my appeal, refusing to countenance his measures by taking charge of them. I have lived to see Lady Menzies, who fiercely stepped in to do what my gentle mother-in-law would not—at law, and not no speaking terms with her own son.

I will not say anything against your amusing hints of "stable pride." I am a woman—not an angel, as Leigh Hunt says—but I *can* say (by way of flattery to my conscience) that I have never quarrelled *except* with my husband, and that he has quarrelled in turn with every relation and friend he has in the world; adding to that the balm, that my husband's mother stood by me to the last, and that the last words my boys ever heard from her were in defence and praise of me, and a hope of what she called justice being done me some day.

¹ [The present Lord Lansdowne.]

I am ill one day, and a little better the next, and very lazy and languid, or I would have sooner answered your note and its questions. Certainly, if the love of one's children's could blot out (or dazzle out) the memory of wrong and disgrace, there is love deep and fervent enough shown me by mine. I have been an unhappy wife, but as *mother*, I do not know what I would change, or who I could envy, not even the father of that lost Ossory, whose epitaph of glory was his father's lamenting speech.

The French news is indeed absorbing. The Montebellos are to live with my sister, Lady Dufferin, till we see what the stormy sea subsides to. To-day they say Louis Philippe has landed in England, but his own friends think he is hiding in France, waiting the turn of events. I cannot believe with so many young princes—such a “quiverful of arrows”—that nothing more will be said to the enemy at the gate.

Believe me, dear Lady Dacre,

Yours very truly,

CAROLINE NORTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I return the printed notice, and Mrs. Butler's sensible, resolute letter, with many thanks. Earnestly do I hope that she *may* be able in a few years to secure such an independence as may enable her, comfortably and at leisure, to enjoy the society of the friends her genius will gather round her. Meanwhile, perhaps, a life of exertion, of excitement, is better for her than the frozen stillness of a woman's lot without woman's natural and nearest ties. So warm and vehement a disposition could not be *calm*, though it might sink to torpor, like the stage of mortification in some diseases. I think with a *fierce* pity of her position with her children; but years may do for her, what they did for me, with that portion of a broken destiny! Well I remember the wild, desolate days and nights I passed, for three years and more, and how young mine were, much younger than hers—the eldest only six—and when I think of the pains that were taken to alienate them, and to prevent my even hearing of them,



PHAETON.

From a bas-relief by Lady Dacre.

To face p. 246.

and see how vain it all was, how they love and cling to me, it gives me a trust in the power of motherhood which should stand good as a prophecy for her.

I have no doubt, in spite of the great coldness towards theatrical amusements in England, from the fashion of seeing vaudevilles instead of tragedies in one class, the spread of strict religious opinions in another, and the imitativeness of a third, that she will find audiences glad to welcome her wherever she goes. My hearty good wishes go with her; she deserved a better fate than to begin the morning labours of life all over again, without the hopefulness and inexperience which make the hardest labours easy in youth.

Among the pictures at the British Institution (a very bad set) are two—I think by Sant—of “Morning” and “Evening”: did you see them? The young, glad pilgrim on the hill looking up and listening to the lark, and the fellow-picture of age? The thought that lays smeared over the canvas struck me too much to criticise the execution, which I have seen found fault with in the papers.

My toothless son rejoices in having seen you—“the lady who did Phæton’s horses!” He is a very eager little gentleman, and remained, apparently contemplating your shadow in the chair you had vacated, for some minutes after the discovery. Adieu! This is not a note, but a long talk through a party wall!¹

Yours very truly,

C. NORTON.

Poor Mrs. Vernon! I saw her boy’s death in the paper to-day; I have thought of her incessantly.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

I am so much obliged to you for your kind note. I hope and believe my unlucky boy will be able to come *here*; if so, I expect him the first week in July at latest. If he is too weak to go further than Cintra, I shall join him there; and in any case I shall winter with him in Lisbon, as he seems low and dull, and it is maddening to know him ill at a distance.

¹ [Mrs. Norton was living in Chesterfield Street, next door to Lady Dacre.]

Helen's verses are beautiful, and I am glad she gave them to you, who would appreciate them both for the poetry and the feeling.

I saw a beautiful drawing of Mrs. Grey¹ at Dickinson's, Bond Street, which I recognised immediately, and which Lord Lansdowne, who was with me, admired very much.

I have been, and am, very busy with the somewhat tiresome task of "The Scrap Book." Thirty-six prints to be married to an equal number of copies of verses is a task which ought to admit of the employment of curates and deputies, but I do not find many willing to do duty. I hope you returned well and strong from the Hoo. Lord Melbourne has gone to Brockton, attended by that most strange but active hospital nurse. He is altering very much, I think, and she snaps now and then as you do to a troublesome child; but for the most part is very serviceable.

Believe me, yours very truly,
C. NORTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton to Lady Dacre

DEAR LADY DACRE,—

"Oysters and Flowers" you shall have the first "copying" moment. I have been night and day occupied with my little sister-in-law, Mrs. Phipps (formerly Mrs. C. Norton), who has been prematurely confined with a dead son, and, though doing well now and taking all the forlorn suffering with very cheerful patience, has left me with no time for the poetry of life to battle with its prose.

I abjure all other poems than those I bring you, though I don't abjure them with troublesome earnestness, because, when people are determined *not* to believe, it is better to let them remain in the clover of their own suppositions and not put them on the low diet of truth, which brings on spasms and contradictions. When I don't write under my own name, I sign "P.S." or "Pearce Stevenson," in memory of a pamphlet and the Infant Custody Bill, which, if I never sent you, I will send now, and

¹ [The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey.]

show you that Fanny Butler's history is not without a parallel.

Yours very truly,
C. NORTON.

OYSTERS

With coral lips and azure eyes,
And rose-leaf cheek and golden hair,
And nymph-like shape—how could we dream
What made that lady's daily fare?

It seems a fable, only fit
To tell to single nuns in cloisters;
But I declare, by all that's good,
The lovely lady's food was—Oysters!

I swear it, by the Powers Divine,
By Venus and the rival Graces,
By Cupid, with his roguish wiles,
His coaxing smile and soft embraces.

I *saw* the Oysters! in their shells
The little shapeless monsters lay—
Flabby, and cold, and colourless—
Before a creature bright as May.

And still she stooped her radiant head
(While all amazed I watched and feared),
And every time the head was raised
An Oyster more had disappeared!

"Oh, coral mouth!" I whispered low,
"Can this be done to humour thee?
Because some coral wreath hath been
Some Oyster's neighbour in the sea?"

"Or, floating hair, whose threads of gold
Lie gleaming on that neck so white,
Is it to prove the Pinna's shell
Hath silken tresses not so bright?"

Then Amy smiled; the coral door
That prisoned in her even teeth
Unlocked, and gently stood ajar
And showed the pearly gems beneath

Ah! *then* the reason of those meals
My dull soul comprehended well;
That little mouth—on Oysters fed—
Had stolen a pearl from every shell.

C. NORTON, 1847.

In the year 1849 there was a great outbreak of cholera, and Alnwick and Newcastle were sorely smitten. The Queen was then in Scotland, and Lord Grey the Minister in attendance on her, Lady Grey being alone at Howick. One morning came the news that the cholera having appeared close to the place at which Her Majesty was to have passed the night on her way back to Windsor, Lord Grey had put his house at her disposal, and that the Queen, the Prince, and the Royal children would arrive (I think it was) that very evening at 9 o'clock! You may imagine the bustle of preparation! For one thing, Her Majesty could not eat mutton, so a messenger was despatched to Newcastle in hot haste for beef! General Grey¹ had ridden over from Coupland Castle, where he was living then, and was of course pressed into the service. Luckily the house at Howick was easily got ready and made comfortable: there was no time for thinking about appearances or anything but comfort, and that was always on the spot.

It was a dark night, and men with torches were posted on the road and down the new (as it was then) approach from Little Mill Station. Carriages were sent to meet the train, and I think the two brothers, Charles and Frederick, were waiting on horseback. It was about half-past nine when they arrived, if I remember rightly, and the Queen could not dress for dinner as her "things" had not arrived, the baggage

¹ [Charles, the second son of the 2nd Earl Grey, afterwards Private Secretary to H.M. Queen Victoria.]

on the carriages having been piled so high that they would not pass under the railway bridges. All this helped to make the affair less formal, and nothing could go off better.

I was told to show the Royal children their quarters, and having no responsibilities was greatly amused and interested. The Queen was naturally not desirous of sitting up very late, so after a little general talk she retired to her apartment. While we were standing round before this, I perceived that Her Majesty was endeavouring to find out from Lady Grey whether my grandmother was still living. I could hear what she said, but Lady Grey, who was not the least deaf but somewhat nervous, could not catch the whisper at first. I longed to say, "All right, your Majesty," but of course had to look unconscious. At length, however, the difficulty was got over, and the Queen most graciously addressed me and asked after Lady Dacre's health. It is wonderful how good Royal memories are, and her having remembered that I was Lady Dacre's granddaughter. When the Queen first came to the throne, Lady Dacre had, at a private interview with which she was honoured, presented to Her Majesty a copy of her "Translations," including a "Sonnet to the Queen," which will be found with her other works.

Charles Grey came back to sleep at the Grange, and we had great amusement about providing him with necessary articles of the toilet, as he had ridden over from Coupland meaning to go back, and had only been made presentable at dinner by borrowing a pair of black trousers belonging to David Moffatt, the gamekeeper—nobody else having the necessary length of limb!

Next morning we were all over early at the Hall,

the Queen planted a tree, was driven in a pony carriage with the little postillion down the Long Walk and along the Sea Walk, and then we all attended the Royal party to Newcastle, where the crowd was immense.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

THE HOO,
1849.

Saturday, and no post, but nonsense ready for to-morrow shall flow in copious streams. Excellent report of my sister,¹ though still in bed, from which she writes more funnily than could be told; looks forward to our being together in a fortnight, "making signs" for conversation, and begs we may guard against rages, for the deaf are always enraged *with* the deaf, "unless they keep strict watch and ward," and quantities more which made me laugh, it was so characteristic!

I find I can't write upon small paper—it cramps my genius. You do write beautifully of late, and your dots submit to a degree of discipline, but I don't like paper at all carded, which yours is. I burnt a number of your letters yesterday with infinite regret, my blessed beastie, and am answering passages in them now.

Yes, Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" is a famous ode, difficult to render in any other language: an almost impossibility, it is so short and compact. I have it if I knew where to lay my hand on it. If you accomplish ever so small a bit of it, you do wonders. Do send me your attempt. Easier to render all "excursive Ariosto," I can tell you. If I had years and were with you when Fred takes his flights, we might yet have a bit of fun in this way; but shirt-collars more praiseworthy, I own.

Oh, my laburnum! If Jupiter came down in such a shower of gold as that, who shall say that black was the white of Danaë's eye? The lilac dare not say its soul is its own in its presence. My garden going to be lovely—a violent thunderstorm in the night has

¹ [The Hon. Mrs. Richard Talbot, Lady Dacre's eldest sister, also very deaf.]

refreshed everything till, "ye powers!" I need not say I am amazingly well; my lord's arm, forsooth! if he had as many as Briareus, I should not want one of them. I walk better than before my illness, totter less, and the backs of my legs do not ache—not that I have tried them more than toddling in and out, and about the garden, but they *do* feel better. Appetite delicate and small, but I thrive upon my food, I assure you. My good man is much, much better, and so much more cheerful and busy; it does me more good to see him than all the pills and potions you allude to. Dear Pup dined with us yesterday; Emily went to dine with an uncle and Lionel. Boys are catching a fish for my dinner. Pony excellent—not a Kate; what is, was, or ever will be?

Yes, I read "Wilhelm Meister" in days of yore: found, as in everything from the German, much to admire and much absurd—such is my impression. I read at that time all manner of things from the German, lent by old Sotheby and old Glenbervie. I have a recollection of Schlegel about Shakespeare, enthusiastic, just, and beautiful, but weakening his own testimony by the same unqualified admiration of the most miserable play upon words, and lowest, coarsest smut; all excellent, I daresay, for its purpose with the lowest order of people of his day, as hog-wash is good for hogs. My recollections are about thirty years' old, I reckon. Enter boys in full health and good plight, burnt to bistre colour by the sun. Harry much improved—an immense fellow: will be a Higgins, I verily believe; and young Randolph with them.

What should I stumble upon yesterday but a little book old Glenbervie gave me—a very neat, clever, elegant essay on the Italian romantic poets, prefacing a mediocre translation of his own of the first canto of Fortiguerra's "Ricciardetto." The essay pleases me exceedingly—quite a windfall; I had entirely forgotten it. . . .

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

October 1, 1849.

Your letter, my blessed beastie, has given inconceivable pleasure to me, and a vast quantity besides to

la belle mère and Georgiana. They have others from Lady Grey and Caroline Grey (yours the pearl, however); but, my dear love, for heaven's sake! in pity to me! don't go near Alnwick for fear of cholera. I don't like even my letters going to Alnwick. I wish you would fumigate them before you open them. These terrible wet nights! the whole earth is soaked—one mosh—it is so unfavourable! I no longer groan about your harvest; that must be gone to the dogs, or rather dunghills. I am grown the rankest of cowards, having been the boldest of lionesses in my youth. A letter of mine must be lost, rejoicing in Frank's, but with fears not precisely of sharks, but possible cramp, no boat at hand, etc., etc. With respect to his mind, his spirit, and almost entirely his health, I was made quite happy and hopeful and thankful. But these last days of my poor dear Hub's annoyance and consequent backsliding health have banished even Franky a little from my mind. This, however, is a good day hitherto, in consequence of a much better night. Your father has been here, and I have given him your letter to take to Munden and send on to Harry, and it is to come back to me for my further solace.

How nice of the Queen to breakfast with her children, walk out first with the Prince of Wales,¹ go down the Long Walk, Sea Walk, and all! She did not lose a moment, methinks, in which she could do anything kind and gratifying to her host and hostess; I am ridiculously fond of her. Is it that I am a courtier at heart, I wonder? Oh no! I vow!—it is a poetical fondness, more tending sonnetwards, than courtseywards. I am glad you told her I was eighty-two—you might have said in my eighty-third year, which would have sounded still older, and would have still better excused my deficiency in the courtsey line. Very pretty in her to have remembered such an old toad was in existence! How peculiarly beautiful the approach through the wood with lamps and torches must have been! And the Newcastle thing too, too, *too* fine, looking down upon the full-dressed ships. I have cried plentifully over everything, and, as admiration is a strong feeling with me, that had its share. The children being nice children, just like any other

¹ [A mistake I think for the Prince Consort. This letter alludes to the Royal visit to Howick.]

nice children! The little bit of Royalty very funny.¹ How I should have liked the whole thing when I was younger! I fancy I liked excitement, which playgoers generally do. I wish the Queen had seen the church and monument, but she did wonders in the time. Lady Grey and Georgiana went away before one o'clock; it is now raining torrents. . . . Why should you not wear Camphor? do, my dear; pray, do. . . . And now, dear love, take care of your precious self and delightful Hub, and compose camphor bags.

Your lovingest

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

Wednesday, the 22nd, 1850.

. . . I am glad you are foregathering with Bobus's early friend, your bishop. They were competitors in Greek at Cambridge, and have been firm friends ever since, and are still; for it is not wrong to believe such friendships last if *we* last. If certain attachments were cast out of us, we should not be *us*, methinks. Though talking of Greek I may mention Italian, for Bobus said to me one day that Italian came next to Greek among languages. "Conobbi allor siccome in Paradiso vede l'un l'altro," which that blessed Bobus thought I had well rendered thus: "Then knew I how the spirits of the blessed Communion hold in heaven." I quote from memory *both*. This is my very last scrap of memory though, for it is clean gone now. I was burning old letters, and came upon some of the noble Bobus's, where he spoke so affectionately of his "two young friends." One² may now have some of this sort

¹ This was the remark made, I think, by Prince Alfred, quite a little fellow then, when I took the children to their rooms and he did not find all his own property: "But I expect to find things ready when I come." We all went to Newcastle next day with the Royal party, and saw the reception spoken of in the letter, and the address being presented on the High, then newly completed. We all got out of the train, and were standing among the crowd when it finally went on, and I remember the Queen's smile of amusement as she looked out of the carriage window and recognised her host and the rest of the party, jammed up and unable to move.

² [Gertrude Arabella Sullivan.]

of "communion" with him, for aught we know; I like to think it, don't you? . . .

J'ai le cœur gros about your fragment in blank verse on our noble Bobus. I wrote it out yesterday, and was so struck with its beauty that, for want of a more gifted audience, I e'en read it out to Lady Grey, and though I should not set much store by an opinion from that quarter, I do by an emotion, for a warmer, truer heart does not beat in any bosom I wot of; and she was quite affected by it. Grandpapa came in and read it afresh, having so much relished it at the time, and thought it more beautiful than ever. There is one advantage in blank verse—when the thing is a real gush from the heart—that you let yourself go, and are not obliged to cook your thought for rhyme's sake; otherwise, I am not for blank verse for a fragment. I would not have a syllable of this touched for the world. Bless your very bones and marrow, my chick. . . .

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

2, CHESTERFIELD STREET,

Sunday.

My precious! I find I must scribble, because I am unusually stupid and "unked," and can do nothing. I saw Lady Grey (yours) a good bit yesterday (went early on purpose), and found her most agreeable and kind and like herself, and could not tear myself away. I feel as if I had the welfare of the nation on my hands; and it is that the Primes are to dine here on Wednesday (my own doing, from a recollection of old times and unvaried affection on her part), and *who* to ask to meet them, and *how* to get the few who would suit, and how to make a small tea afterwards, etc. Oh, dear! what a world of care and struggle lies before me till twelve o'clock on Wednesday night! when I shall say to *him*, "Well, it all did pretty well, didn't it?" To-morrow he promises to go with me to see the House of Lords, and to Colnaghi's to see Sir Robert Peel's fine portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Lawrence, on the Field of Waterloo, from which an engraving has been for some time in progress, and which Sir Robert Peel allows to be publicly exhibited for a few days before it goes home to him. It was painted thirty years ago, and has his looks *then*. I

knew him then, and was enthusiastic about him on his return from Waterloo ; blubbered quarts over him as he walked over Waterloo Bridge, with Lord Anglesey on his one leg, and all his officers. I sat by the side of his mother, a great Hampton Court ally of mine—oh, how pretty her behaviour was! It was I who whispered to those around who that innocent little, quiet old lady was! I am blubbering a bit now! It was a day to remember, if any earthly joy is worth remembering. The bridge was opened and christened that day ; all the roofs of the houses for miles around were covered with scaffolding and seats, and apparently the whole population of London on them, breaking forth with one shout. The whole river human heads—not a drop of water to be seen, nor could a pin have been stuck between the boats. I wish you were with me to see the picture, but I had rather you had seen him cross Waterloo Bridge. . . . *Je radote*, to run on at this rate. . . .

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to Lady Dacre

KNEBWORTH,
November 21, 1850.

How kind you are, my dear Lady Dacre! I cannot say how I thank you for your letter, nor how much I value it. You, whose theatricals at the Hoo live in the remembrance of all who are fortunate enough to see them, know the anxiety and doubt that one has to the last—take all the pains one may—and in our case here, we had a very heavy play of old Ben's to float. But the actors entered into it with so much spirit, and the audience was so indulgent that, after all, very little was left for me to do, though very much gratitude to feel, to both.

I think you will be pleased to hear that out of our reunion an idea has sprung forth that I hope will be of use to that literary brotherhood of which you must permit me to consider you akin—and the more so, as, to say nothing of your dramatic and lyrical contributions to English literature, you have rendered honours so graceful to the great Italian who was the first who ever asserted and vindicated the dignity of Letters. In a word, several others have been long anxious to form a kind of Provident Association for Authors, and to render them, by their own forethought,

independent of that niggard and debasing kind of charity which they now receive from the State. And so, in aid of this, we have thought of publishing the notice simultaneously with the announcement of dramatic performances in the provinces next year, in which my illustrious stage-manager, Dickens, is to reassemble our present company of actors, and the performances to consist of a Farce by *him*, and a Comedy by myself. The proceeds, which we hope will be considerable, to go towards the foundation of an institution to which authors will subscribe for the purpose of securing the *right* to pecuniary independence in their infirmity and old age. We have grand notions of building some houses for their reception, and I trust to secure the site in our county if I can find an acre or two of unentailed land to beg, borrow, or steal for the purpose. We are all full of it, and with that great, large heart of Dickens beating in the centre of our project, I have no doubt of the vitality of our success. I venture so much to believe that you will feel interested in the notion, that I will keep you *au courant* of all our movements.

I have to thank you also, dear Lady Dacre, for adding so much to the ornament of the audience by the presence of the Miss Whitbreads; I could not have lost one of them, and wish there had been fifty more. You write in spirits of our dear lord, which I am cordially rejoiced to see; I don't wonder that he interests himself in all that takes place in a county of which no transfer to the Lords can prevent his being still the representative; and "What will they say at the Hoo?" is a question still asked with an anxiety only less than "How are they at the Hoo?" Once more, believe in the sincere gratitude of your ladyship's attached and respectful friend and servant,

E. BULWER LYTTON.

I send you the epilogue; it hits too admirably, and was extremely well spoken.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to Lady Dacre

KNEBWORTH,
Monday morning.

I do feel for you from my heart, my dear Lady Dacre, and never felt more than now the inadequacy

of all words to comfort a sufferer under one of the greatest sorrows of life. Poor Lord Dacre! if sympathy and reverence could do him good, I wish he could but see the universal feeling that attends his illness. You must, however, live only for his sake; strive and bear up against your severe and anxious trial, and I do hope and trust that your friends may long, very long yet, continue to awaken your interest in whatever can contribute to the welfare of the Arts and Letters you have equally ennobled. Few can support their sixty years as you do the eighty-four you so startlingly announce to me. The lamp of life is not to be measured by the age of the vessel, but the supply to the light.

Dickens is, as you suppose, as large in his heart as he is in his genius; I do not know a more thoroughly loveable man. He was very anxious that you should know of our scheme, and asked me thrice if I had written to you about it. Adieu, my dear and most revered Lady Dacre; and may God support you through all your trials, and comfort you in all your sorrows. Happily for our human griefs, He has written legibly on every page of Nature, and over the gates of Death, the fact of His own provident existence; and so associated His own existence with that universal instinct of our hearts, which, better than the reasoning of any schoolman, assures us that there is something within us which does not grow old with our years, nor perish in our graves—that He has left none of our infirmities without one support—none of our sorrows without one comfort.

Ever your affectionate and respectful

Friend and servant

E. B. LYTTON.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey

1851.

. . . Yesterday was my birthday (eighty-three), and I do assure you if I had been a lovely young bride striking nineteen, having been married at eighteen, more affectionate and gratifying speeches could not have flown from my bridegroom's lips of twenty-three. I can scarcely understand it, I own, so very, *very* little am I worthy of it. It belongs to *his* nature; I have

nothing to do with it, any more than Mother Shipton. Was there ever a Father Shipton, I wonder? There's for you! he has made me crack a joke. Papa tells me that Landseer's "Duke of Wellington" and "Lady Douro" is lovely. Harry will tell you about it and the moving panorama, which sound marvellous as a puppet show. *A-propos de Bottes* . . . what a dreadful misfortune genius is! Leopardi's, for instance! how infinitely better to be born with my dear little Molly Holmes's modicum of intellect! and always to be right, always good, and always happy. I rather like myself for having written my "Mary, the Miller's Daughter." How terrific Leopardi's misery and despair! How preferable the blindest superstition! . . .

I tear open my letter to say that (in my routing for relics for my sister), since I wrote it, I came upon Manzoni's works sent by you, with your own translation of his "Ode on the Death of Buonaparte," and a most neat complimentary dedication to me which took me in for a moment. I have read the Ode and your translation with great attention, and, as far as impaired rushlight of intellect goes, think it the very best translation I ever saw in my long life—so spirited, and so easy, and so flowing, and so much as if it was an original that it rushed from the poet's pen *malgré lui pour ainsi dire*—I really am struck all of a heap . . . I have done nothing more about Ugolino, but on looking at it I think more and more that it is one of those extraordinary things that never can be rendered or given an idea of in any other language. It owes its force to the absence of poetical embellishment; it has scarcely an epithet. The fewest words possible are used, and those the simplest, plainest, matter-of-factest. He evidently forgets his own sufferings in his children's. The father pervades every line; his indignation and vengeful feelings are all you know of him individually, which corresponds with the occupation Dante gives him. Ugolino and Ruggiero were a pair of traitors together—they are in hell—the children are innocent and in heaven, you see; I wish he had said so. Mr. Wright's gives no idea of the original. It may be the want of dignity in our monosyllabic language, or it may be the necessity of making out the quantities by expletives, or it may be that we are not shocked by prosaic expressions in any language but

our own. How all this has run out of this vile pen I do not know. At present the utter impossibility has got possession of me, and after all, for what on earth should I strive to conquer it? . . .

I perfectly understand you when you say one is the happier for having known sorrow. You know better *how* to be happy, you estimate your blessings more truly: your happiness is of a higher quality. For myself, I hardly know how to say the happier for my sorrows; but I hope I have made the right use of them and have brought my mind into a better state, but every joy is so tempered with melancholy that happier is not the word for it. All pleasures make me ready to cry instead of laugh. The immense difference of age may account for this, as for a thousand other changes in one's *manière d'être*. . . .

[Lord Dacre died on March 21, 1851, and Lady Dacre made her permanent home in Chesterfield Street. On May 7, she writes to her grandson, Frank, then a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Castor* at the Cape of Good Hope.]

MY MOST BELOVED GRANDSON,—

The time has come when your bit of paper commanded me to write, and I must obey; but indeed I shall be most stupid, and you will throw my letter to the fishes in the sea. We struck work, as you knew we intended to do, at the poor dear Hoo, on the 29th of April: the Brands to come to their London duties, his in the House of Commons, and hers to her Queen's service.¹ I had to get this house in order (which had been left as we left it when our sad miseries began). This is my future home, and I make a sad hand of it, ordering carpenters and painters, upholsterers, etc., knowing no more of fitting up houses than my dog Pincher. With the kind help of Susan and others, I shall have it clean and nice, though quite simple and unpretending, by the time I want it; for, be it known to you that I rail away on Saturday next, the 10th of May, if alive, for Howick Grange;

¹ [Mrs. Brand was a member of the Queen's Household.]

stay there till the end of June, and then bring back your brother and sister Grey with me to see friends, and the Crystal Palace and all its wonderful contents, and to enjoy themselves, after the fashion of country cousins in books, for a month. After which they will return to the north, and I shall join the dear Brands again at the Hoo, and from thence, if my courage and health hold out, pay a few flying visits to the Whitbreads and the Hibberts and such nice people.

I wonder why I should have descanted so much on my own plans when my thoughts are so much with you, dearest boy. When are we to hear, I wonder, of your safe arrival at the Cape? I hope you Sailors will have nothing to do with the Kaffirs, and trust the Soldiers will have set them to rights before you arrive. For heaven's sake be careful with your gun; you will have heard of Lord Ellesmere's youngest son shot dead on the spot from a bit of carelessness. Don't lay yours down *anywhere* when loaded, for my sake if not your own, for I happen to be very fond of you. We have had the most terribly stormy weather since you have been away. The only thing people think of in London is this Crystal Palace: the opening of it went off well; the Queen was rapturously received, I hear, and did everything most courteous and pretty to her loving people. They tell pretty stories of the Duke of Wellington, which I daresay you have heard from all quarters. I believe every thing charming about him, for his fine, noble, simple character is my admiration. I do not speak of our past sorrows, my very dear grandson, because I do not write to sadden you, but I will just say that the testimonies I receive from all quarters and from all classes of people of the high esteem in which my beloved Lord was held, and the deep sympathy of everybody in my grief, is a great though melancholy gratification to me. I do not think that any man was so universally loved and regretted. I only wish, my Franky, to live long enough to see you again, and then to lie in the Churchyard by his side.

Harry has been very successful in the examination for which he has worked so hard, and dined *tête-à-tête* with me yesterday in high glee. He is the only guest I have had in London, as I do not admit any but very near relations. I had a remarkably pleasant

dinner, for I rather think we got a little drunk together; he opened his heart beautifully on several subjects, and a purer, more amiable heart does not beat under ribs. I will make up for this terrible morsel next time, but I really am so miserable and so harrassed at present, I don't know what I am about. I only know that I am your very affectionate

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan

HOWICK GRANGE,

June 11, 1851.

DEAREST, DEAREST, MOST PRECIOUS GRANDSON,—

I have written to you but once since I lost sight of you, and that was so small and miserable a little scrawl that I dare say it has never reached you. So much the better if it has not! I am now more comfortable, from time and reflection and kindness unparalleled from these dear children of mine. I came by rail the 10th of May, and what with sea air and the sight of so much happiness and goodness, I am in better health, and in a more right state of mind. I hope you keep up a little French. It is the universal language nowadays, and I don't believe you can climb up the rigging of your ship without it, let alone cutting any figure on shore in plain English. You see, dear boy, I can talk a little nonsense still.

We are going the end of this month, or in the first week in July, to what is now my home, No. 2, Chesterfield Street, where I hope to keep them with me some weeks, to see the Crystal Palace and all the wonders it contains, and all the innumerable Greys now in London, besides sights and friends of all sorts and sizes. I shall stay quietly at home and trust to them for taking pleasure in everything for me. My happiness is in their happiness, and you, my blessed darling of a grandson, are, I hope, contributing your ample share at the Cape, by your welfare and well-doing in the noble profession you have chosen, and for which it does really seem that nature had formed you, and which has no one fault but, in a Granny's eyes, from taking you so far away. We are dying to hear from you; let us have a nice cosy letter soon. Tell us how the climate agrees with you; whether

you have fine fellows, such as that dear good Mr. Hinde I have always longed to know, and who I have no hope now of ever seeing. If any strange chance should throw him in my way, I will hobble boldly up to him, and introduce myself as your Granny, who loves him dearly for his kindness to you when you were a little boy set afloat upon the broad seas without leading strings, and not the tall, long-legged midshipman I now see in my mind's eye—with proper respect. By the bye, don't grow too tall; sailors should be short and stout, I believe.

This place is quite charming—such flowers! and such trees! And yet the country, when you get beyond the reach of Grey influence, is bare and ugly, as you know. . . . My only news is that I have had a fit of the gout since I have been here, and think it worth while to be ill to be so nursed! If I find them relax in their attention, I shall immediately cry out “Oh, my foot!” and bring them back to their duty. Good-bye, my beloved Grandson. . . .

Your most loving

GRANNY.

*Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan,
on H. M. Brig “Grecian”*

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
March 11, 1852.

MY PRECIOUS AND BELOVED FRANK,—

It is now within a few days of a twelvemonth since I have been the poor unhappy, lonely thing I am for the remainder of my days, but I have still many blessings, and am thankful for them. . . . I will not let myself dwell on past sad events, all details of which you will have from a better quarter. . . . I am very much disappointed by the little chance I have of getting Barby and F. Grey this April, as I have done before, but if they cannot come to me, I must screw my courage up, and go to them. I have not been well of late; the constant confinement of this, my small home now, does not agree with such an out-of-door woman as I have been all my long life. I breathe smoke instead of air, and eat soot instead of beef and mutton, I believe. I have so little society that I am thrown

on my own resources, and am most grateful that my eyes are spared to me, so that I read all day long. Everybody is kind to me for the sake of him who was so honoured and beloved, and whose name it is my pride to bear. I do not enter into politics; I have nothing to tell you, for I live completely out of the world, and if I lived in it, should not be a jot the wiser, so stone deaf as I am. . . . Your father has been everything to me in all my long misery. . . . The Vic. will be lovely when you see it next. The Hoo, too, undergoing great improvements. . . . My darling grandson,

Your affectionate

GRANNY.

*Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan,
on H.M.S. "Castor"*

CHESTERFIELD STREET,

April 4, 1852.

MY OWNEST, DEAR, MOST PRECIOUS FRANK,—

I left the darling Vicarage this morning, after a little visit of a week, which has done me all the good in the world. I had been quite ill from all my long stay in London during the winter, and our cold spring, and I had been so excessively confined to the house that I was getting quite out of repair. . . . You may guess therefore what a comfort the dear Vicarage and the unbounding kindness of that best of men, your dear father, and his excellent Emily, have been to me. I am now therefore up to a bit of a chat with such a brisk young mariner as my grandson. You will find Herts much changed when you return. Tom is going to do wonders to the poor old Hoo, but not before it was wanted: the place had been so long neglected. King's Walden is undergoing a good deal of alteration and repairing also, and full of workmen. . . . Your aunt is from home with her old friends for a short time. She and her daughter exert themselves admirably. I did not see them. . . . I really never saw your father in finer condition, as we say of horses. He and Emily have been busy too, fitting up and embellishing the Vic. The greatest pleasure I have had for some years has been the being able to have a bit of a finger

in the pie. . . . My own poor old sister is coming to me from Torquay, in Devonshire, where she has been passing the last six months for her health, and is not the better for it. . . . I will not dwell on my pining for you, as I verily believe, happy young fellow as you are, that you pine a little at times after us all, and that your poor old, deaf, dished, and done-up old Granny comes in for her share, having had a fatal weakness for you from your cradle. I could run on talking nonsense to you for twenty-four hours longer, I believe, if I thought you would have time or patience to read it. Bless you a thousand times.

Your affectionate

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan

KIMPTON VICARAGE,

July 3, 1852.

My blessed Franky, here I am! among everything most calculated to bring your beloved image before my poor old eyes, and what can I do better than let myself talk of them all? . . . I am better in health than I have been for more than a year, and, indeed, better than most people of my age; and if my poor sister were but half as well as I am, I should say no young midshipman in our beloved Queen's service had a finer grandmother and great-aunt than one Frank Sullivan. The hay all round us in the paddock is undergoing the making, and the perfume reaches, I verily believe, miles around. The flowers in full beauty, the trees so full of foliage, the shrubs so grown, you have no idea of the improvement and the loveliness of your native place! . . . Tom is making immense improvements at the Hoo. I went there yesterday, and could not recognise anything but the stables. The whole house is turned topsy-turvy; it will be no doubt a fine place by and bye, and if such great works do not send him to jail, you will pass many a pleasant day there yet. . . . I have not been able to get to the Grange, on account of their engagements relative to the approaching elections, etc., and to my own unwillingness to go so far from Aunt Talbot while she was so ill all May and June.

She is now recovering but slowly. . . . Emily has a lovely phaeton with two beautiful grey horses, and gave me a charming drive with them the day after we arrived. I have nothing of that kind now—only a comfortable old lady's brougham and a pair of job horses: Will Smith my coachman. Can't you picture us to yourself? . . . It is lucky that my paper will not let me run on more. Blessings in bushels, from your poor old loving

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. F. Grey

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
Thursday.

"A bad Granny," ye powers! Why, the post office must be choked with my letters, or they must have been stolen for their beauty and cleverness by some needy author, and will make their appearance very soon under some other name. I have written every day and all day long, and it is well for your purse you have not my letters to pay for—ungrateful and forgetful child that you are! . . .

Summer is at an end. I never was colder, and have let myself have a bit of fire these last two evenings; my pride, too, knocked under, and I shut my three windows and even condescended to a blanket. . . . Yes, I am better, and as everybody *will* say so, look better out of the glass; but *in* it—oh, ye powers! (my new exclamation)—never did I see, even myself, so hideous. I rather like it. I don't like doing things by halves, so prepare yourself for your "ye powers!" . . . My dear, I have been looking over old letters, and I see I must wait a little longer for you; and as looking forward is better than looking back, I will not repine that it must be November before I clutch you, and you say you can stay longer then; and, besides, we shall be able to get scraps of more people who love you, and who you love; and your Fred behaves so beautifully to me that he must be considered in our calculations, for I do really believe we might tyrannise if we would. But do just gently insinuate that the later he comes, the longer he stays. I have just lent my "Rambles"¹ to

¹ ["Rambles and Scrambles," by Edward Sullivan, afterwards 5th baronet.]

Lady Morley before I had half read it, for I thought the sooner it got abroad the better; my brother and sister have both got it. I think well of it, and am most pleased and interested when he gets on real subjects and opinions where his style rises. My horror of slavery and the beastly brutality to which slavery has reduced the natives themselves, for they were not surely made (when "somebody" made them) without even the instinctive feelings and affections of bears, tigers, and rattlesnakes—it is too painful, too shocking! He is a clever fellow, I feel sure, and it is astonishing how much general knowledge he has acquired—and then what he has gone through! How indefatigable? How *all manner*! Make him call on me; where is he? Pup said he was in the north. I am curious about him. *Scour* him well, body and mind, with soap and sand, and don't let him wear his buffalo robe for me, nor have anything of Siouxes or any of the tribes about him. I have nothing to say, so I let my pen loose after a third capital night's rest. . .

CHAPTER X

“The Man without a Name”—Letters from Lady Dacre and the Rev. F. Sullivan to Mrs. Grey—Sonnets by Lady Dacre—The Greys winter at Palermo—Funeral of the Duke of Wellington—Lady Dacre’s letters to her grandson Frank.

TOWARDS the end of our time at Howick, I made my first attempt at writing a story. Lord Grey was about to build a small church at Chevington, and we wanted to help if we could, so I determined to try my hand as an authoress. Dear, kind Lady Morley took “The Man without a Name” under her wing, and, thanks to her name as editor, I got £100 for it. Nowadays one would have to pay to have such a tale put in print; everybody writes, and even Lady Morley’s name would not be sufficient.

Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. F. Grey

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
Tuesday.

No, my dear, no; you are as welcome to my name as to anything else of mine, but my name is now nothing. If my existence is known to a few old cotemporaries (there are very few still breathing), it is only as the poor old creature honoured by bearing such a name. It can have no effect in awakening the curiosity or interest, though it might in exciting compassion, for the individual so reduced to nothing. I lived when I was last an editor in a little sort of literary circle called *blue*—now gone by—and though I was not in reality blue, I was alive and merry, and some people were partial to me: more, perhaps, because I rode well than anything of a higher order;

for I *did* ride well, though I say it! my last vain emotion! And now everybody rides well, my mouth waters to see them.

But to return. If I wrote a little preface, it could not be in a tone that would be a proper introduction to the sort of work. It must not be facetious or droll: that would be disgusting; nor could it be serious without being much too serious. Nothing—nothing but the poor dear name on the title page! It would make Passingham and Davies¹ read the book with interest. But the fashionable world! the sentimental world! the political world! the commercial world! now that this old fragment only remains of *all* that *that* name included, it would be like taking up one dead leaf of a tree and calling it the Royal Oak. I have now run myself out of breath, while William is on a ladder doing things to the curtains, and I am half attending to him. I am entirely ready for whatever you wish, or others think expedient. I have no vanity, no anything, but utter stupidity in me to offer to the business—only I *did ride well*, and must hook *that* in if you employ me.

I packed off your letters later in the day yesterday; I hope you got them safely. Forgive—forgive. I have a little dinner to-day, which has kept me awake all night; a royal banquet to Queen Victoria could not agitate me more. The guests are the S. Whitbreads, three, my brother, Westmacott, and self; in all, six. The dinner itself will be nice; my cook is really good. I have a letter from my sister; her apartments are an absolute hospital. Her merits and loveliness and Christianities are *be-yond*! They make me feel so wicked; no, I could not submit so cheerfully, so sweetly, to such things. Her maid is recovering. Hall is mending steadily except her cough, which is as furious as ever; you may hear it if you prick up your ears. It is difficult to imagine a darker, duller, colder day than this same 27th of April, 1852, and so I will take my leave and go and warm myself.

Your loving wretch,
GRANNY.

¹ [Tradesmen in Hitchin.]

*Lady Dacre to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey*KIMPTON VICARAGE,
April.

I receive your darling bit of impudence . . . they have had the MS. so much between them that I have not been able to lay about me here. I leave it now with Emily, who is in all the agony of that very clever part where the father's coldness makes him so miserable. I don't believe I can have said half how much I like and admire it, for I have mistrusted myself and fear to give way. I wonder how I behaved about "The Chaperon, etc." I was bolder then, and seconded by such an authority! . . . The wind is colder than ever, and cuts one into thinner slices in spite of beautiful sunshine which cannot hold up its head in its presence. I am, however, wonderfully better in point of sleep and appetite—sleep like a house-dog, and eat like a wolf—but must still take care *what*. My cold quite gone, and Hall's come tenfold, and she ought to have real advice, but her superior knowledge of everything in the world will prevent her taking any. I hope she will outlive me, poor thing! for she is an excellent person with that one fault, or rather virtue, in such perfection—handed down from Solomon himself, no doubt. What a pen! . . . No, I leave my Petrarchian dog with Holloway, who adores him. He is so fat that he can hardly roll along, and the not having one inch of outlet in London is such an inconvenience! Holloway keeps a running account with me for Dogs and Widows, and Wood, and does it with such care and scrupulous exactness, it is beautiful! A few lines, please, on business, that I may get it as soon as possible . . . And so, good-bye, my ownest best of chicks.

Your

GRAN.

*The Rev. F. Sullivan to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Grey*CHESTERFIELD STREET,
June 1.

DEAREST BARBY,—

I have seen Bentley this morning, who is all civility and almost kindness, and willing to publish.

He read me his reader's critique, which I begged to be allowed to enclose to you. He had not read the MS. himself, but pins his faith upon his reader. I told him I thought his reader had not caught the peculiar and hereditary character and temperament of Edward, and he seemed to be struck with my remarks. I should advise your explaining your own views of Edward, and answering and defending, or the contrary. Bentley seemed to think that the character might be more developed without much trouble, and made more interesting. My opinion is, from his manner—for he did not say anything to the effect—that he would publish under all circumstances, whether you alter or not. Its being edited a *sine quâ non*.

He would recommend dropping Edward, and making the title, "The Man without a Name," edited by Countess of Morley. He is ready to give you, if so edited, £100 in advance; and if the first edition of 750 sells, to give you £50 or £100 more. He would not be definite on this latter point; he at one moment said £100 or £200, but afterwards fell to the £100, or £50. You may write to him *directly* if you like, or to me; there is no hurry, as he would not publish till after the election—about September.

I have not said a word to Granny about Lady Morley, as I had written before very strongly, begging her not to meddle; she has taken a very particular view of the matter, and cannot understand any other. She is now quite satisfied with herself, says that Lady Morley is all that is kind, and has written to you.

Bentley would prefer, I think, Lady Dacre to Lady Morley, but I told him that Lady Dacre's name would at once throw suspicion on the author. I don't think much myself of the reader's critique, but it is valuable as showing the impression on an *ordinary* and *uninterested* mind.

Bless you, dearest,
Your affectionate father,
F. S.

The two following sonnets were written in 1852, when Lady Dacre was between eighty-five and eighty-six years old. She says of them: "In consequence of Mrs. Hibbert having paid me compliments on my

sonnets, I wrote her some absolute nonsense in the correct form of a sonnet, without any poetry or meaning in it, taking leave of the 'old maiden ladies,' the Muses; and she answered me, that Mr. Hibbert had found some beauty in it, which led to the second still more foolish poem."

FAREWELL TO THE MUSES

Farewell, old maiden ladies! You too long
Have led your aged votary astray,
And made her fancy stringing rhymes the way
To ensure fame by melody of song.
And yet, old girls, she will not do you wrong,
For your sweet witchery has many a day
Beguiled her sad heart by some tuneful lay,
Lulling its sorrow, gentle friends among!
But you are out of fashion. Sober age
Points with her gnarled staff at winter's frost
By flow'rets shunned, nor e'en by wild weeds decked.
Let humblest votaries, then, your smiles engage,
Nor be an old friend's warning on you lost—
Shakespeares and Miltons never more t' expect.

B. D.

July, 1852.

To Mrs. Hibbert

ON HER COMPLIMENTS TO HER AS A SONNETEER

You say I am a famous sonneteer!
A baker might be *as* renowned *at least*,
Who could bake loaves without or flour or yeast;
A brewer, too, who without malt brewed beer!
Such meat and drink should surely not be dear;
And yet, *pour tout pôtage* were not a feast,
And you from the first course when once released
Might hope the second would not prove so queer.
The French say, "L'appétit vient en mangeant,"
I wish they could with equal truth declare
"Que le genie se trouve en écrivant,"
For then I might a sonnet pen to you
Should make both you and your Nathaniel stare,
And even beat old Petrarch black and blue.

B. D.

July, 1852.

In the autumn of 1852 I suffered much from a cold and cough, which lasted so long as to cause some anxiety; and with the knowledge that consumption proved fatal in the case of my mother and sister, it was thought prudent to obey the doctor's orders, and pass the winter abroad. This was a tremendous uprooting; I had never been out of England, and my husband was very sorry to leave his work. However, we decided on passing the winter at Palermo, and embarked in the *Tagus*.

Before we left London the solemn and striking funeral of the Duke of Wellington took place, and which I saw from Charles Grey's rooms at St. James's Palace. Like everybody else, I thought the funeral car objectionable, but the crowd in the streets impressive, and the led horse most touching. My husband was, I think, in St. Paul's.

On September 7, 1852, we started, staying a little time at Gibraltar, where George Grey, my husband's brother, was Captain of the Port. My first sight of foreign land was Vigo; we did not land, but I shall never forget the impression of foreign-ness in the look of the boats, the play of strange voices, the vegetables brought off from the shore, all sounds and sights so different from anything English. We returned in June, 1853 and went back to Howick Grange.

[Frank Sullivan returned from the east coast of Africa early in 1853, and was appointed to H.M.S. *London*, in which ship he went to the Black Sea.]

Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
April 9, 1853.

I know the great kindness of your motives for sparing me a painful parting, so ill as I have been; but

do not fancy you can quite elude me, dearest grandson. Grandmothers are persevering old things. I have shed my farewell tears all alone, but my blessings must follow you to Portsmouth even if you are gone before they get there. I have a nice letter from Emily telling me all about you. Everything has been done that is kindest by you, and I am at the bottom most happy about you; only when one is as old and as ill as I am, and has known so much happiness and so much sorrow as I have, everything goes to one's eyes in the same *globular* form. I wish, however, my little visit to the Vic., which was to you in particular, had been better timed, but I will not dwell on that. I saw you well, and I ought to be satisfied. I have a few little fears as to your not taking sufficient care to remain so. Don't be led by jolly companions and high spirits to drink sparkling ale, and all manner of good things if they come in your way; and if you have any vanity, let that bad quality stand your friend in making you throw away your cigars, for they destroy the teeth and spoil the breath; and no young lady who thinks as I do of the exceeding value of those two accomplishments in young gentlemen, will come within a mile of you when tobacco has done its work. The blessing, too, of being able to say, at my age, that I have never had the tooth ache, from having taken care of my teeth when young!

Emily sends a long charming letter from your sister, with a very good account of herself, saying she is growing fat! I a little doubt the fact, but read it *well*, which satisfies me. If they are postponing their return much longer, I fear I shall never see them more, as my attacks are more frequent and severe, but I will take more and more care of myself, and practise more and more self-denial for their sakes, for see them I must, if I can possibly manage to do so, and then I shall set about taking the same pains for you again. . . .

I am very tidily well to-day, and will now write to my own dear, good Harry; besides, you must be too busy to give me your time, if my scratch of a letter should ever reach you. Blessings, then, by the dozens, my dearest grandson, from

Your most affectionate

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
August 16, 1853.

MY OWN DEAREST GRANDSON,—

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your dear little hasty scrawl after the grand Review in which I took such interest. I have waited a few days, hoping to hear more and understand more than a poor old landswoman can from the technical terms used in the newspapers. My doctor called and gave me the most clear and beautiful account of the whole, with his whole soul engaged in it; and here I am, more proud of my country, my Queen, and *my* glorious Navy than ever. . . . I cannot express to you how much I value myself in belonging, if I may so term it, for three generations, to the English Navy. How much the most noble, magnificent sight ever seen on the face of the earth or the waters this must have been! I can sit and cry over it even now—tears enough to wreck the ships without the sea to help me—for very admiration. I hope there is no war coming on to make me “lower my topsails”! Is that good sailor’s language? My dear Frank, you must love your profession, or I will leave off loving you; you will not get any one to love you half as well in a hurry, you dear beastie! Take care of yourself however, while you have a Granny, which cannot be long, though my Navy, for the present, has put fresh life into me. I really am better, and the extraordinary return of my little dog, after a cruise of three weeks, has lent a hand in it, too. Nobody can imagine where he has been, and he does not tell tales, but his thinness and low spirits proclaim the ill usage he has received.

Your good Aunt Talbot leaves me next Wednesday after a ten days’ visit, and I believe I shall have the largest metropolis in the world all to myself. I have nice letters from your father and Emily in Scotland, and very good accounts of your sister and her Frederick from Northumberland.

Frederick Grey is very saucy to me about the British Navy consisting with me of one young fellow, who is nameless. . . . But, indeed, *my* Queen, *my* “Duke of Wellington’s memory,” and all my etceteras

have fingers in the pie, I vow. Are you likely to be going to sea? I would not keep you losing your time at Portsmouth if I could. Tell me, when you write again, whether you have books of a useful kind on board, or get-at-able. . . . Your age is the age for acquiring knowledge of every sort, and forming the mind in every respect, and my heart is set upon your being a fine fellow and doing honour to *my* Navy. I have a fancy that I could prove the *London's* position in the review was a compliment to her, though it cut her out of much of the fun. Poor old girl! for she *is* old, isn't she? And now, my dear boy . . . I will take my leave and I felt proud of your writing so immediately to your poor old

GRANNY.

Lady Dacre to her grandson, F. W. Sullivan

MY MOST PRECIOUS FRANK,—

Your dear little letter, received a few days ago, gave me most heart-felt satisfaction mixed with some Granny's feelings about war, which I would not have you participate in. You have life before you, and as brilliant prospects as any fine young fellow can wish; and every one who has a drop of English blood in his veins has the Duke of Wellington's example before his eyes; and though I cannot live to witness it, I mean to glory in your future by anticipation. Such situations cannot fall to every one's lot, but every one can have his great qualities, commanding the just and well-earned applause and admiration of the vanquished enemy, though so grudgingly granted by his fellow countrymen, and that *naïveté sublime, bonhomie immortelle*, and *delicatesse infinie*, so beautifully celebrated by Jules Maurel. I hope you are Frenchman enough to relish the exquisite taste and truth of these expressions applied to so great a man, who not only conquered the conqueror—or rather destroyed the destroyer—but annihilated the hero of history.

I have let my pen run away with me, for I have but just finished my second reading of Jules Maurel, and, not being very well, humour my poor old self in my admiration of such a character. I have not written to you for a great while, for my impaired health and extreme old age confine me very much to my home,

and my intolerable deafness makes me horrible as a companion to others, though one would hardly find it out, all my old friends are so kind and attentive to me. With grief I must add they are very few now in number, and my infirmities oblige me to see them one by one. I have a taste for your dear animated young bipeds, as well as for my old favourites the quadrupeds, to this hour. . . . You will probably get a letter from your father with this, which will put my poor little note's nose out of joint. When I see more people, if ever I am well enough to do so, I will try to be better worth reading.

Your most affectionate
GRANNY.

CHAPTER XI

The Greys at Madeira—The Crimean War—Death of Lady Dacre—The Greys go to Malta, to Constantinople, to the Crimea, to Malta again, return to Constantinople—Their house burnt to the ground—Peace declared—Return to England—Greys sail for the Cape—Black Town—The Indian Mutiny—Arrival of Dr. Livingstone—Tours up the country—In the *Boscawen* to Mauritius, to Bourbon, to Madagascar, to Johanna Island, return to Simon's Bay—Zandvliet—Arrival of the *Forte*—Return to England—At the Admiralty—At Lynwood.

IN the summer of 1853 I had an attack of agueish fever which lasted a good while, and it was decided that we should pass the next winter abroad. We determined this time to do the thing thoroughly and go to Madeira. War with Russia was so evidently imminent that my husband thought he ought to apply for employment, although he had not thought it necessary to serve while peace prevailed. He was immediately appointed to the *Hannibal*, and had to hasten home to commission her. When the news came he was ill with a sharp attack of dysentery. However, change of air and a sea voyage were just what the doctor desired for him, and the *Penelope* having just come in on her way home, he was given a passage in her, though still so weak that he had to be carried on board in a hammock.

He reached England March 16, and war was declared March 28, 1854. I was not allowed to go back to England so early in the year, but had to remain another month. I don't think I ever felt much more forlorn! Left behind, all alone, my husband ill, and perhaps to

have left England and gone to the wars before I could get home! However, it could not be helped; I would not have stopped him if I could, and I could not if I would.

As it turned out the *Hannibal* took a good while to get ready; she was a new ship, and when I got home in May she was lying at Chatham, where I went. This was the beginning of my experiences as the wife of a naval man.

A very few days after my arrival from Madeira my grandmother died, May 17, 1854. She knew me and rejoiced to see me, but soon became unconscious. Her life after leaving the Hoo had been a very sad one. Her deafness made it impossible for her to enjoy society, and she disliked London more and more as she was cut off from what alone makes London endurable.

The *Hannibal* was sent first to the Baltic with French troops, and then to the Black Sea—in July 1854. We had given up the Grange and I was to go to Malta for the time. It was difficult to get there, as all means of transport were required for troops and warlike stores. However, a very kind Captain Hastings gave me a passage in H.M.S. *Curacoa*, although I was a perfect stranger to him, and we started soon after the *Hannibal*. On reaching Malta I found that the *Hannibal* had sailed that morning for the Black Sea. I knew quite well that all the wives in the world would not have kept my husband back for five minutes when he ought to lose no time, but it *was* a disappointment!

I was most kindly received and housed by Sir William and Lady Reid, and proceeded to look for a lodging. It ended, however, in my taking up my abode with the kindest of all couples, Sir Houston and Lady Stewart, and remaining with them till I left



The Hon^{ble} Lady Grey
from a Water Colour
by George Richmond R.A.



Malta. There never were two people who worked together to do kind actions like those two. It was not till I had been some time in their house that I found out that they were the very pair who, known to us as Captain and Mrs. Shaw-Stewart of the *Benbow*, had taken such tender care of my brother Brand years before when in his last illness at Athens. Their kindness to me was infinite. At their house, of course, I heard all the war news first hand, and saw all the distinguished people who passed either way. I remember meeting Lord Cardigan on his way back to England after the famous cavalry charge, and his account of the way in which the horses, whose riders had been killed, charged on with the rest, and pressed so close upon him that he had to prick them off with the point of his sword.

Admiral Stewart's hospitality was unbounded whether to English or French officers. One very funny conversation with a French officer comes back to my memory. He had been, I think, in some English merchant's ship, where he had come across a Bible, and had been reading it with some curiosity: one *histoire singulière* had struck him much. "L'Histoire de Joseph et Potiphar, oui Madame, l'histoire fort intéressante mais singulière!" I did not enquire further, but I made Admiral Stewart roar with laughter when I told him of our conversation. His laugh was most contagious, and that and his own droll stories made his dinner parties very lively. Withal he was the most energetic, determined, and admirable officer, and it was not very long before he was appointed second in command to Sir Edmund Lyons in the Black Sea Fleet. My husband became an admiral, and was put in charge of Constantinople, Admiral Stewart hoisting his flag in the *Hannibal*.

I was not, however, allowed to go on to Constantinople till the cold weather was over; but as soon as I could I went to join my husband there—the end of February 1855.

I found that we had a Turkish house close to the water side at Fondukli, between the Ordnance Wharf at Topkhana and the Sultan's Palace at Dolmabagtchi, a very good house in point of size, but with certain drawbacks; one in the shape of bugs, another in the shape of rats. The first night of my arrival I naturally left my candle and my slippers by my bedside. In the morning there was the candlestick indeed, but no candle; and after much search for my slippers, I found the heel of one just outside a rat-hole in the wainscot! Finally the rats were somewhat quelled, but the iron bedstead had to be kept clear of the wall and the feet placed in saucers of oil, by which means the bugs were discomfited.

Housekeeping was rather difficult. We had a Greek man-cook, whose accounts alarmed me, the weekly bills seeming to be in thousands of something or other. The only means of communication with him, and with the Turkish caiquejées, was through a Greek footman who spoke more or less Italian. I had to interpret between him and our English ship's steward—a very roundabout business.

I began by having a horse and getting a few very pretty rides, but soon there was too much work for any one to think of such idle pleasures, and I had, instead, a very pretty caique and two Turkish boatmen, with whom I could go out safely alone and get a little air. Walking alone was quite impossible, as Fondukli is in an absolutely Turkish quarter. When my husband could get a spare moment we used to be rowed over to the other side of the Bosphorus, or to some landing-

place on the European side, and get a bit of a walk. We were so far from Pera that it was quite a business getting to any English friends. We dined occasionally at the Embassy. It was necessary then to have a sedan chair with men to carry it, a kavass or two, well armed, and the gentlemen, with huge boots to protect them from the dirty streets, went on foot with big sticks, in case the street dogs were troublesome.

Towards the end of May 1855, Sir Houston Stewart asked me to go and stay on board the *Hannibal*, off Sebastopol, to see as much of what was going on as possible. Accordingly a passage was given to me in the *Caradoc*, and I went to the Black Sea. I am sorry I have no journal of that very interesting time, and that my letters to my father, which gave an account of everything, were destroyed. That was a prosperous moment with the English force. The sufferings of winter were over, supplies were abundant, the weather was beautiful, and all were full of hope. Sir Houston, after his usual fashion, organised all for one's pleasure and comfort, in conjunction with Sir E. Lyons and Lord Raglan. One day a party of ladies—Mrs. and Miss Estcourt, and I forget who else—were sent in a steamer all along the shore where our troops had landed before the battle of the Alma; another day we were sent by Aloupka and Omanda as far as Yalta, along that beautiful “undercliff” studded with the villas of Russian nobles. We ran in as close as we could, and evidently caused much astonishment, as we saw Cossacks set off full gallop in various directions. At one villa, I forget whether the Imperial or the Woronzoff Villa, a man from the garden fired at us.

Captain Keppel—afterwards Sir Henry—was in charge of the expedition, and rather characteristically

called out, "Let the ladies go on the paddle-boxes, and show that this is only a pleasure party"; so we all obediently did so. I must confess that when we were there, I, for one, thought what fools we should look if the man fired again. However, he did not, and we backed off without any accident.

Another day Sir Houston captured an escort and a horse for me, and I went to the headquarters, where I had luncheon with Lord Raglan, and was mounted by him on one of his chargers and taken to the Traktir Bridge. This had been in the hands of the Russians since the night of the famous flank march, and had only that day been retaken. When we arrived, sentries had just been posted to prevent any one from crossing to the other side. However, Lord Raglan said I must go over the bridge, and I rode over with him and saw the hut, where I think he said he had passed the night on a former occasion. Another day General Codrington took me along the heights where the battle of Inkerman was fought, and to St. George's (I think) Monastery, and one day I had a gallop along the field of the Balaclava charge, now covered with wild flowers, and saw Balaclava harbour with its crowds of shipping.

At the end of about a week Sir Houston's and several other ships were ordered off to take Kertch, and I had speedily to clear out of the *Hannibal*, and went on board the *Queen* till I could get a passage to Constantinople. There were not many ships left at Sebastopol, and I remember the feeling of the reality of war with which I heard the speculations as to whether the Russians might think it worth while to come out and attack us, and the orders to keep a good look-out. However, nothing happened, and I got back safely, after a most interesting time.

After this came a very sad time in the Crimea: the failure of the attack on the Malakoff and Redan, the cholera, the death of Lord Raglan, and, later on, that of Captain Lyons. I forget the date of the latter, but I remember well the excitement of seeing the *Miranda* come down the Bosphorus, and the speculations that she must have been sent with great and good news, with which Sir E. Lyons had charged his own son; and then the shock of hearing that Captain Lyons had been landed dangerously wounded at the hospital at Therapia, while his ship had come on to report to the Admiral. Poor Sir Edmund! he was well nigh broken-hearted, we were told.

But I am not writing about the war, so I must go back to ourselves. I do not remember anything very particular till Christmas time. We had a dinner party of our own particular staff (captains, etc.), and I had with great pride and joy secured an English leg of mutton for the occasion. The night before, however, I managed to cough so violently as to break a small blood-vessel; and on striking a light the bed was displayed covered with blood, to the dismay of those concerned. My Christmas was thus passed in bed—not allowed to move or speak, or to swallow anything but what was iced—the doubt being whether there was anything very serious or not. Happily it turned out that there was not, as the hæmorrhage did not return. It was settled, however, that I should go to Malta to avoid the chance of cold; and as it happened that the *Royal Albert* had to leave for some repairs, Sir E. Lyons gave me permission to go in her, giving Frederick also leave to escort me and see me safely installed in the Admiral's house in Strada Mezzodi. Frank, who had been ill, was sent in the same ship. I forget how long this was after my attack; but I had

not been allowed to move, and was shifted off my bed on to a cot, covered over with blankets, carried by sailors to the water side, whipped up, cot and all, into the *Royal Albert*, and only uncovered and allowed to look round when safely hung up in the Admiral's cabin.

There I remained till we got into warmer waters. All went well at first, but when we entered the Archipelago, it was discovered that something had gone so wrong with the screw that a large hole had been torn in the ship's stern, and water was pouring in by tons. Every attempt to stop the hole proved fruitless, and the pumps were unable to keep the water down. I am afraid this is a very poor description of the circumstances; but the case was so serious that all hands were called on deck, and it was resolved to make for the island of Zea, where there was a harbour.

I am ashamed to say I knew very little of what was going on. My husband was, of course, called in to counsel with Captain Mends, and everybody was busy. I was in my cot; could do nothing, and saw nothing; but knew that everything that could be done would be done; and—was found fast asleep when Frederick came to report that all was going on as well as could be, and that there was every chance of our reaching Zea. This we accordingly did, and the ship was run up on the sandy beach so as to be safe.

From the stern walk Frank and I amused ourselves with letting down string and hauling up oranges from the boats which came off, for we were both on the sick list and unable to land. A boat was sent off to Athens to ask for help, and very soon the *Princess Royal* and some other ship came to our assistance. Meanwhile, a strong bulwark had been built up across

the screw alley, and the ship made safe to go under sail to Malta. We were offered cabins in the *Princess Royal*, but preferred to stay where we were, as the other ships were going to stand by and see the *Royal Albert* safe into Malta harbour.

Frederick stayed a few days at Malta, and then went back to Constantinople, leaving me—very well—to keep house with Frank until the Houston Stewarts arrived to take possession. I stayed on with them till I was allowed to go back to Constantinople, and Captain John Moore kindly gave me a passage in the *Highflyer*. We passed through the Dardanelles just when the news arrived of the birth of the Prince Imperial, and all the French ships were gay with flags in consequence (March 16, 1856).

The next event was rather a startling one to us, though a very common one at Constantinople, namely the burning down of our house, and almost all its contents—the living excepted! No one was hurt, luckily.

On Saturday, April 12, we had a small dinner party, some of our captains dining with us, among others Captain Stopford of the *Queen*, whose ship was anchored just a little way off. Conversation turned, as it often does at Constantinople, upon fires, and Captain Stopford said he would keep a good look out for the Admiral and his papers; to which I rejoined: "Please keep a good look out also for the Admiral's wife!"

We went to bed as usual, but Frederick fancied he smelt smoke and went down to look. The main building of the house was on the water's edge, the kitchen separated by a court of grass and trees, but joined to the house by a narrow strip of building, in which the boat's crew had rooms. Frederick

found the kitchen very hot and opened the windows, but returned to bed. Our dear Irish setter, Ranger, slept in our room, and he became restless. Frederick got up again and met the Flag-Lieutenant—Sir Malcolm Macgregor—and the Secretary, coming up to say there was a fire in the kitchen: the beams of the ceiling had caught during cooking operations, but until part of the plaster fell, nothing could be seen. They all went to work to put out the fire, and I remained thinking that there was no danger, and wasted several very precious minutes. Fortunately the Secretary came back and said he did not think they would succeed in stopping the spread of the fire, and that I had better think of saving what I cared most about. But it was rather difficult to know what to decide to take; I got all the papers that I could lay hands upon and tied them up in a table cover; the Secretary saved the two pictures by Richmond; I also got my trinket box. By this time the fire had run along the roof of the two narrow wings and seized upon the house itself, and we were told to get out of it as fast as we could.

No boat had arrived from the flag-ship, but a small boat from a merchant ship had come, into which I was to be bundled. Just before stepping in, however, Frederick missed the dog, and rushed back to find him. What seemed ages passed before he re-appeared with the dog in his arms, and shouted to every man to think no more of house or goods, but to save themselves. Almost as he spoke, the whole building seemed to crumble down like a thing on the stage, and the one brick wall which formed the side of my bedroom was left standing up alone, with a little fire that had been laid in my grate, burning composedly and properly, all by itself. The dog in its fright

had taken shelter under our bed, and could with difficulty be got to come out. I can never forget those moments of waiting, and the thought of what might and must have happened if the poor beast had delayed a little longer. If the dog had been a child, the Admiral would have been an hero!

We scrambled into the boat and pushed off, Sir Malcolm Macgregor throwing me his wide-awake to put on my bare head. As we arrived alongside the flag-ship, the sentry called out, "Boat ahoy," and the man in the bow of our little boat answered, in the most dignified manner, "Flag," which would naturally ensure a proper and formal reception of the Admiral. We were, of course, most kindly received by Captain Stopford, and I went to bed, where I remained next day, until, by borrowing and contriving, I got some clothes to put on. Luckily my under-linen was, half of it, at the wash, so I got that, and Miss Canning most kindly sent me a gown. She being tall I could get into it, but on such occasions it is desirable to be of average dimensions.

The Government gives compensation for uniforms, nautical instruments, and so forth; but the feminine element, of course, gets nothing, and besides all one's clothes there were no end of things destroyed that one valued for one reason or another. However we were well out of the mess, as no one was in any way hurt, and everybody behaved well. I had an emotion of pleasure when the house was fairly flaming at the thought of the bugs and their punishment.

Lord and Lady Stratford were most kind and took us in at the Embassy, where we remained for some time, finally taking up our abode (April 30) on board

the *Queen*, where we remained till all the men-of-war were called upon to go to the Crimea to bring back the troops; then, June 6, we went to Therapia and stayed at Petala's Hotel.

Peace was made in March 1856, and the Crimea cleared of troops in July. It was a fine sight seeing the big ships come down the Bosphorus one after the other, laden with troops on their way home, and all in the finest spirits. When all was over we came home too, arriving at Spithead on August 15, 1856. We went to Howick, and finally to join my father in Scotland, where he had taken a house on Loch Awe, Inverliever by name. We paid a visit to our friends the Hibberts, and then again to Howick, Hickleton, and Sprotborough on our way south.

On January 24, 1857, Frederick was knighted and invested with the Order of the Bath; in March was appointed to the command of the Cape of Good Hope station; and on April 14 we started in the *Charity* steamer, arriving in Simon's Bay, May 23.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL

Monday, May 25.—Sir George Grey sent his travelling waggon to bring us to Cape Town to stay a few days with them and be out of the way of the Trotters (the home-going Admiral). We were driven by two Malays, one holding the reins of the six horses, the elder and superior wielding the long whip. The two together drove capitally, though a nervous person might not have enjoyed it. The first part of the road is rough enough, partly along the beach, partly through deep sand. After leaving the sea and turning on to the Cape flats, the road is very good, and from Wynberg to Rondebosch very pretty indeed: many oaks and pines, and through the trees beautiful dark hills with mists rolling down their sides. Some spots would not be unlike Scotland if the vegetation were not so totally different.

Cape Town is an ugly, unpicturesque, dirty town, with wide streets and flat-topped houses. The Government House is handsome inside, and both Sir George and Lady Grey make a most favourable impression. . . .

Tuesday, 26th.—The Governor has been giving us a most interesting account of the state of the Kaffirs. For the last thirty years they have had a succession of prophets whose influence is great. The three last have tried to bring on war with the English by persuading the Kaffirs to destroy their own means of subsistence, and keep themselves alive by rapine. The last of the three named a day in February, upon which, after destroying everything, they were to shut themselves into their huts, a hurricane was to come on, English and unbelievers were to be swept off the face of the land, their ancestors were to come to life, and a new race of cattle, not subject to disease, was to spring out of the ground.

The delusion was so complete that upwards of 500,000 head of cattle were killed; fowls, even cats were destroyed, and all but a few unbelievers shut themselves up.

Sir George Grey had resolved that nothing should suffer him to be led into a war, and thus carry out the object of the prophet. He had visited the principal chiefs, reasoned, explained, endeavoured in every way to open their eyes, but in vain. Finally, seeing what must occur, he broke up a large quantity of Government land, and sowed it in anticipation of the famine.

When the eventful day in February was over the Kaffirs came forth utterly destitute. They immediately fell upon the few unbelievers who had kept their cattle, and for two or three days the confusion was great. Sir George then assembled the unbelievers and formed them into a body which repulsed the starving Kaffirs with success, and the poor wretches were reduced to complete subjection. They are employed on Government works and fed; the younger sons are sent down here and apprenticed; industrial schools have been formed for the children. Their faith in the prophet is, of course, utterly gone, and a complete revolution, productive of great good ultimately, seems about to take place. He says

they are a fine race of people, and quite capable of civilisation and living side by side with whites.

The Fingoes are very prosperous. They are now voters; and no less than, I think, 300 widows have, by their savings, bought land for their children within the very short time that the permission to do so has been given.

He told us also of a proposed race which interested me as characteristic of the man. He had a fine horse, called Thunderbolt, with him in Kaffraria, and this horse the Kaffirs tried to get by every means, offering to buy, to exchange, to take it as a present, or to steal it. Sandilli especially wanted it. Sir George was at that time about twenty-one miles from the camp, with only two attendants. He had found out that Sandilli's daughter was about to be sold for many cattle as wife to a chief she did not like, so Sir George said to him: "I will make you a proposal. Put your daughter behind me on Thunderbolt, give me a fair start, and then let the whole of Kaffirland give chase. If I reach the camp first, you shall let me dispose of your daughter; if not, you shall have the horse!"

There was a long consultation, but it ended in the Kaffirs declaring they had no horse that could catch Thunderbolt. Sandilli was, however, shamed out of the marriage, and the girl is, I think, now at school. Sir George says he does not know how the race would have ended, as the ground was much cut up with water-courses, and their knowledge of the passes might have beat him, though he trusted to the girl's pilotage. He thinks, too, that in the excitement they might have tried an assegai.

Wednesday, 27th.—I rode Thunderbolt. We have had rain every night and showers during the day; the air is delicious and the temperature very pleasant, a fire being quite acceptable in a room that the sun is not upon. The streets are full of red mud, and there is no pavement. I am disappointed in Cape Town; there are no costumes, no brightness of colour in dress, though plenty of variety of shade in complexion. The Malay women, with their hair plastered back close to their heads, and their wooden sandals held on by a wooden peg between the big and second toe, are the

most uncommon-looking, but they all wear Manchester cotton gowns.

The carriages and hansom cabs are mostly English ; but the waggons, with sixteen oxen or eight horses, are indigenous, as well as the light, covered carts, currie-like in the two wheels and pair of horses, of which we are about to order one as the best conveyance for our Simon's Town beaches.

June 3.—Returned to Simon's Bay.

Saturday, June 27.—I have begun to see my way a little as to more important matters, though I have as yet done nothing. To-morrow I begin attending Sunday-school.

We have been to Black Town also. This consists of ten or twelve houses built on Admiralty ground by blacks, and occupied by them on good behaviour. Some are employed in the dockyard, some as fishermen, one as tailor. They lived like pigs, but Admiral Trotter did much to improve them, and the cottages now are decent enough and some of the people respectable. A German, Mr. Hersch, who has lately been ordained as assistant curate, takes much pains with them. . . . Some of the oldest are liberated blacks from Madagascar, and anything so hideous and degraded-looking as the old women, with their monkey-faces and grizzled hair, I never saw. Three or four belonging to the same family have what they call leprosy, which consists in the fingers and toes dropping off joint by joint. It is a horrible and hopeless disease, and at first, when feeling is numbed but the fingers left, they get them burned and scalded without knowing it : one woman's hands were all raw with burns. Black Town (seventy-eight inhabitants in all) comes under our care.

I am promised a list of all the men employed in the dockyard and hospital who have families on shore, and I think I shall have to confine myself to them. . . . This African scenery is not quite like any other, partly I suppose from the vegetation being different, and partly from the union of extensive flats and rugged mountains, barren sands and rich woods, uncultivated wildness and snug villas. The silver-tree well deserves its name, and is almost bluish white

when the wind blows and turns up the underside of the leaves. It belongs to the Protea tribe, which gives the character to so much of the vegetation. The species are innumerable, and the individuals generally very gregarious. One has bright yellow floral leaves, and looks very gay at a distance; another, the sugar bush, is a little like a rhododendron in effect, the flowers being pink cones about 4 inches long; another has black, woolly tips; another white, another pink or yellow: the variety is incredible. . . . The heaths are getting very beautiful, and altogether the flowers are an endless source of delight.

Saturday, July 25.—The *Assistance* arrived with Frank¹ on board; we had not been quite sure whether to expect him by her or not. Luckily for me he has arrived so late that F. is going to leave him behind when he goes to sea on Monday, so I shall not be quite so desolate. . . .

CAPE TOWN, *Thursday, August 6.*—This morning Lady Grey rushed in before I was dressed to tell me that an officer of the Indian navy had arrived in a special steamer to ask for troops with all possible despatch, in consequence of the mutinies in India. Above seventy regiments have had to be disarmed; the rebels hold Delhi against us, and have such a store of arms and ammunition there and outnumber our force so greatly, that till reinforcements from the Punjaub reached Sir H. Barnard, he could do nothing. . . . Captain Travers, the aide-de-camp, has volunteered to go; his wife luckily is in England. Major Boyle, the other aide-de-camp, must go, as his regiment is ordered to India instead of New Zealand. We went to see poor Mrs. Boyle. . . . It is a sudden blow indeed; when we went to her house she had not had time even to talk it over with her husband and settle her plans.

Friday, August 7.—One piece of good news arrived yesterday, namely, that Commodore Keppel had been honourably acquitted for losing his ship, that he was commanding a Naval Brigade, and that he had fought

¹ [He came to act as Flag-Lieutenant to his brother-in-law.]

a successful and gallant action while the sentence was pending.

1858. *January 17.*— . . . A long walk over the hills with Captain Lyster. The scarlet *Watsonia*, blue *Agapanthus*, and two or three heaths are in wonderful beauty.

January 20.—Rode with Captain Lyster and Miss Drew up Red Hill, past Brewitt's and Rochay's to Fish Hoek Valley, and so to Kalk Bay to see the Boyle children. A very pretty ride through wild mountain valleys and past huge piles of crag that look like the remains of Cyclopic masonry. The rock of which the upper part of the hills here is composed wears away into the boldest and most fantastic shapes, like towers, battlements, tables, animals even, long flat pieces projecting, or resting upon one or two points only. One pile we have called Northumberland House, because it is surmounted by a stone which will do for a lion, only without his royal tail. . . .

The mail arrived five days before its time. A great number of letters, and no one to talk them over with. One feels quite choked with small family topics which nobody in this continent knows anything about. One death grieves me much—that of Lady Morley, who has been a dear, kind friend to me and mine as far back as I can remember. I do not know any one who will be more missed in society, or more regretted. Her cleverness and her wit were her least merits; kindness, warmth of heart, and true good sense, made one love her dearly. I do not suppose any person ever caused the same amount of laughter and amusement without ever saying an ill-natured thing, and I do not think any one used the talent of cheering and gladdening the heart in so benevolent a manner. In London, where she was sought after by every one, she always found time to visit her sick or sad friends, and, as I have often said, was like a warm ray of sunshine that did one good for the rest of the day. She was not only so droll and cheerful, but so really good and pious, and full of Christian courage and hope. I do not know any one who would have been so equally welcome in the deepest sorrow and the wildest merriment.

Saturday, January 30.—This morning we took to the Kaffirs the gowns that had been made for them. Their manifest delight as we undid the bundle was quite pretty. Mrs. Philipson had told us that as soon as they began to wear European clothing they would like it to fit well, so we had got jacket bodices for them. Of course, as they had never been measured, the fitting varied; those whose jackets were tight were perfectly satisfied, but whenever one was too large, the owner remonstrated, and showed how much compression she was capable of. The taste for small waists is evidently inherent in the female breast. Some of the skirts trailed on the ground: this they liked, and when I proceeded to pin them up for a tuck to be run, there were eager cries of "Ai! Ai!" and signs that it was much prettier to have their feet hidden. I was obdurate on this point, though I yielded to the close-fitting rage. It was rather a pretty sight to see the toilette. They tore off the old garments to put on the new shift, under-petticoat, and gown (though still with a regard for decency), and we were surrounded in a moment by moving bronze statues which would have delighted a sculptor. Their smooth round arms and shoulders, and in most cases their feet and legs, are very beautiful. I suppose a plump English girl, with a good figure, would look pretty, too, in such an absence of costume, but one does not see them, and, besides, stays and civilisation must interfere with real perfection of shape. The dark skin prevented one having any unpleasant feel of nakedness in connection with these Kaffirs, as well as their utter unconsciousness that they were doing anything worth looking at. The effect of the gowns, though infinitely gratifying to them, was not so to my *artistic* feelings, necessary as it is that their first step towards civilisation should be the rejection of the blanket and nature. It is droll to see how exactly the same humanity is, from its wildest to its most artificial form, in its readiness to do anything for the sake of fashion. These people suffer any amount of agony from the tightness of brass rings on their arms and legs; they make holes in their ears to stick in an ostrich feather, and they delight in being squeezed and hampered to show off their figures and imitate our useless skirts. What can be more like

ourselves ! No doubt we shall soon have an application for a crinoline, though nature has kindly supplied them liberally with a solid substitute.

As soon as we came home we set to work at the alterations, and worked away diligently till about six o'clock, in spite of the heat, which out of doors reached 92° in the shade, and not a breath of wind. When it was cool enough we took the gowns up, as the new clothes are all to be put on to-morrow, and then walked a little way along the beach. . . .

February 9.—The Kaffir women have all finished their cotton gowns and put them on to-day. They had their first lesson in doing as they would be done by, for we made them begin garments for the two last arrivals. This they by no means appreciated till Mrs. Philipson had made them feel quite ashamed of themselves. . . . Afterwards we drove to Kalk Bay to see the Boyle children, and brought back Lionel. Mrs. Boyle reads aloud in the evening "Tom Brown's Schooldays," a most charming book full of healthy, open-air morality, and deserving to be in every boy's hands. With what pleasure Mrs. Arnold must read it. I think Arnold the most enviable man of modern days !

In the morning we read some German, Mrs. B. being a capital German scholar. They are very pleasant inmates.

February 15.—I was rather amused this morning by the Kaffir women pointing out to me how much we stooped in comparison with their upright carriage. They do settle themselves into their hips most remarkably, and throw out that portion with which nature has so liberally endowed them, walking with a peculiar wagging motion from side to side when they want to look well.

March 2.—In re-reading Froude's first chapter upon the state of England in the time of Henry VIII., I am more than ever struck by the impossibility of legislating men into honesty and benevolence. . . . I don't think Froude quite establishes his case as to the absence of poverty and distress in those days, because, though the rate of wages was fixed, and the price of

food was regulated, and employers were forced as much as possible to employ labour unprofitably, there must have been some limit to their power of doing so, and consequently there may have been a great many men unable to procure employment at all. This, I think, is confirmed by the stringent ordinances against "the numerous idle persons," and the very severe vagrant laws. There is another question as to the morality of these well-meant regulations, i.e. whether the numberless evasions that they provoked did not do more harm than their enforced and unwilling charity did good.

Friday, March 5.—A charming long ride with Captains Lyster and Gordon over Red Hill, down to the sea on the other side, then coasting along to Slangkop and back by Fish Hoek beach. Some part of the way was very rough, some very good riding, and the whole wild, beautiful, and peculiar. The real, open ocean rolling in with its magnificent waves, so unlike the miserable little swell in this bay, quite refreshed one with its might and majesty. The cliffs rise very abruptly and to a great height in some places, while in some of the valleys there was real green grass. It took us three and a half hours, and we came back from Slangkop fast—one hour and ten minutes. On returning, I found F.'s other letters from St. Helena, and Frank's, which were not a bad finish to the day's work.

April 3.—Calm in the morning, and then this scorching wind, thermometer 97° . I can keep the drawing-room cool—about 75° —by shutting all the windows, but my bedroom now, at 9 p.m., is 81° . Hot weather to gain strength after the influenza!

April 22. The *Pearl*, which has brought out Dr. Livingstone, arrived, and I got letters from Sierra Leone of February 20. F. thinks he may be here by 25th, so I suppose I must take a fresh lease of patience. . . . A beautiful ride with my two staff officers along the ridge of hills beyond Simon's Berg towards Cape Point. The side next the bay is about 1,500 feet high, and almost perpendicular; the other side slopes, but steeply, to the plain adjoining the sea.

Looking towards Cape Point there are a succession of jutting headlands ending in the cape itself; looking back, countless peaks in wild confusion, with the long flat Table and the Devil's mountain backing them up. The mountains on the other side of False Bay were clear and beautiful, of a red purple, not a cloud dimming the sharpness of their beautiful outline. The ocean, on the other hand, was covered with a rolling mist, which, as the light caught its uneven surface, looked like an unquiet sea with heavy breakers. It is a beautiful ride, grand and wild, unlike anything except, perhaps, parts of Madeira—the Corral and Cape Girao; at least I found myself thinking of them. In a country of leisure people would go miles to see such scenery. Here I don't suppose three people except the cow-keepers and ourselves know it exists. We came back by moonlight, i.e. 6.30 p.m., having started at three.

April 24.—Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Moffatt sat with me for over an hour, and we had a most interesting conversation. Dr. L. is very pleasing, his manner is so simple and manly, and he is so willing to answer one's questions. Mr. Moffatt, too, is a fine-looking and remarkable old man.

Tuesday, May 11.—Very stormy. Soon after breakfast a red flag was hoisted by the light-ship. In a very short time this was hauled down, and, to my joy, I saw two go up, which proved to be the line-of-battle ship signal. I suppose it was about ten o'clock when the *Boscawen's* masts and her red flag at the mizzen showed over the Block House Point.

May 27.—Started at 9.15 a.m. with F., Mr. Rivers, and Mrs. Baines to go up Table Mountain. I rode to near the Platte Klip, where the ascent begins. It is rather hard work, and I had to stop often for breath, but with the help of a stick, by which I was towed along, we got to the top by twelve o'clock. There are very few flowers now. We walked along the flat top for about three-quarters of a mile, and then had our luncheon. F. and I then went clambering about and got a most beautiful view, looking straight down upon Newlands and all that wooded country, and then

away to False Bay, seeing Hang Klip and Cape Point. From another spot we saw Hoet's Bay, but there was a good deal of cloud hanging over the north-west, so that we had no view in that direction.

After walking about a good deal (finding some ferns and a hymenophyllum) we turned towards the "poort," the narrow cleft which leads to the ravine up which is the only road on the Cape Town side to the top, and at 3 p.m. we began our descent.

The mist gathered and dispersed in the most picturesque manner, now hiding, and now revealing the magnificent walls of rock which towered above us, and adding much to the beauty of the scene. We reached home by five o'clock, I riding back from the low ground, the rest walking, and none of us over tired though it is a good day's work.

Friday, June 1.—No end of disappointments and annoyances! The Governor lent us his waggon, and it was packed, but no horses! At last, about eleven o'clock, we got away on horseback, with a cart of Sir George's taking our luggage for the night, and left the waggon to follow to-morrow. The next thing was that Frederick's horse took to stumbling and limping, so that at the Half-way House he got into the cart and made James take the beast, leaving Frank and me to ride. However, here we all are at Mr. Gird's excellent hotel at the Paarl, very comfortable, and with our tempers restored almost to their natural sweetness. We were most uncommonly cross all the morning, and really not without reason. The distance from Cape Town is about thirty-five miles; we started about 11.30 and reached the Half-way House about two o'clock; started again at 3.20 and got in about 5.20, by no means over tired. The first part of the road is tiresome, over a straight flat road, but the last ten miles are more interesting, and the entrance to the Paarl very pretty. An avenue of tall stone pines, vineyards on each side, and behind them bold rugged mountains, neat white houses scattered about with cultivated patches of ground, everything looking prosperous and happy and full of character.

It is the first time I have felt as if I saw a real colony. Cape Town is such a mongrel place. The Paarl is a town or village six miles long, and the

houses scattered and standing among trees. We stay here to-morrow to wait for our waggon. A Scotch minister of the Dutch Church, Dr. Robertson, whom we met at dinner at Government House, arrived at the same time as we per omnibus, and most good-naturedly undertook to help F. to get a hack, and to put me in the way of seeing schools to-morrow. He says the people here are all descendants of the French, and are principally de Villiers, or, as they call it, "Filljees."

Wednesday, June 2.—I went out with the two Miss Barkers and visited several of the cottages on the side of the mountain. These are built by the occupants, who buy a piece of waste Government land at a low price, cultivate their own vineyard and garden, generally with the wife's labour while the husband works out; they seem very prosperous and comfortable. One old lady had been a slave, and she and her husband had no time except while their master was at church on Sunday; she then trod the clay and he put on a layer, and in course of time the house was built. They have now let that and live in another of their own. The man is a mason and thatches; one of the married sons is building himself an house adjoining. Altogether there is a prosperity and comfort about the place that makes it doubly attractive. The manner of the people to the young ladies was most friendly, full of fun and jokes—all in Dutch—and quite independent though very civil. Altogether I have seldom been better pleased with anything than with this beautiful valley of the Paarl.

On coming home I found the waggon had arrived all right, so now with F.'s new hack I hope we shall go on prosperously.

June 3.—We reached Wellington at 10.15. It is a pretty village, but too low, quite in a hollow, and it is not healthy. We went on to a farmhouse at the end of Waggon Maker's Valley and put up our horses. It was full of aunts and cousins of the proprietor, one of whom spoke English and was very civil and well-bred. Here are the finest orange-trees I ever saw, and loaded with fruit. The farmer's younger daughters speak a little English, and a nice little girl, after questioning me very closely upon various matters, reasoning upon

my announcement that I should be about two years in the colony, asked me if I must ride two years before I got to England.

The floors in the farmhouse are of clay and cow dung, but they gave us very good food. For once this sort of thing is pleasant, as one likes to see the ways of the people, and they are very cordial and friendly, but as a general rule an inn is pleasanter where one has not both to pay and be civil. At 1.15, after two hours' rest, we started again up Baynes Kloof, a beautifully engineered road which took us two hours to mount. It is a striking pass, but the descent to Darling's Bridge is wilder; this took us till 4.30. The rocks, among and through which the road runs, are in some cases magnificent great blocks of hard sandstone; of the others I do not know the formation, but they are worn and fretted into the most extraordinary pinnacles and shapes, like a Gothic architect's dream or a petrified herd of antediluvian monsters. A beautifully clean stream runs below the road at the bottom of the Kloof. We saw part of Table Mountain from the top of Baynes Kloof just before turning round the corner to descend.

Friday, June 4.—Got away by 7.40. The two F.s with their guns ready, but no game showed itself and they soon deposited their shooting apparatus in the waggon. We cantered along through the broad uncultivated valley till we came to the entrance of Mitchell's Pass. It is even more beautiful than Baynes Kloof. The morning lights and shades, too, made it still more fresh and striking. The sound of the rushing waters at the bottom of the glen took one back to Scotland. Ceres, which we reached about 11 a.m., is a very embryo town seated in a basin which looks like a dry lake, the plain being surrounded by rugged, strong hills on every side.

The inn, where I suppose we must sleep going home, is wretched-looking enough. We dismounted at Mr. Blake's at 7 o'clock, having ridden fifty miles certainly. The horses did their work well, and we were glad of a good dinner, a fire, and a comfortable bed.

Sunday, June 6.—The shooting does not quite come up to expectation, and Mr. Blake cannot leave Cape

Town till Tuesday, so we have settled to go to-morrow to Ceres and thence to Worcester.

Wednesday, June 9.—Worcester. We went to Mr. Le Sueur, the resident magistrate, to see his house and garden. The house is very good and the garden large and excellent. I counted eleven kinds of fruit; apples, pears, quinces, strawberries, guavas, oranges, grapes, bananas, peaches, apricots, loquats, and there may be more. There are six little circular ponds surrounded by tall weeping willows, hedges of high clipped oaks and other peculiarities. The two Misses Le Sueur showed me their store cupboards and still-room; they make their own preserves, jellies, cakes, etc.

Thursday, June 10.—Off by 7 o'clock, a fine morning, mountains clear and sharp against the sky, several sprinkled with snow. Reached Darling's Bridge at ten and had a second breakfast. Met Mr. Blake half way up Baynes Kloof. Walked and led our horses all the way down the other side. Reached the Paarl by 5 o'clock, forty-four miles.

June 11.—Wet night and wet morning, so F. and I put ourselves in the waggon and thus proceeded to Cape Town—much harder work than riding.

Saturday, June 12.—Started at 7 a.m. and rode home. Got letters.

Tuesday, July 27.—We left Simon's Bay for the Mauritius.

Tuesday, August 24.—At daylight we were passing Round Island and the Gunner's Quoin. . . . We went on shore at 11.30 in state, yards manned, and a guard and salute on shore. The Governor and his wife have asked us to stay with them, so we go there to-morrow.

It was very hot, but we got a carriage and drove to the Botanical Gardens, of which an old friend is the head, once gardener at Howick. It was very pleasant to meet a north country face at this distance from home. In the gardens and along the road were

innumerable plants new to me. Mango, jack, bread fruits, baobab, numerous palms, etc. He has a great number of ferns belonging to the island, but not all their names. We did not however spend much time in the garden, but talked to Duncan and his wife. At 5 p.m. we came on board again. There are many more vessels in the harbour than I had any expectation of finding, and very large ones: Table Bay must hide a diminished head. On shore there is a great appearance of activity and prosperous trade. This is the ugliest time, they say, for seeing the island, it being both winter and the dry season; vegetation is, however, very luxuriant near the water, of which there is plenty. The roads appear excellent. The innumerable coolies, in their Indian dresses, gave the place a most picturesque and, to me, novel appearance. I longed to sketch them, both for their dress and undress. The women's nose-rings are hideous, but many of the men are handsome.

Mrs. Stevenson told me a good deal about the island. Population 240,000! composed of old French proprietors, exclusive, well-to-do, and living to themselves. Mulattoes, the result of French and black slave parents, who are becoming rich and rising in importance: the Major is a brown man; these are anti-French in their sympathies. English proprietors and officials come next; these, I fancy, are fewer in number than the French. The working people are almost entirely Indian coolies, and a few Chinese. The coolies are in great numbers; many return to India, but some remain, while others bring their families back with them and settle here. Creole French appears to be a wonderful patois: it is the vulgar tongue, and must be acquired by residents.

Saturday, August 28.—Rode at 6 o'clock in the morning with Mrs. Stevenson, a pretty little round by a fine grove of palms near the sea to the east of the town. The afternoon was passed in the Barrack Square, where the soldiers had foot-races and so forth. Just at the last came a cloud of winged white ants which settle upon one, drop their wings and then run in and out and all about, and worry one to death. I had to undress outside my room door when I came home.

Monday, 30th.—A heavy shower cooled the air and laid the dust. We started at 10.15 for Réduit, the Governor's country place. More rain in going, and occasional mists and drops all day, but not more than was pleasant. Réduit is high, and the road a long ascent; it is a large, old-fashioned house, very prettily situated on a promontory between two deep ravines. A good many walks on the high level, but the sides of the ravines are too perpendicular to allow of paths down them.

We had luncheon at Bagatelle, on the opposite side of one of the ravines; it belongs to Mr. Robinson, a rich merchant, and is kept in very good order.

The mother, in purple velvet, and the three daughters, in silks and flounces, received us most kindly, gave us a magnificent cold collation—silver épergnes, ice, and champagne—and then we walked through the grounds to a point overlooking the junction of three of these ravines to form a fourth. The place is very lovely; plenty of flowers, shrubs, trees, a garden lawn, mountains on each side, and a beautiful view downwards over the lower land to the sea; on a clear day Bourbon being visible.

Tuesday, August 31.—A large party of us went to see the sugar plantation of Mr. Wické at La Bourdonnais, supposed to be the best in the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot called for us at 9 o'clock and took us to breakfast at Captain and Mrs. Ireland's.

An hour's drive brought us to the "Sucrerie," and there we followed the process of sugar-making from start to finish. The cane is crushed between two heavy iron rollers worked by steam power. The dry wood (called mégasse), from which the juice has been expressed, being used as fuel and being generally sufficient for the consumption of the engine.

The juice, after passing through a coarse strainer, is forced by steam up an iron pipe, from whence it flows into large copper pans kept boiling by a steam jacket; i.e. they are double, and the steam is admitted between the two walls of the pan. The scum is ladled off until no more appears; this part of the process is rather tedious and it is supposed might be accelerated by chemical means. The juice, after

running through these pans, is mixed with lime, the proportion of lime varying according to the age of the cane and the acidity of the juice. Virgin cane requires the smallest quantity.

After the lime is put in the tank, it is hermetically closed, and all impurities are precipitated to the bottom with the lime, the clear juice being drawn off by a cock at some height above the bottom of the tank. Then comes a process of boiling and evaporation till the liquid attains a certain specific gravity. There are two batteries consisting of five boilers each, and the syrup is allowed to flow from one to the other, the upper frothy part being always pushed or ladled back to the first, until it is thick enough and clear enough. Over these batteries are large wooden ventilating chimneys, before the adoption of which the steam and moisture were overpowering. The syrup next flows to a tank under the vacuum pan: an index shows when there is sufficient to charge the pan, the air from which is exhausted almost entirely by a pump; a cock is then turned and the pan filled. This is in the shape of a dome 6 feet, perhaps, in diameter, and has also a lining, between which and the outside the steam is admitted—at first gently, but gradually at a higher pressure. The object of the vacuum is that the sugar may boil at a lower temperature—this having been found to produce a better grain—and to avoid the danger of burning the sugar. There is a point short of total vacuum which answers best, and produces the best sized crystal. The moisture drawn out by this process passes into a series of horizontal tubes upon which water is constantly falling in order to condense it. The distilled water thus produced has an unpleasant taste and is unwholesome, besides corroding most metals very quickly. The sugar, at the end of three or four hours, comes out of the vacuum pan tolerably solid—at least, it becomes almost solid in the tanks where it cools, and it is now dug and carried to the mill, where all lumps are broken previous to being carried to the "turbines." These and the vacuum pans are the great modern improvements. They consist of many iron stands, within which a circular basin, 2 feet perhaps in diameter and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, made of fine wire or perforated metal—I could not see which—revolves at a rapid rate. The sugar is thrown in, moistened

with a little molasses or water, and is immediately forced against the sides, the centrifugal motion throwing out all the liquid matter, so that, by adding water and so washing the crystals, you can bring the sugar to any degree of whiteness you please.

This is the last process; the sugar is then ready to be packed in bags made of the leaves of the vacoa or screw palm, thirteen of which go to a ton.

At Mr. Wické's they make about twelve tons per day.

The molasses are re-boiled by being placed in large tanks in which a cylinder of many steam pipes is half immersed. These revolve, and by exposing the syrup to the air hasten evaporation. The molasses flung out from the turbines after this second process is again boiled, but of course the sugar is now of inferior quality. The cane is cut eighteen months after it is planted, and twice again before a new planting is required. Half of the estate supplies cane to cut, the other half is fallow; that is to say, one-third is occupied with the young cane not yet come to maturity, the other two-thirds with "*embravat*," a sort of *holl* (*cajanus*), which refreshes the soil and prepares it again for sugar. This is a kind of leguminous shrub, which grows to five or six feet high, and bears a yellow flower, and a grain which the Malabars eat; it stands for three years. Sometimes a little manioc or cassada root is planted to make starch, feed poultry, or to be used as food for man. An acre of land produces upon an average $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of sugar: some with guano have produced 5 tons. It is worth from £20 to £25 or £30 a ton, according to quality. The best is sent to Australia, not to England, as there the duty upon the superior quality more than counterbalances the difference of price. Mr. Wické is building a very handsome teak house: the parquet floors sent out from Paris, as are the mouldings for the ceiling in *carton pierre*.

We went on to Espérance, belonging to M. Trébuchet. Here the same improvements are about to be carried out, but they were not yet at work. M. Trébuchet has built a long range of low barracks of stone, covered with corrugated iron, for his Malabars—the huts were found to be so constantly destroyed by fire. The immigrants now are accompanied by a

certain proportion of women (about a third, I think), and each family has one small room. They store their wood overhead, close up the chimney, and squat over their fire and cooking-pot, leaving but little space, apparently, for any sleeping arrangements; beds they have none. The men are tractable grown-up children, the women idle and quarrelsome. Nothing seems to be done for the education of the children yet, but some compulsory measure is in contemplation.

We had another cold collation nearly as sumptuous as that of the day before; but without the oppressive toilettes. Got home soon after six o'clock.

A ball given by the Governor in the evening. Many pretty people and well dressed. French and English did not amalgamate much.

Saturday, September 11.—Started at 6 a.m. for the lower part of the Tamarind River, with the idea that F. might catch some fish. Mr. and Mrs. Moore went with us and introduced us to M. la Butte, to whom the water belongs. Our road lay to the east, along the low ground towards Black River, for fifteen or sixteen miles. We left the carriage on reaching the Tamarind Bridge, and forthwith the fishing began—naturally without success, the day being cloudless and breezeless. M. la Butte gave us some breakfast on the banks at ten. It became awfully hot, shut in as we were by rocks, and I soon went to the house, whither F. followed. M. La Butte then showed his vanilla plantation, which is very profitable, and will be much more so in the course of a little time, as he has extended it greatly. *Vanilla aromatica* is an orchidaceous plant, which grows as a creeper upon trees or rocks: it is very regular, putting out a leaf and a *foot* to hold on by at every joint, the leaf and the foot changing sides at each joint. The flower is tolerably large, but greenish and inconspicuous. The most curious part of the cultivation consists in the necessity of fertilising every flower artificially, without which no fruit is formed. The process consists in raising the upper petal and pushing aside a small flap which prevents the pollen from reaching the stigma. I suppose this is performed by some insect sufficiently often to ensure the continuance of the species, which, however, grows very readily from suckers and cuttings.

Madame la Butte often operates upon 400 or 500 before breakfast. They do not allow more than fifty fruits on one plant—more would exhaust it. The fruit is a narrow pod, six inches sometimes in length; this is simply dried, and for use should be boiled with that which it is to flavour. I forget the price of vanilla, but each tree on which it grows is reckoned worth from 20s. to 30s. a year.

M. la Butte, anxious that we should not go without a fish, got his seine to drag some pools for carp and gouramis, a kind of tench. He was not successful, however, and we were obliged to come away, as we had to dine with General Breton.

Wednesday, September 15.—Left Government House at 10.30, and by 12 o'clock were out of the harbour, going along towards Bourbon with a fair wind; and so ends our pleasant visit to Mauritius, where we have met with the greatest kindness and hospitality from the Governor downwards, and from French as well as English. I hope we may go back next year.

Thursday, September 16.—Bourbon in sight early. Anchored soon after 11 a.m., came on shore at 2 p.m. to our Constantinople acquaintance, M. Darrican, who is Governor. The anchorage is only a roadstead and very open, so that there is some difficulty in landing. I was hoisted up in a sort of barrel armchair. The island looks very regular in shape, sloping up to the high centre from which spurs and ravines run down to the sea. Almost all that one sees is cultivated. Government House is not far from the landing place; it is large, but not yet finished as to furniture, the late Governor having left it very dilapidated. My bedroom, however, is rather splendid, with a grand toilette table all gilding and lace; the washing arrangements only are on a small scale. We drove in the afternoon to a country house called the Chaudron, at a little distance from town. The Governor rather wishes to have it, and it would make a charming residence. The neighbourhood of the town is very pretty from the number of trees that have been planted, or allowed to grow. The cane fields do not appear to be so well cultivated as at Mauritius; but the public buildings, establishments, barracks, etc., seem much

larger. Government appears to have done much more, private enterprise much less.

In the evening came all the great officials, their names and titles I am afraid I forget, except the Bishop, who speaks English admirably and so very agreeable and lively. He was robed in purple silk, with scarlet cuffs and scarlet gloves. We are treated with the most unbounded cordiality, and the society is very easy and pleasant.

We are to make an expedition to Salasie on Monday and sail Thursday.

Saturday, September 25.—After taking a most affectionate leave of our kind friends the Darricans, and being accompanied to the jetty by all the gentlemen with whom we had made acquaintance, the guard turning out, the band playing "Le God Save," fort saluting, and every honour, we embarked at 8.30, and were soon sailing along with nearly a gale of wind from south-east.

Monday, September 27.—Anchored at 10 a.m. inside the harbour of Tamatave. It was rather pretty coming through the opening in the reef which forms the harbour, hands on deck ready to shorten sail, and both anchors ready to be let go at a moment's notice, the most perfect silence reigning. We came in beautifully.

Some officials, the Custom House officer for one, came off in gold-laced trousers, black hats and mantles, but did not give much information. An officer was sent on shore with a letter to the Governor, but brought back word that he was unable to see the Admiral. Later, a written answer came, but in Malgache, the character English and caligraphy good, but the contents we have not yet ascertained.

Some of the officers went on shore, and Captain Powell to call on the Lieutenant-Governor. The officers were detained at the Custom House until Captain Powell remonstrated with the Lieutenant-Governor, when they were all brought in and introduced to him. He became very civil, gave each a glass of wine, and said he hoped to have them all to dinner. It seems that the terror occasioned by our appearance has upset everything; the people have sent

away all their goods and many have left the town. No one is allowed to come near the ship, and no business has been transacted. To-morrow, probably, they will be reassured, and when they find we mean no harm and spend some money, they will approve of us.

I hope to get on shore to-morrow morning, and I think we shall remain another day, as the Admiral thinks it will be well to follow up the salutary impression of terror by exciting a little friendly feeling if possible. He is rather curious too, I think, to see what a Madagascar dinner is like.

Tuesday, September 28.—We went on shore at seven o'clock, and were conducted to the house of Madame Juliette Fiche, consignataire of one of the Mauritius merchants. She is a Malgache, but was three or four years at Bourbon, so that she speaks French and is enlightened. A good-natured fat body she is, dressed in a sort of coloured nightgown, and apparently nothing more.

Her house is a very good wooden one, the walls panelled with dark wood, and the roof well finished off inside. We walked about the town, among wooden huts and spaces enclosed by upright poles, through loose white sand to the market, where people were sitting on small mats with their goods spread before them. The meat I did look at; it is a nasty sight under the most favourable circumstances, and here it seemed all chopped up and covered with flies. There was no fruit, and I saw few vegetables. Some sugar, rice and other grain, and little collections of European goods—soap, buttons, cotton, etc. Altogether nothing interesting. We were followed or met by crowds of people, all very quiet and civil, and mostly well-dressed. An old general, who is said to be one of the best men here, and was disrated on account of his wishing to be a Christian, came up to us. He was dressed as most of the "gentlemen" appear to be, entirely in white calico, a shirt and sort of toga with a green edging round the neck, a white palm straw hat lined with green. It is a pretty, clean-looking dress, particularly well suited for the climate. I saw the Custom House officer in a palanquin, namely a piece of hide stretched between two poles to sit upon, and

another little piece of hide supporting the back of his legs. He had English shoes and socks, and an old black hat. The officials seem also to have a coloured mantle. The people we saw were evidently of several different races; the men are all fine, powerfully made fellows, greatly superior to the negro type. Some, with quite straight hair, were Hovas, the dominant race who are supposed to have Arab blood and to have conquered the original inhabitants. Others had woolly hair divided into compartments and plaited so as to stick out in horns or grotesque bushes: much care and thought has been bestowed on some of the designs. Many of these were slaves, everybody—even “les noirs” as Madame Juliette says (herself as black as need be)—having slaves. When we returned to her house several Malgache ladies came in and sat round to look at us, some of the European merchants too, and many natives with hats, mats, and baskets to sell.

We bought two very handsome mantles, one of silk for £12, one of cotton for £4. They are very dear, but it is worth while to show what a Malgache can do.

The Queen is absolute and against all progress. Her son and nephew are heirs-apparent. The first is for, the second against, improvements, and it is supposed that the second may carry the day. Schools are forbidden; those who write have been taught, either originally by the missionaries, or secretly by those who did learn in better days. The Governor's letters are in English characters though in Malgache language. No one is allowed to come on board, and none of our officers have been outside the town, or within a certain distance of the fort. The Admiral has asked for horses to-morrow morning to take a ride in the country, and he has consented to stay for the Governor's dinner.

Wednesday, September 29.—There came an excuse about the horses, and it seems that the Governor does not appear at the dinner. The Admiral has therefore written to decline, as they do not seem to understand the respect due to a British officer of high rank. Evidently they are unwilling to let us see anything of the country.

It was finally resolved, upon a second letter from the Governor, that Captain Powell and the officers should

dine. The Governor does not say so himself, but we have learned that he is forbidden to leave the fort while any foreign man-of-war is in the harbour.

A M. de La Stelle (a Frenchman) and a young man whose father was English and who, though very dark, has a good intelligent countenance, came on board and we had a long talk with them. Never was so complete a tyranny as the Queen's. The whole island is hers, and every one pays rent to her for the land they cultivate. If any one established a manufactory she would take half the profits. There is no security for property, and therefore no one attempts improvement. The power she has seems to be founded on the superstitious reverence of the people, into whose heads it would never enter to question her authority. The army is not paid at all. There are no priests or temples, but there is some belief in witchcraft, and I believe an idea of a Supreme Being.

The Queen, her nephew, and an old man—a relation of the late king's, who has the government of the capital—are the heads of the retrograde party, as well as those nobles who find their advantage in the present state of things. The other prince and a strong party are in favour of progress. The Hovas are not numerous; they are supposed by our informants to be originally Malays from Manilla. Two of the native tribes have united and are now at war with the Hovas, but with what chance of success I do not know. There are fourteen degrees of rank here: the Governor of Tamatave is in the thirteenth, the Lieutenant-Governor in the twelfth.

A good deal of rice is grown: one crop on the fresh land cleared by burning, one by irrigation on the low lands; excellent iron is found, also copper and zinc. Coal is also supposed to exist. We have some specimens of knives, spoons, and a neat little balance made of native metal.

Thursday, September 30.—The dinner took place at three o'clock. One gun was fired from the fort at the beginning, one at the middle, one at the end, which we duly returned. A tent had been erected, and the table was covered with turkeys, pigs, curries, etc.—all very good they say—pickles, salad, and cakes. Claret and vermouth the drinks, except for the Queen of Madagas-

car's health, which must be pledged only in champagne or sweet wine. The plates, glasses, silver, and attendance, all very civilised. The company consisted of ten of our people, several of the European merchants, and the native officials, who were not dressed in their national dress, but in all sorts of European uniforms, with plumes, epaulettes, and gold lace. Madame Juliette and four ladies were present; they sat all together at one end of the table, their hair well frizzed out with flowers in it, their dress of green gauze. This is Captain Powell's description of it.

The Admiral has sent a present to the Governor of blue cloth, duck, and silk handkerchiefs in return for bullocks and poultry, so we part on the best of terms. It is tantalising not to be allowed to go into the country at all, but there is no use in attempting to infringe the rules, and after all they don't want us to come, and if we don't like it we had better stay away.

We sailed at 11 a.m.

Monday, October 4.—Two hours more daylight would have enabled us to anchor at Johanna this evening.

Tuesday, October 5.—We anchored at twelve o'clock, a little to the south-west of the town, opposite a white mark placed on the beach among some cocoa-nut trees. We have to go very close in before we can get any soundings. Sidi Drahman, who is authorised interpreter and rather an important personage, came on board with civil messages immediately, and we find English amazingly looked up to here. Numbers of small canoes, so narrow that a man can scarcely sit down and stow his legs in them, and which are kept afloat by means of outriggers, came off with cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, batatas, arrowroot, and so forth. There seems to be nothing worth getting however, and we are at the wrong season for every sort of fruit.

The island is very green on this side of the town, which is curious considering how bare it was on the other. I suppose more rain falls here. Steep spurs run down from the centre, the sides and ridges appear cultivated, the hollows full of cocoa-nut and mango trees, the whole ridge and furrow, without a morsel of level ground.

We landed near the watering-place about three

o'clock, and took a scrambling walk up the valley. It was hot and close, like a hot-house atmosphere, but the sun did not strike upon us after we got into the ravine, and at first we had the shade of most splendid mango trees. All the ground has been planted or cleared where possible, but we reached some places where the native vegetation of ferns and creepers was still untouched, and it quite came up to my ideas of tropical scenery. The elk's horn moss grows to a great size on many of the trees: many that we saw were the same as those seen at Mauritius; but there is so much more moisture here that they attain a greater size. We had to cross and re-cross the stream many times; the water is beautifully clear and abundant, though it loses itself under the stones near the mouth, and the river appears there much smaller. We saw some natives who had caught three or four nice-looking fish with a net, and we bought them, but they did not turn out very good. One of the men went up a cocoa-nut tree sixty or seventy feet high, tying his ankles together after the fashion one has so often read of, pressing the soles of his feet and the ligature against the small inequalities of the trunk, so as to support him while lifting his arms for the next frog-like spring. It is astonishing how rapidly they go up. He cut down some cocoa-nuts and we all drank the water. Mr. Sunley, the Consul, came about twelve o'clock, and the Admiral went on shore with him at two o'clock to call upon the King.

Thursday, October 6.—The King and his suite came off soon after two o'clock; they were received with yards manned, and all the honours. The King is about twenty-five, rather good-looking; he is said to be amiable and intelligent, speaks a little English, and was much interested by our large microscope and the globes, finding Johanna, England, etc. at once. This he taught himself. His cousin, Prince Mahommed, speaks English very well and is very quick. All were picturesquely dressed with turbans, shawls round their waists stuck full of daggers, swords with inlaid handles, bare legs and sandals, like the drawings one sees of the ancient Persians. There was little affectation of form or state; but, like all Orientals whom I have seen, their manners were very good. The whole party went

round the ship, and after returning to the cabin the King wished to see the marines exercise. I had proposed to visit his harem, so it was arranged that I should go after his return on shore. The Admiral, too, was to be admitted as he was "all same as his father," a most unusual mark of good-will, though implying a strong sense of his Excellency's venerable appearance, which perhaps was not equally flattering.

We accordingly went on shore soon after His Majesty and walked through the streets, scarcely four feet wide, of the miserable little town.

Prince Mahommed came to meet us, and the King awaited us at the steps of his house and took us up on to the roof, where, in a narrow corridor with a temporary linen roof, some benches and armchairs were arranged. He brought in his three wives, who looked under eighteen, all of them. Then the mother of the principal one, with the little granddaughter six months old. The Queen, as they call the principal wife, was tall and very nice-looking: they were all three pretty, with gentle, pleasing countenances and manners. Their dress, a red cap about six inches high going straight up, the hair cut short, and a piece of the China medal ribbon hanging down on each side. The cast of features, as well as the dress, are very Egyptian looking, and one felt as if some of the queens figured in the tombs had come to life. Quantities of gold ornaments and collars were round their necks, and they wore embroidered jackets and a petticoat, with a sort of scarf of gold-sprigged muslin, altogether becoming and pretty. As soon as we were seated, a slave brought in a basket covered with muslin, which she presented on her knees, and from which the Queen took a chain of orange flowers threaded tightly together, which she threw round my neck; another slave came and I was presented with some vials of ottar of rose and sandal-wood; and the King gave me a ring. Then came some sherbet, and after a little conversation, during which a slave stood fanning me, I asked to see the other apartments. The new palace is in progress, and part of it was shown me, after going through a miserable dark room and up such a staircase as you hardly meet with in an English cottage. The new rooms are small and wretched; there is a great look of poverty in spite of some gold and silver. The ladies

showed me the window from which, with a long glass, they looked at the ship and observed me walking in the stern walk. An old Malay woman from the Cape served as interpreter, and I was beginning to get them to talk, when the King came to see what we were about, and after rectifying the toilet of one of his wives by putting on her a pair of gold bracelets, took us back to the verandah. The interpreter, Seyid Abdurahman, being there, only two wives, his niece, and daughter were allowed to be present; the third wife was not allowed to be seen by him, although she was by the Admiral. We were next taken by Mahommed to see his wife. The sweet-scented garland was here thrown round the Admiral's neck, and a silver chain round mine. His wife is not so nice-looking as the King's, but still with a pleasing, gentle countenance. He acted as interpreter himself, and then, with the King, accompanied us through the streets, walking down to the boat with us.

Nothing can be more flattering to the English than their whole manner, and one cannot help being pleased with these gentle, harmless, well-meaning people. They are very poor and ignorant, but by no means wanting in intelligence, and they have one great merit, namely, that of following strictly the Koran's injunctions against strong drink. The absence of state and the King's accessibility are also in his favour. I could not refuse their presents without hurting their feelings, and I shall have to sacrifice rather a good shawl and some other articles so as not to remain in their debt. Candles are very much liked by some of those who come on board; writing-paper, pencils, knives, and lucifer matches are very popular.

Friday, October 7.—Did not go on shore all day. The King came on board to talk over various matters with the Admiral. I don't think England has managed matters well; after promising him a certain number of flint muskets and soldiers' coats, he receives in a merchant vessel a smaller number of old percussion muskets, no caps for them, and no coats for his soldiers. These people are so well disposed, and it is so important that the island should not belong to any other great power, that it is very foolish to do such ungracious acts. A good and honourable feeling seems to be

growing up, and will in time check the present-giving system. The King was very anxious that the bullocks he gave as a present should not be supposed to require an equivalent gift, and they have been very much hurt sometimes at being offered trumpery gifts like the barbarous coast chiefs. One trait pleased me. The King wanted twenty-five yards of blue cloth, but would not have it mentioned to the Admiral for fear the quantity should be given him; he negotiated the purchase, and sent the money on board before the Admiral heard of it. Altogether he is very interesting. He took such an intelligent interest in the terrestrial globe that it was given him along with a book on the subject, which he will be able to read, at all events, with a little help. F.'s revolver was an enchanting present to Mahommed Abdullah, and I hope the ladies will approve of my contributions, though the shawl was not sacrificed.

The Johannese use the Arabic characters, but their language is a mixture of Arabic, Madagascar, Portuguese, and whatever other tongues are spoken in these seas. They cannot understand the Koran, though they can read it, and it is their only code of law. Mr. Sunley, who has Sale's translation, is often referred to. I had a note, beautifully written, from Mahommed's wife this morning, which he interpreted to me. He readily wrote all our English names, spelling them his own way, and so correctly that the others, on reading what he had written, pronounced them quite well. He has been on board nearly all day walking in and out of the cabin, and quite at home, very well-bred and well-mannered. We are going away to-morrow. I should like to come back next year and bring these nice people some useful presents.

One rather curious custom here is that the fathers build houses for their daughters and give them as marriage portions, so that instead of the wife being turned out of doors in case of conjugal difficulties, that is the husband's fate. As he may have four wives he has generally another house to go to, but instances have been known of a man being turned out by all four wives. Without knowing the circumstances, I think one may safely give the verdict of "served him right!"

Sunday, October 10.—A fair wind, of which we took advantage at 7 a.m. Smooth water and pleasant sailing, we soon lost sight of Johanna and Mohilla, as it was very hazy. We passed an Arab dhow, a most primitive vessel, something like what one imagines Ulysses to have cruised about in.

The comet is very beautiful to-night, and we have been gazing long at it, the moon—Venus, and Antares, all very near together.

Monday, November 8.—The light was seen at 9.30 yesterday evening, just where it ought to be. The wind, which has been blowing furiously from the south-east all night, slackened after we got into False Bay, but we anchored at 10 a.m. Found all things well.

1859. *Friday, January 28.*—Made an expedition in search of the *Disa Grandiflora*. We started about 10 a.m. and rode to Mr. Versfeld's house beyond Wynberg, thence to a point between the Hoets Bay Road and Table Mountain, where Lady Grey joined us from the carriage. Mr. Versfeld acted as a guide and we rode the greater part of the way: one bit was too steep and rocky, and the horses were led. In consequence of many delays it was two o'clock by the time we reached our point. A stream here ran through a broadish valley, which, however, soon narrows into a steep ravine falling towards Hoets Bay.

The summit of Table Mountain was right before us, and an hour's easy riding would have taken us there. Such a perfect day—no mist, no wind, not much sun—made us rather sorry to lose the opportunity, but we had not time. We had, however, accomplished our object, for here all along the stream, its roots in the water, was the *Disa* in full beauty and great abundance. Most beautiful it is in size and colour. The two large, wing-like petals (sepals rather) fully two inches each in length, of the loveliest carmine, the third, helmet shaped, white with branching veins of crimson, and the small inner ones marked with orange. The scarlet *Crassula Dietrichia Coccinea* was growing abundantly in the crevices of the rocks, and was covered with dazzling blossoms. The large blue agapanthus and a coral-like heath were the most conspicuous flowers, besides which there were

the *Disa patens*—yellow, the blue one, and more heaths. We got home about 6.30, having enjoyed ourselves extremely. It is a very easy and repaying expedition, and much the best way of going up Table Mountain.

Sunday, February 13.—Sunday-school, the first time since my return. Frank returned from Rondebosch and announced his engagement to Miss Agnes Bell.

Friday, April 1.—At twelve we started for Zandvliet, riding straight across the flats. We went very gently and arrived about four o'clock: a pleasant ride, and we had no difficulty in finding our way in spite of evil forebodings from our friends.

We steered by a pointed mountain which we knew to be just over Zandvliet. On a foggy day one might lose oneself easily enough. The country immediately round is flat and grassy, with a background of the Hottentot Holland mountains. The house, a complete Castle Rackrent, comfortable enough but quite unfinished, doors without handles or hinges, wood-work without paint; the drawing-room not ceiled or inhabited, farm buildings very extensive and in the same condition, garden a wilderness, etc. They are gradually getting things to rights now as Mr. Cloete's difficulties are lessening. Cows and horses in plenty, corn as much as they can grow, vineyards from which a common wine, or else brandy is made. The railway must raise the value of this property eventually. Mr. Cloete has labourers of every country and colour, and likes the Kaffirs; he has many Germans, who seem good hands.

Sunday April 3.—Went to Stellenbosch to church; it is about twelve miles off, so we had to start early in order to be there by ten. We took our luncheon with us, and sat under some trees outside the town till the heat was over, when we drove back.

Stellenbosch is extremely pretty, the streets are wide, with an avenue of tall oaks and a run of water down each. The houses very white and clean-looking *outside*, beautiful mountains on three sides; it is the prettiest place I have seen.

Monday, April 4.—F. and Mr. Cloete went to the Palmiet River, sixteen miles off, to shoot; they return to-morrow. I took a ride in the afternoon. The riding is capital as there are large plains with tracks across them free from mole-hills, where one may gallop all day long. We went by the Company's Drift, a pretty ford across the Eerst River.

Tuesday, April 5.—Made an expedition to the top of Sir Lowry's Pass. Mrs. Sullivan,¹ Miss Fanny Cloete, and I, three unprotected females on horseback; Miss L. Cloete and the "Baby" (so called) in a cart; leaving Mrs. and Miss Cloete at a sale on the way to be picked up as we came back. We looked in at the sale too. It is one of the usual ones consequent upon the division of property. The father died two months ago; the farm is to be the eldest son's, but all the in- and out-door gear is sold to be divided among the other children. We rode up an avenue of fir-trees, at the end of which appeared part of the house, and the sea as a background; numbers of people had arrived in carts, waggons, and on horseback. The house was crowded with well-dressed and rather handsome women. Crockery, plate, kitchen utensils, all spread out on the tables, and in an inner room the poor widow with some of her friends, and all her unsympathising acquaintance crowding in and out, talking and speculating, and making it a day of business and pleasure. It was a melancholy sight, I thought; but nobody else seemed to think so.

We only stayed a few minutes and then rode on. It is eleven miles to the foot of the Pass, and three more to the top. The descent on the other side is not rapid; there is a level table-land of the most barren and stony nature, but with some beautiful heaths and everlastings. Here we found water and out-spanned for luncheon. We five females got on capitally and were very merry. The driver of the cart looked after our animals. We got home about 4.30, having had a very pleasant day. The sportsmen came back at dusk with thirty-five brace of partridges.

Thursday, April 7.—Rode home along the beach—

¹ [Hessie Cloete married Richard Sullivan, first cousin of Lady Grey; he died February 6, 1858.]

just four hours; and it is about twenty-six miles, over loose sand hills, from the house to the beach, and after two miles of beach, an hour's heavy work over sand hills again, as the beach is rocky. From thence to Kalk Bay all beach, and we got into no quicksands.

Friday, May 6.—*Boscawen* left for Saldanha Bay.

Thursday, July 28.—Went to luncheon at Mrs. Bell's, and took up Agnes and returned to Simon's Bay.

Friday, August 11.—At 9.30 the signal was made for a line-of-battleship, and Mrs. Luke, Agnes, and I started up Red Hill with a telescope. We had to go to the top before we saw the old *Boscawen*. She came in beautifully, and took up her moorings without anchoring.

Seeing Frederick and Mr. Jones come on shore without Frank, we did not know what to think, till Frederick shouted out that *Captain* Sullivan was left behind. He is Commander, and in the *Conflict*—a melancholy bit of good news for poor dear Agnes! and they may not meet for a year. Thank God, all are well, and they have come back wonderfully near their time. Agnes went away back to her mother.

Monday, September 26.—Set off on our small trip; we have determined to see Franschehoek if we can, and our plan is to ride and forward our baggage as we can: it is so expensive to have a waggon and four horses waiting upon one's portmanteau. Accordingly we despatched our goods per omnibus to Zandvliet, and rode by the beaches and flats ourselves. It was very hot—not a breath of wind—and the midges were most aggravating; besides which we had rather a chase after our horses, whom we knee-haltered in order to botanise quietly, but who were too fresh to be very easily caught.

Tuesday, September 27.—We made a bargain with a farmer here to send our things in his cart all the round we propose to make: the hire of a cart and boy 14s. a day, we feeding them. The man at Cape Town insisted on our requiring four horses, for which we were to pay £2, we feeding them as well. F. went out

before luncheon and shot two quails; they are not yet very plentiful.

We got a quantity of plants new to us, many small orchids and bulbs, also an anemone, blue, white, and yellow ixias; blue and yellow irises abound. A red gladiolus, with the three lower petals yellowish green, is handsome; they call it colquintjees.

Wednesday, September 28.—Very hot and close all the morning. In the afternoon we drove to Mrs. Van der Byl's. She is a widow, sister-in-law to Mrs. Cloete, and lives about four miles off towards Stellenbosch. Our vehicle was worth seeing—a very old Cape cart, no splash-board (it had been kicked away), raw-hide harness, a hide whip, a raw-boned bay on one side, a little shambling grey on the other. One of the girls drove, and Mrs. Cloete, Mrs. Sullivan, and the little one sat behind.

Mrs. Van der Byl is rich, and everything looks rich about the place; it is in better order (except the road) than most Cape places. The house, like all the Dutch farms, is long, low, brilliant with whitewash, thatched, a gable in the middle over the front door, a stoep the whole length of the house, paved with large square bricks. The wine-cellar (the estate once produced 360 leaguers of wine) runs at right angles to the house, and two lines of small oak-trees are planted in front. There is a good garden with fine orange-trees, and at the end "the finest oak" in the colony, composed of several large stems. The drawing-room is handsome, but the store-room was the show; this evidently is the pride of Mrs. Van der Byl's heart. It is not very large, but beautifully kept. Shelves along each side, with a muslin curtain drawn before them, and vandyked muslin as a sort of vallance to each shelf; these are covered with dinner, dessert, breakfast, and tea-sets (all handsome) of modern china. Below come tin cases "of sizes," full of cookies or cakes, maccaroons, biscuits made with grape juice, etc. Below, again, cupboards full of preserves, all home-made. We had tea and konfyts in Dutch style, which, curiously enough, is very Turkish—i.e. two glass bowls with preserves, and one with water in which are many spoons; you take a mouthful and put the spoon back in the water. Mrs. Van der Byl

spoke very imperfect English, her father, she said, having been so pillaged and robbed by the English when they took the Cape that he would not let her learn the language.

Wednesday, October 5.—A fine morning, so we rode off at nine o'clock through the pretty valley by the side of the Berg River. Pleasant farms, with their white gables and thatched roofs, nestled among oaks and fruit-trees in all the nooks along the spurs of the mountains. We crossed the Berg River at the new bridge, opened by Sir George Grey just before his departure; this river runs on to the Paarl, some of the houses of which we could just distinguish. Turning to the left, and leaving the principal part of the Drackenstein valley to our right, we came to a small, rapid stream, where our baggage cart had pulled up. We had not been cautioned as to this stream, but seeing that it was much swollen by last night's heavy rain, Frederick went in first to try it. He got through without much difficulty, and I followed, also without misadventure, though the water was above the girths in one part. Then came the cart; the horses were small, the stream strong; they swerved down the current, floundered, and fell. The driver had no knife to cut the harness; our English lad had never been in such a predicament before, and sat still. F. shouted in vain to them to jump out and hold up the horses' heads, as the poor brutes were held down by the gear and the pole. Two little urchins, seeing the case, ran off for help, and F. rode back across the stream to the other side, near which the cart now was. A farmer and his men arrived, and at length the horses were cut adrift and hauled on shore, but one was quite dead. If the drivers had had a knife, or a little more energy in holding the horses' heads up, they might both have been saved. Leaving the cart, with a promise from the friendly farmer to send it on when the waters fell, Frederick again forded the stream and joined me, I having remained a passive spectator all the while, not liking to try the water a second time, and, indeed, not being of any use beyond holding the horses.

The Bang Hoek, as the valley leading to Stellenbosch is called, is very, very pretty; then comes a long, tiresome, winding descent, like the first part of

Baynes Kloof, into Stellenbosch. Here we rested an hour, and then rode on twelve miles to Zandvliet, arriving about five o'clock. We found that they had had miserable weather, too, and imagined us weather-bound at the Palmiet River.

Friday, October 7.—Started at 7 a.m. to ride home; the tide did not serve for the beach, so we went to Rathfelders to breakfast, and got home a little after two.

Thursday, December 22.—A very busy day. We had thirty-two of the ship's boys on shore at ten o'clock; examined them as to their reading, writing, arithmetic, geography; gave them a dinner, which they enjoyed greatly, one drummer boy being overheard to say of the pudding that it was too good to last! Then sports in the field, prizes for their proficiency and good conduct combined, ending with tea and bread and butter. I never saw a finer or nicer set of lads; many of them read as well as possible; several wrote and spelt well, while some showed great quickness and general knowledge. It was a most satisfactory day altogether, and I hope useful as well as pleasant, to the boys.

1860. *Wednesday, January 25.*—Went on board the slave brig sent down as a prize from Ibo. The slave deck was just taken up, but I could see what it had been, barely 4 feet high: no ventilation, but two hatchways secured with iron gratings, and this was to have from 800 to 1,000 men, each seated between the legs of the one behind him! A few are allowed on deck at a time during the day, but none at night. How they can live is marvellous. The provisions (millet and farina), the water, 200 or 300 pairs of irons, the large coppers for cooking were all on board, so that there was no difficulty in condemning the vessel. She is a nice brig (condemned as 400 tons), and the Admiral thinks of buying her for Government and sending her up to Johanna with stores as he is so short of vessels, the *Sidon's* boilers incapacitating her for two or three months. The West Coast squadron is now reduced to five effective vessels!

Wednesday, March 15.—English mail arrived yesterday, and news that Sir H. Keppel would be here

in the *Forte* the end of next month to relieve us and the *Boscazven*.

Friday, April 13.—All this week has been occupied with dissipation: Monday and Tuesday in preparations for our farewell ball on Wednesday. It went off splendidly. We had a house full for the occasion—General, Mrs. Wynyard, and son, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Rivers, Mrs. Sullivan and three Miss Cloetes, and the two Miss Bells. The invitations were over 500, but about half came, which, considering the distance, was as much as we could expect. Twenty-five miles to a ball and twenty-five miles back requires some zeal, and though everybody filled their houses, everybody at Simon's Bay don't amount to many bodies.

Tuesday, April 24.—My Kaffir boy Tony is gone, returning in the *Waldensian* to his own country, where he will be under the charge of Mr. Birt, of the London Mission at Peelson, near King William's Town. I am very sorry to part with him, he is such a fine, intelligent fellow, and of a very good disposition; he is gone loaded with presents, and with the goodwill of all the servants. As far as his knowledge goes, I think he is a true Christian, and that there is more reality about his religion than in that of many who know more. I trust he will do well.

Tuesday, May 1.—In the evening we pulled out beyond the lightship to get a view of the Cape Point Light, now lighted for the first time. A most lovely calm night, bright moon and fleecy clouds, and the water brilliant with phosphorescence.

Saturday, May 19.—Started at seven o'clock to ride to Zandvliet; young Dawson on the black mare arrived at 12.30. A most lovely day.

Monday, May 21.—Rode with Fanny and young Dawson to Mr. Thennissen's farm to see the famous camphor trees—there are many very fine ones, one 25 feet in circumference—they look more like old ash-trees of unusually large size than any other trees that I can think of. The place was a country residence of old Governor Van der Stell, about 150 years ago,

and it is very picturesque, though too much shut in for a pleasant winter house. The mountains of Hottentot's Holland form a background, and there is a view across the bay to Simon's Town through one little gap in the trees.

Wednesday, May 23.—We took leave of these dear, kind, hospitable people and of Zandvliet, and rode across the flats to Rondebosch, where we had luncheon with the Bells. Thence to Cape Town.

Wednesday, July 4.—Just before we went to dress for dinner a steamer was reported. This soon appeared to be a large one, then a man-of-war, then an English frigate, and finally the long expected *Forte*.

Friday, July 6.—Good-bye-ing without end. I went to the schools, Black Town, and all my cottage friends in the morning: their farewells were warm and hearty. Then with Frederick to acquaintances, ending with Mrs. Browning, to whom I was very sorry indeed to say good-bye.

Saturday, July 7.—We embarked at 10 a.m., taking Agnes, Mr. Bewicke, and his boy with us. A showery morning, and cold. The *Brisk* took us in tow a little before mid-day and towed us out of False Bay, where she cast us off, and, coming under our stern, bade us farewell with hearty cheers, to which our men responded with a will.

Outside it was very rough, and Agnes and I could not look at dinner, but went early to our cots.

September 5.—We got back to England, and parted with great sorrow from Captain Powell and all our *Boscawen* friends, with whom we had had such pleasant intercourse for three years.

Agnes Bell came home under our care, being engaged to my brother Frank. Great was her sorrow when we learned, on reaching Plymouth, that he and his ship had just been sent off to the coast of Syria.

We did not lose much time in looking about us, and

after seeing family and friends, settled down at Bolney Lodge in Sussex, which we bought. It was a pretty little place in a very pretty country. Here we stayed, Agnes with us, till June 1861, when my husband became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, and we moved to the official house in New Street. Agnes went with her married sister to Gibraltar, and there she and Frank were married.

There is not much to tell of our life from this time. We remained in New Street till July 1866. The work at the Admiralty was very interesting, and I believe well done. My husband thought very highly of the Duke of Somerset, both as to capacity and thorough honesty. During these years we saw a great deal of our relations and had very pleasant society. The holiday time was spent in Scotland in 1863, when we paid visits to Glenquoich, etc.

In 1864 we went to Ireland—to Westport, the Killeries, and so to Muckcross, where Frederick joined the Duke of Somerset, and later, the Admiralty yacht. We sold Bolney, and bought a piece of land at Sunninghill, where we started to build in 1865.

About this time I began to get lame, and after suffering many things from many doctors, and being none the better, went to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa. I was laid up a long time; meanwhile Lynwood was building. In July 1866 we left the Admiralty. We passed some time in visiting, staying at Buxton, then at Ventnor with my father, Howick, Kimpton, and at a house at Sunninghill lent us by Mr. Rothery, till we got into our own house on April 30, 1867. Here we lived quietly and happily for eleven years. In 1869 we went to Norway to the Romsdal for fishing, Mr. Meynell Ingram giving us his fishing at Fiva.

1876. This year clouds began to gather. My sister-in-law was taken ill at Lynwood at Whitsuntide, and though she lived some years never enjoyed any health afterwards. We stayed five months at Howick with them, and in June 1877 my own troubles began. My husband became very ill; we were long at Howick, and then at Carlton House Terrace, for medical advice.

In 1878 the end came.

CHAPTER XII

POST-SCRIPTUM

[AFTER her husband's death I think my aunt's greatest interest became centred in the younger generation, their upbringing, and their future. Even prior to her loss the idea of a Girls' Friendly Society occupied her, and I remember a small society was formed, consisting of myself, my cousins, and some of the servants in the service of different members of the family. We wore ivory crosses on a blue ribbon as a badge of membership, and subscribed to a few simple rules which were framed with the object of bringing the different classes together, and of encouraging them to help each other. Then she heard Mrs. Townsend was forming a society nearly akin to her first idea, and finally, my aunt's little band was merged in the larger body, which became the now well-known "Girls' Friendly Society." Both my aunt and uncle took a keen interest in this society, which grew rapidly. Lady Grey was head of the department for "Help for Young Workwomen," in 1878. The site for the Central Home of Rest at Sunninghill was given by Sir Frederick Grey in April, 1878. He was very ill at the time, and died in the following month. The Home was opened on July 20, 1878, by Archbishop Tait, my aunt being then head of the "Sick Members and Home of Rest Department," and so continued to be for several years. I think the work and the

remembrance of her husband's keen interest in the movement during the last months of his life were a great alleviation to her in the first desolation of her bereavement. She and her husband had been seldom separated, and all their interests and pursuits were shared so closely and completely that the void, though great, was thus mercifully filled to some extent.

She continued her connection with the Girls' Friendly Society for many years, being Vice-President from 1878 to 1883, and President of the Central Council from 1883 to 1889.

Lady Grey, with the Secretary, Miss Wright, her friend and ever ready helper, laboured during the seven years of her presidency to deepen and consolidate by wise restraint the work developed by the rapid growth of the previous years.

A friend who served with her on the council tells me she was the first President of the Executive Council, and practically moulded and put the whole in working order; that she was extraordinarily wise and just, but did not kindle enthusiasm. The latter I feel is true, for she saw too clearly both sides of every question, and was so open-minded to other people's convictions that she failed to carry any hesitating mind along with her. The same friend also said she thought her one of the cleverest, shrewdest, and most cultivated women she had ever known.

During the years she was President of the Girls' Friendly Society she travelled a great deal in England, and on these excursions, as well as in the society itself, she met many people and made many friends. In her farewell address she said it was to the society she owed nearly all the friendships of her later years.

She belonged for a short time to the "Mother's Union," a society in which she was much interested,

though she never took any active or leading part in its work. She joined it too late in life to have been capable of working much in any way.

At Fairmile, where she now lived, many of her old friends went to visit her, amongst others Sir Charles and Lady Bunbury, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, her brother-in-law Lord Grey, Mrs. Hugh Seymour, and many others.

Among her neighbours were her old friend, Mrs. Charles Buxton at Fox Warren (who was indeed the cause of her choosing Fairmile as a home), Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold, Admiral and Lady Louisa Egerton, the Dowager Lady Ellesmere, Mr. Carrick Moore and his sisters, Mr. Vernon Lushington, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lushington, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Earle.

One visit of Mrs. Fanny Kemble's is very clearly fixed in my memory. It was in November, 1887. I was then young, and deeply attracted as well as attached to her. She was extremely kind to me, and when she wished to be kind and gracious no one could succeed better. She, my aunt and I, were often alone together, and every day she read to us a play or part of a play of Shakespeare's. One morning, I remember, she read us Henry VIII., and so superbly that we were reduced to a condition of nose blowing and red eyes, which made us feel quite uncomfortable when the very matter-of-fact manservant opened the door and announced luncheon. Mrs. Kemble herself was overcome, and afterwards she told my aunt she had that very morning been reading over her letters and a journal she had kept in America just before her divorce. It was a curious coincidence, because, when I asked for Henry VIII., she hesitated, refused, and then, when I suggested

another play, replied: "My dear, you shall have what you have asked for."

I think it was the same evening Mr. Matthew Arnold came to tea. He and Mrs. Kemble had a long conversation about the Shelleys: both had been reading Dowden's *Life of Shelley*. Mrs. Kemble remembered Mary Shelley, had often seen and talked with her, and she related an interesting conversation on the education of her child, afterwards Sir Percy Shelley.

Mrs. Shelley said: "Tell me how shall I bring him up? How shall I educate him? What shall I teach him to think?"

Mrs. Kemble replied: "What shall you teach him to think? you mean *how*? Teach him how to think for himself, that is the best education."

Mrs. Shelley. "To think for himself, poor child? God forbid!"

This story Matthew Arnold quotes in his essay on Shelley, but without giving the name of his informant.

Mrs. Kemble described Mary Shelley as very small, fair, fragile, and delicate-looking, having golden hair and *pale* eyes. Mr. Arnold said they were brown, at least that both Dowden and Shelley said so, quoting:

Mary, dear, that thou wert here
With thy brown eyes, etc.

Mrs. Kemble maintained they were pale eyes—grey she thought—but certainly not dark eyes. Neither could succeed in convincing the other.

Mr. Arnold expressed his great admiration for Mrs. Kemble's daughter, Mrs. Wister, both for her person and her intellect, and they discussed her

character and abilities at great length. Later in the evening, when Mr. Arnold had left, Mrs. Kemble was loud in her praises of his charm and judgment. My aunt, who was secretly delighted at the successful meeting of her two friends, was silent for some minutes, and then dryly remarked: "Suppose he had not admired Sarah!" at which we all burst out laughing.

A very few months after this visit Mr. Arnold died suddenly, which evoked the following letter from Mrs. Kemble.

From Mrs. Fanny Kemble to the Hon. Lady Grey

26, HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

Thursday 29 (1888)

MY DEAR BARBARINA,

I cannot come to you, I am sorry to say, for I leave London for the Continent to-morrow, starting two days earlier than usual in order to meet a friend in Paris with whom I begin my Swiss journey. I regret very much not seeing you oftener, as the oftener I do see you the more *valuable* I find you.

I never write first though I always speak last, or I should have written to you when I heard of Matthew Arnold's death. I have thought of nobody so often as of you since that event, a grievous public and private loss by which your life has been *impoverished*. I never knew anybody so little that I liked so much, and would have held it honour and happiness to have had him for a friend—a man of rare moral and intellectual worth; and what a neighbour for you!

Good-bye, my dear, if I come back alive and you wish for me, I will struggle to you, and am ever as ever,

Affectionately yours,
F. A. KEMBLE.

In their early married days both my aunt and uncle were keenly interested in botany, and had made a joint collection of specimens both at Madeira

and at the Cape. While at Madeira in 1854, they met Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Bunbury and his wife, and my aunt often referred to his kindness and helpfulness. In after years she and her husband were frequently at Barton, where she met Sir Joseph Hooker, and later still, when both were widows, she visited Lady Bunbury at Mildenhall. She told me Sir Charles particularly praised her powers of dissection under a microscope and asked her to help him, and I remember her telling me of her delight when he and Lady Bunbury came to stay with her at Fairmile, in taking him to the haunts of some rare wild flowers she had discovered. One plant, the *Hypericum elodes*, he had not seen, I think, for thirty years, and was quite excited at meeting it again.

Years after, when I was helping my little girl to collect wild flowers, she took us to the same spots. In the evening we classified the plants, the microscope was again brought out, and the specimens decided upon by dint of much communication on bits of paper, for she was then almost totally deaf.

For several years my aunt practised what I must consider one of the greatest acts of self-denial and unselfishness I ever knew. For a month in the summer she filled her spare rooms with middle-aged or old women who had failed in the struggle for life, or who had known better days. This she did from a strict sense of duty, sharing her house and garden with them, and bestowing on them, what was even more precious to her, her time and attention. Only those who knew her can appreciate what this cost her, a person fastidious almost to a fault as regards appearance, manners, intellect, and general tone. Mercifully, however, one lady, an old Polish governess, tried even the

servants too highly, and the old housemaid, who had been with my aunt nearly thirty years, intimated that the household could no longer stand this lady's habits. "So," as my aunt said to me with a twinkle in her eye, "you see, the matter is taken out of my hands!"

As the years passed her life became much more lonely, she was more infirm, and less able to manage her lame leg, and became very deaf. Considering she had practically no control over her left leg, it was extraordinary how active she was. I remember our walks on Chobham Common with her and with my uncle when we were small children. We always divided into two parties: generally she and my two brothers on one side; my uncle Fritz—as we called him—myself, and their collie dog, Skye, on the other: both parties armed with shields of cardboard, and swords made of lathes. What ambushes were laid, what surprises, what *mêlées*! They were the two most eager, delightful play-fellows children ever had.

How well I remember crouching beside my uncle, the dog held down between us, in a breathless agony of excitement awaiting a surprise attack, or remaining till the enemy's party passed, when with a shout we sprang up and pursued them. Over the deep heather and rough ground my aunt would drag her weary leg for hours. She loved these wild walks.

At Fairmile she continued them for many years. She told me she asked Sir Robert Collins (Comptroller of the household to H.R.H. Duchess of Albany) if she might walk in some of the enclosed Crown woods. He said, "You may go anywhere you can!" little knowing my aunt or her love of adventure. Together we climbed ditches and squeezed through fences; once she wanted to attack an oak paling, but I, fearing she

might fall, refused to assist or follow, much to her annoyance.

I remember one day being really at my wit's end. Having descended into a deep ditch, she proceeded to scramble up the other side, which was crowned by a rather close wire fence, and, after many efforts, succeeded in sitting *inside* the paling, with her legs thrust through the wires, and hanging down into the ditch. Triumphant and panting, she declared she "must rest and get breath." After a few minutes I, under her directions, lifted her legs and pushed them through the paling, she "pivoting" round, and eventually, to her great triumph, she was, as she said, "all on the right side of the fence."

It was a great sorrow to her when she gave up her yearly visit to Howick, but both she and Lord Grey had become so deaf she declared they could hold no communication with each other, and she was too old and infirm to be of much use to him. Until a very short time before his death they corresponded daily, and she looked forward eagerly to the "bit of paper" every morning from Howick. This bit of paper was almost entirely impersonal, being generally but a sort of running comment on public events.

After the death of Matthew Arnold in 1888, and of Lord Grey in 1894, involving the loss of his letters, my aunt declared all her knowledge of what was doing in the world came to an end; but to the very morning of her death she never relinquished her deep concern for public matters.

Latterly her life became a very lonely one. Her deafness cut her off from all society, save the few relations or intimate friends who were willing to carry on a conversation through a speaking-tube, or by means of pencil and paper.

She still kept up a voluminous correspondence. She wrote regularly once a week to a nephew in India, who replied quite as regularly, and very eagerly she looked for those weekly letters. She wrote also to many young men and women in all ranks of life with whom she had made acquaintance or come in contact, counselling them about their work, their difficulties, their health or other troubles, and I am sure, from my own experience, these letters were always wise and sympathetic. After her death I wrote to all these (to me personally unknown) friends, feeling it was cruel to let her disappear from their lives without a word or sign, and many of the answers I received were touching and grateful beyond words.

She occupied some time in each day transcribing books into the Braille characters for the blind, and even corresponded with blind people in this way. She first took up this occupation in order to rest her eyes from incessant reading, but finally she became quite interested in it, and worked very quickly.

She was, as a friend said to me the other day, cast in the heroic mould. During the last lonely years of her life, I marvelled greatly at the self-control and the cheerfulness she displayed; I can scarcely recollect an impatient, and certainly never a complaining word. She cracked little jokes over her infirmities, and would laugh at the mistakes she made owing to her deafness, or to her misunderstanding the few words she did hear, and she would frequently apologise for the trouble her stupidity caused to those around her.

She was taken ill with pneumonia on March 15, 1902, and I was summoned. My cousin, Mrs. Kitching, and I were with her until the end.

On March 23, 1902, she died.]

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